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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Aunt Dan & Lemon—A series of extended conversations about good and evil, interspersed with melodrama. The author is Wallace Shawn and the admirable direction is by Max Stafford-Clark. With Pamela Reed and Kathy Whitton Baker. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/4/85.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Benefactors—Glenn Close, Sam Waterston, Mary Beth Hurt, and Simon Jones in a cleverly constructed and eloquently written play by Michael Frayn, the burden of which is that attempting to do good in the world is a perilous adventure. (1/6/86) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Big Time—Tony Lo Bianco starring in a play by Steven Braunstein. (Little Theatre at the Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 30.)

The Bitter Tears of Petra Von Kant—A play by the late Rainer Werner Fassbinder. Performances in English Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; in Spanish on Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30 and 8. (Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 354-1293.)

Brigadoon—An agreeable revival, by the New York City Opera, of the Lerner-Loewe classic, well sung by young and spirited performers. The director is Gerald Freedman. (3/10/86) (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2; Sundays at 1; and Wednesday, March 26, at 2. Closes Sunday, March 30.)

Circle Repertory Company—Three plays in rotating repertory: **THE MOUND BUILDERS**, a revival of Lanford Wilson's 1975 drama. . . . ¶ A modern-dress version of Albert Camus's **CALIGULA**, adapted from an English translation by Stuart Gilbert. . . . **QUIET IN THE LAND**, by Anne Chislett. (Triplex, 199 Chambers St. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. For information about play scheduling, call 618-1980.)

Corpse!—Keith Baxter and Milo O'Shea carry on like happy schoolchildren in this improbable murder mystery, and they make us feel happy, too. (1/20/86) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Drinking in America—Eric Bogosian in a series of intense, funny, and occasionally painful dramatic monologues, written by Bogosian. (2/3/86) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Eden Cinema—A French play by Marguerite Duras, translated by Barbara Bray. With Brooke Shields. Preview Wednesday, March 19. Opens officially on Thursday, March 20, and will run through Sunday, April 13. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of the 1930 musical "Girl Crazy," with a book by Guy Bolton and Jack McGowan, music by George Gershwin, and lyrics by Ira Gershwin. The sixth in this season's series of eight productions. (103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 6. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Execution of Justice—A play by Emily Mann, based on the trial, in 1979, of Dan White for the murder of the mayor of San Francisco and one of his associates. White was convicted, served a brief sentence, and subsequently committed suicide. A sad and disagreeable story, which does not lend itself to being dramatized. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Golden Land—An extremely sentimental musical about Jewish immigrants to the United States. The company of three men and three women includes a fine singer named Marc Krause. (12/2/85) (Second Avenue Theatre, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 674-1460. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1 and 5.)

El Grande de Coca-Cola—A revival of the 1973 musical revue, with the original cast—Ron House, Diz White, and Alan Shearman—who are also the authors, along with John Neville-Andrews. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hamlet—Kevin Kline is one of our finest actors, and his Hamlet has much to commend it, but he is almost done in by the foolish, intrusive production and the poor work of the supporting company. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Hay Fever—It is hard to imagine a more delightful production of Noël Coward's youthful comedy about a flirtatious actress in her middle years and the family with which she has more or less absent-mindedly surrounded herself. Rosemary Harris heads a superlative cast; directed by Brian Murray. (12/23/85) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, March 29.)

The House of Blue Leaves—A revival of a comedy by John Guare. Opens Wednesday, March 19. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Opening-night curtain at 6:45; thereafter, Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

I'm Not Rappaport—Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park is given an expert performance by Cleavon Little and Judd Hirsch. (6/17/85) (Booth, 222

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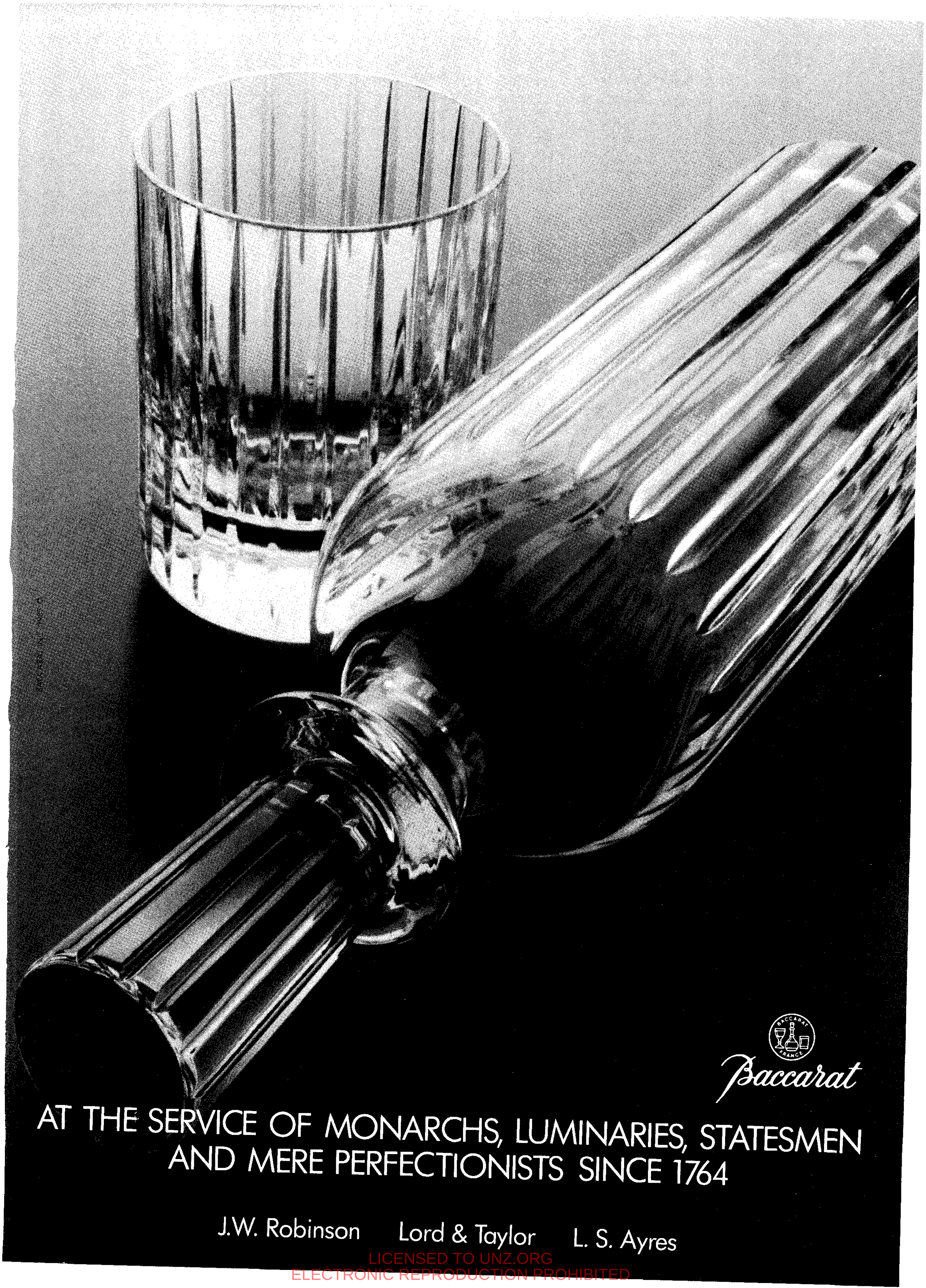
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W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Jerry's Girls—An all-female non-musical in which three well-known performers—Dorothy Loudon, Chita Rivera, and Leslie Uggams—do their best to pretend they are not miscast as they spend the evening singing a very large number of Jerry Herman's all too readily memorable songs. (1/6/86) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Lie of the Mind—Sam Shepard has devised a masterly comedy in this frightening tale of two Western families bound together by a dreadful marriage. Amanda Plummer's performance is especially good. (12/16/85) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Sigmund Romberg's **THE DESERT SONG**. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Medea—Euripides' tragedy, adapted and translated by Claire Bush and Alkis Papoutsis. Presented by the Pan Asian Repertory Theatre. (Susan Bloch, 307 W. 26th St. 245-2660. Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, March 22.)

Mirror Repertory Company—Geraldine Page does some marvellous clowning in this revival of **THE CIRCLE,** Somerset Maugham's brittle, shallow comedy about a pair of aging lovers who return to England in 1921, after thirty years of exile in Italy. Bryan Clark is fine, too, as the chipper husband Miss Page left behind, and so is W. B. Brydon, as the grouchy nobleman she eloped with, but the rest of the acting is negligible, to put it kindly. Gail Cooper-Hecht designed Miss Page's astonishing, vivid costumes. (3/3/86) (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 223-6440. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3. After Sunday, March 23, no performances until Tuesday, April 8.)

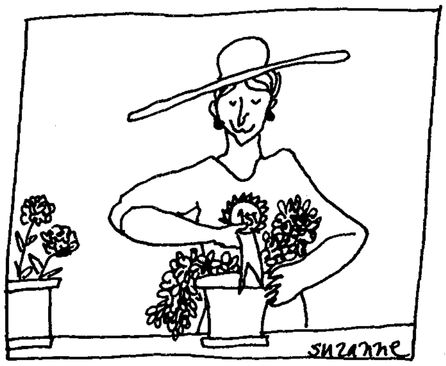
The Mystery of Edwin Drood—Old-fashioned, mock-Victorian nonsense, with book and songs by Rupert Holmes and direction by Wilford Leach. The cast includes George Rose, Betty Buckley, and Cleo Laine, to say nothing of the audience itself, which is put to work in the second act. (12/16/85) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Negro Ensemble Company—The substance of Judi Ann Mason's **JONAH AND THE WONDER DOG** is a seemingly endless quarrel between a black politician who has risen from the slums and his timorous, somewhat disdainful son, a Harvard graduate. Douglas Turner Ward and Kevin Hooks are the actors; Mr. Ward directed. (3/17/86) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 30.)

Nunsense—A musical by Dan Goggin. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Personals—A jaunty and romantic little revue about people looking for companionship of one sort or another in the classified ads. Talent abounds. Witty book and lyrics and tuneful score; performances by six gifted young actors. (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Precious Sons—Ed Harris and Judith Ivey in a play by George Furth. The director is Norman René. Preview Wednesday, March 19. Opens officially on Thursday, March 20. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, March 24, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, March 28.)



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Room Service—A sadly disappointing revival of the sturdy farce by John Murray and Allen Boretz, but with a very funny performance by Keith Reddin, as a young playwright, still wet behind the ears, who comes to town from Oswego and outsmarts everybody. (2/24/86) (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, March 23.)

A Rosen by Any Other Name—A domestic comedy, by Israel Horovitz, set in the Jewish community of Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, in 1943. Much of the play is funny, but it tends to get too sweet for every taste. The acting, under Stephen Zuckerman's direction, is exactly right. (Reviewed in this issue.) (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 831-8603. Tuesdays through Thursdays and Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 2.)

Rum and Coke—Keith Reddin's ironic mock documentary tells the story of a credulous Yale graduate who is recruited by the C.I.A., a couple of years before the catastrophe of the Bay of Pigs. Although Mr. Reddin's social commentary often sounds secondhand, his inventiveness is original and acute and funny. The production, under the direction of Les Waters, is first-rate. Peter MacNicol is exactly right in the leading role, and he is well supported, notably by Polly Draper and Frank Maraden. (2/10/86) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 23.)

The Search for Signs of Intelligent Life in the Universe—A show that has nothing whatever to do with its title, which is just as well. It does have Lily Tomlin clowning her merry way through a number of skits by Jane Wagner, many of them very funny. (10/7/85) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7 and 10; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Singin' in the Rain—What could be more bizarre than an effortful re-creation onstage of what a movie once did with consummate ease and grace? Twyla Tharp has directed and choreographed this sad, enormous oddity. (7/15/85) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Song & Dance—The only two reasons for going to see this curious mishmash of a show are Bernadette Peters and Victor Barbee, and perhaps those two reasons are enough. (9/30/85) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

To Whom It May Concern—A musical by Carol Hall, directed by Geraldine Fitzgerald. (St. Stephen's Church, 122 W. 69th St. 315-5020. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2. No performances Wednesday through Sunday, March 26-30.)

Williams and Walker—A musical triumph about the great Bert Williams, who, in 1910, became the first black comedian to star on Broadway, and about his partner, George Walker. Ben Harney and Vondie Curtis-Hall are the marvellous stars. The score is authentic ragtime, by Scott Joplin, Will Marion Cook, Williams himself, and others. Strong, lively direction by Shauneille Perry, choreography by Lenwood Sloan, and musical direction by Neal Tate, who accompanies the show on the piano, with a percussionist at his side. (3/17/86) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesdays at 3; Thursdays at noon and 3:30; Fridays at 10; Saturdays at 1 and 4:15; and Sundays at 5:30.)

Long Runs—**BIG RIVER:** A musical version of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn." Twain's great novel has been respectfully dealt with in a book by William Hauptman, with music and lyrics by Roger Miller. Heidi Landesman has somehow managed to put the Mississippi River onstage. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **BILOXI BLUES:** A comedy that verges on auto-hagiography, the hero being the author, Neil Simon, as a young Army draftee who, in 1943, is struggling to assume the mantle of writer. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** Another remembrance of things past by Neil Simon. This time, the hero is a sex-obsessed fifteen-year-old. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A dazzling production of a musical that has little wit and a lot of phony sentimentality about the tenderhearted family life of homosexuals. The music, by Jerry Herman, is Broadway-romantic. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,776 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FOREIGNER:** A very funny play by the late Larry Shue, with good performances by every single member of the company. Jerry Zaks was the admirable director. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Satur-

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days at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **PENN & TELLER:** A sublime combination of conjuring and comedy. Penn Jillette does the talking; Teller is silent. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's hundred-and-sixteenth edition opens Tuesday, March 25, and will run through Sunday, June 1. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Tuesday, March 25, at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursday, March 27, at 1:30; Friday and Saturday, March 28-29, at 10:30 and 2:30; and Sunday, March 30, at 1 and 5:30.)

Barnard-Columbia Greek Drama Group—Presenting Euripides' "Alcestis," in ancient Greek. (Minor Latham Playhouse, Barnard College, Broadway at 119th St. Thursday through Saturday, March 20-22, at 8. For information about tickets, call 865-3580.)

Forbidden Broadway 1986—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

Merce Cunningham Dance Company—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, March 19, at 8: "Doubles," "Quartet," and "Pictures." . . . ¶ Thursday, March 20, at 8: "Arcade," "Grange Eve," and "Channels/Inserts." . . . ¶ Friday, March 21, at 8: "Fielding Sixes," "Grange Eve," and "Channels/Inserts." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 22, at 2: "Native Green," "Channels/Inserts," and "Pictures." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 22, at 8: "Arcade," "Quartet," "Native Green," and "Grange Eve." . . . ¶ Sunday, March 23, at 3: "Fielding Sixes," "Grange Eve," and "Pictures." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Tango Argentino—A troupe of thirty dancers, singers, and musicians. (Mark Hellinger Theatre, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 30.)

Dance Theatre of Harlem—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, April 6—Tuesday, March 25, at 7:30: "Stars and Stripes," "Voluntaries," and "Concerto in F" (company première). . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, March 26-27, and Saturday, March 29, at 8: "Dougla," "Toccata e Due Canzoni" (New York première), and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Friday, March 28, at 8, and Saturday, March 29, at 2: "Square Dance," "Saffron Knot," "La Mer," and "Concerto in F." (Aaron Davis Hall, City College, Convent Ave. at 134th St. 690-4100.)

Joyce Trisler Danscompany—A one-week engagement. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Wednesday through Saturday, March 19-22, at 8, and Sunday, March 23, at 2 and 7:30.)

American Ballroom Theatre—Presenting "Sheer Romance," a program of ballroom dances. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Through Sunday, March 30.)

Bucket Dance Theatre—A one-week engagement. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Tuesday, March 25, at 7:30; Wednesday through Saturday, March 26-29, at 8; and Sunday, March 30, at 2 and 7:30.)

Stephen Petronio—A program of contemporary dance. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Thursday through Saturday, March 20-22, at 8, and Sunday, March 23, at 3.)

Juilliard Dance Ensemble—Benefit performances of new and repertory works. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Friday and Saturday, March 21-22, at 8; Sunday, March 23, at 3; and Monday, March 24, at 8. For tickets, call 874-7515.)

Paul Sanasardo Dance Company—"Mysteries" (première), "Fatal Birds," and "Metallics." (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Wednesday through Friday, March 19-21, at 8; Saturday, March 22, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, March 23, at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Michael Feinstein sings and plays piano in the Oak Room Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow, nautical bar, restaurant, and jazz haunt. Friday and Saturday, March 21-22, will be given over to the **RICHIE PRATT** trio, and Friday and Saturday, March 28-29, the **VERNEL FOURNIER** trio will be on the stand, featuring trombonist **BENNY POWELL.** Other groups can be heard the rest of the time. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten.

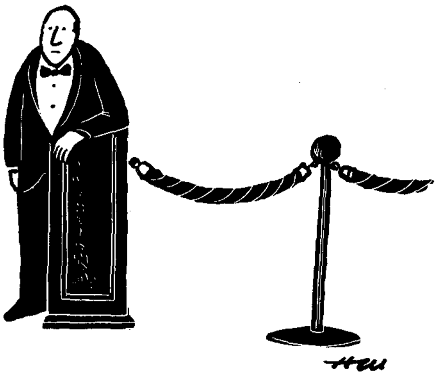
Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** is ensconced in this club, singing in her small, delicate, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early-evening concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays from six-thirty to eight-thirty.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A dark, large, carpeted club with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. **PHYLLIS HYMAN** sings here through Sunday, March 23; Monday, March 24, will belong to the **DAVID AMRAM** All-Stars; and starting Tuesday, March 25, guitarist **JOE PASS** will trade sets with blues vibraharpist **MILT JACKSON** and his quartet. Sets begin after nine. Jubilant hard-bop trumpeter **TED CURSON** presides over after-hours jam sessions every night but Monday until about four in the morning. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A large-venue pop, rock, folk, and jazz club with, thank heavens, tables and chairs. Wednesday, March 19, Charlie Sexton; Friday, March 21, **NRBQ;** Saturday, March 22, **AL KOOPER** and Brian Auger; and Friday and Saturday, March 28-29, **MICHAL URBANIAK'S CONSTELLATION.** Shows Sundays through Tuesdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A real New York bar; it has dark wood panelling, Type A conversationalists, and some very good musicians. **JOANNE BRACKEEN** and **CECIL MC BEE,** a very good pianist and bassist, perform through Saturday, March 22, and on Sunday, March 23, bassist **RED MITCHELL** will come in to play with **LEE ANN LEDGERWOOD** for that night, and with **RONNIE MATHEWS** starting Monday, March 24. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle is a cozy, elegant room where **STEVE ROSS,** a cozy, elegant singer-pianist, holds forth Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining. . . . ¶ Over in the Bemelmans Bar, pianist **BARBARA CARROLL** is singing and soloing Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-forty-five.



CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Plaid-flannel-shirt heaven, where you can order pitchers of beer and listen to bluegrass or Irish music. Wednesday, March 19, Stolen Child; Saturday, March 22, Walt Michael and Company; Wednesday, March 26, John Roberts & Lisa Preston; and Saturday, March 29, **SKYLINE,** with **TONY TRISCHKA.** There is Irish music on Mondays and Fridays. Music from eight on Wednesdays and from nine Mondays, Fridays, and Saturdays.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled below-stairs music room. The schedule: Wednesday, March 19, **BASS DESIRE,** with bassist **MARC JOHNSON,** guitarist **JOHN SCOFIELD,** drummer **PETER ERSKINE,** and guitarist **BILL FRISELL;** Thursday through Sunday, March 20-23, **JACK DE JOHNETTE'S SPECIAL EDITION** will be on hand; and on Tuesday, March 25, trumpeters **CLARK TERRY** and **JON FADDIS** will move in. Mondays are the property of guitarist and recording innovator **LES PAUL** and his trio. Sets begin Mondays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays through Sundays at eight. Dining.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—The partial schedule: Wednesday, March 19, Southern Culture on the Skids, Psychodaisies, and Johnny J. & the Hitmen; Thursday, March 20, the Chesterfield Kings, the Dogmatics, and the Maneaters; Friday, March 21, Frank Christian; Saturday, March 22, Aztec Two-Step and Devon Square; Tuesday, March 25, Das Damen and DC-3; and Wednesday, March 26, Hazel Haze Atkins. Sundays are comedy nights, and Mondays are hootenanny nights. Shows usually begin at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Freddy's, 308 E. 49th St. (888-1633)—**DARYL SHERMAN** sings at nine through Sunday, March 23. Meanwhile, debonair, straight-arrow baritone and pianist **RONNY WHYTE** is still on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten-thirty. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Wednesdays through Saturdays, **DAVID ALLYN** sings with the Scott Hardy duo; Sundays, **JAY LEONHART** sings at the bass, with Donna Leonhart and John Campbell; Mondays the Stan Edwards trio drops in; and Tuesdays are reserved for guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. All these groups begin about ten.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A spiffy back-room haunt for traditional-jazz pianists and their admirers. **JUDY CARMICHAEL** is at the keyboard through Saturday, March 22, and on Tuesday, March 25, pianist **WALTER NORRIS** will arrive. Sundays are claimed by Keith MacDonald, and Mondays by **DICK HYMAN.** Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant, low-key bar and restaurant in the piano-bass district. Pianist **JOHN BUNCH** and bassist **PHIL FLANIGAN** are present Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty. Dining.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—You can tell you're in New York and not in Texas: when they serve you a hamburger, they bring a jar of Dijon mustard along with it. Wednesday, March 19, the Mosquitos and the Clintons; Thursday, March 20, blues singer **KOKO TAYLOR** and blues guitarist **LONNIE BROOKS;** Friday, March 21, the Fall and David Keyes; Saturday, March 22, Southern Pacific and the **OZARK MOUNTAIN DAREDEVILS;** Sunday and Monday, March 23-24, **JORMA KAUKONEN;** Wednesday and Thursday, March 26-27, the **RADIATORS;** Friday and Saturday, March 28-29, the **FLESHTONES.** Music after nine. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—

(*Advertisement*)

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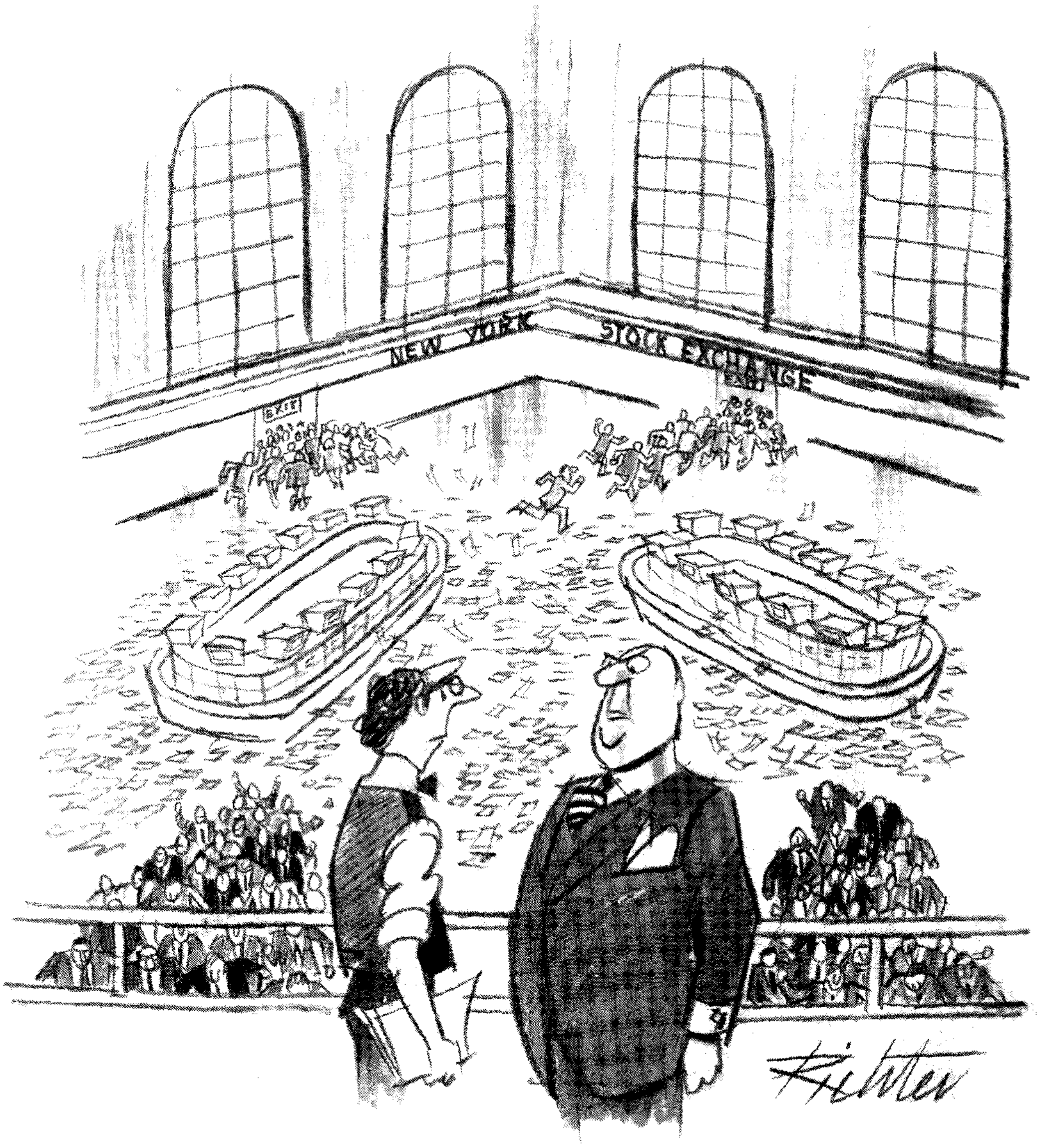

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

BARBARA COOK, who can sing those standards just like ringing a bell, can be heard Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen is likely to show up to play celebrity clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A longtime music hangout on the upper West Side. The schedule: Wednesday, March 19, **KELVYNATOR,** with guitarist **KELVYN BELL;** Thursday, March 20, Roland Vazquez; Friday and Saturday, March 21-22, the **GADD GANG;** Sunday, March 23, Joe G. Parker & High Beam; Tuesday, March 25, Thom Rotella; Wednesday, March 26, Lee Genesis; Thursday, March 27, Axiom; and Friday and Saturday, March 28-29, **MC COY TYNER.** Music from about ten. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—The mostly rock-and-roll roster: Thursday, March 20, Knee Tremblers and Wishbone Ash; Friday, March 21, **SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY & THE ASBURY JUKES;** *Saturday, March 22, the* **LONG RYDERS;** Sunday, March 23, **GREGG ALLMAN** and **DICKEY BETTS;** Friday, March 28, **CAB CALLOWAY** and Roomful of Blues; and Saturday, March 29, the **NEVILLE BROTHERS.** Shows begin after nine Mondays through Thursdays, and after eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—On its busy weekends, this club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday and Thursday, March 19-20, **BABA OLATUNJI & DRUMS OF PASSION;** Friday and Saturday, March 21-22, **PÉ-DE-BOI;** Monday and Tuesday, March 24-25, Zapp; Wednesday, March 26, Adja; Thursday, March 27, Skah Shah; and Friday and Saturday, March 28-29, **MIKATA.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—The **NEW YORK JAZZ QUARTET** plays delightful New York jazz (usually **ROLAND HANNA** is a member of this group) through Sunday, March 23, and starting Tuesday, March 25, **ABDULLAH IBRAHIM & EKAYA** will come in with a lilting, rhythmic repertory. Mondays are staked out by the experienced but unjaded players in the **GIL EVANS ORCHESTRA.** Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A simple basic blues and rock club with two weekends of headlining Otises: **OTIS RUSH,** the blues singer and guitarist, on Friday and Saturday, March 21-22, and **OTIS CLAY,** the soul singer, on Friday and Saturday, March 28-29. Other groups round out the week. Music after nine-thirty.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Salsa in the downstairs room on Mondays: on March 24—Wow!—**TITO PUENTE** and **RAY BARRETTO** will both be here with their bands and so will percussionist **CARLOS (PATATO) VALDEZ.** . . . ¶ On the Terrace, after nine-thirty, **ROGER KELLAWAY** and **MICHAEL MOORE** provide piano-bass duets through Sunday, March 23; starting Tuesday, March 25, **BILL MAYS** and **MARC JOHNSON** will take on the musical duties. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** drops by on Tuesdays, too.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world, now fifty-one years old, has been described by Max Gordon, the wise proprietor and resident father figure, as "a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." **SPHERE—CHARLIE ROUSE, KENNY BARRON, BUSTER WILLIAMS,** and **BEN RILEY**—is here, and performing Monk stuff and original tunes, too, through Sunday, March 23. On Tuesday, March 25, pianist **STEVE KUHN** will descend the stairs with bassist **RON CARTER** and drummer **AL FOSTER.** Monday nights are Blast-Off Nights for the **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND.** Music from nine-thirty.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of jazz. Wednesday, March 19, Calvin West and a five-piece blues band; Thursday through Sunday, March 20-23, **HOUSTON PERSON** and singer **ETTA JONES;** and on Wednesday, March 26, the **PAZANT BROTHERS** will move in. Music from about nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A SoHo-sleek and spacious bar and restaurant with a musical passageway between them. Pianist **HAL SCHAEFER** and bassist **BRIAN TORFF** work together through Saturday, March 22, and starting Monday, March 24, pianist **LARRY VUCKOVICH** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** will take over. Sundays are allotted to **MICHAEL MOORE** and guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI.** Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

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JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Peter, Paul & Mary—Minskoff Theatre, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Wednesday through Friday, March 19-21, at 8; Saturday, March 22, at 7 and 10:30; and Sunday, March 23, at 3 and 7.

Highlights in Jazz—Joe Newman, Benny Powell, Britt Woodman, Eddie Barefield, and others. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, March 20, at 8.)

Clark Terry—With the Jolly Giants. (Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7800. Friday, March 21, at 8.)

John Stubblefield—With Pheeroan AkLaff, Anthony Cox, and Donald Smith. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, March 21, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Son Primero—Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. 249-8950. Friday, March 21, at 8.

Oak Ridge Boys and **the Judds**—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Friday and Saturday, March 21-22, at 8.

Hudson River Sloop Singers—Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, March 22, at 8:30.

James Jabbo Ware & the Me We & Them Orchestra—Jazz Center of New York, 380 Lafayette St. 505-5660. Saturday, March 22, at 9.

Fabian Mozaurieta and **Tahuantinsuyo**—Washington Square Church, 133 W. 4th St. 362-0290. Saturday, March 22, at 8.

Dick Hyman—Lecturing and performing. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Sunday, March 23, at 4.)

Lyrics and Lyricists—The third in a series of five programs entitled "Broadway Songs of the Forties," this one devoted to songs from musicals based on plays, and featuring Lee Adams as narrator. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Sunday, March 23, at 2:30 and 8, and Monday, March 24, at 8.)

The Four Tops and **the Temptations**—Minskoff Theatre. Tuesday through Friday, March 25-28, at 8; Saturday, March 29, at 7 and 10:30; and Sunday, March 30, at 3 and 7.

Tom Rush—With the Jug Band and Buskin & Batteau. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 28, at 8.)

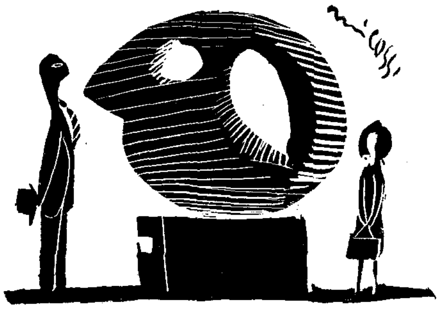
Bangles—With Hoodoo Gurus. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 787-1477. Friday, March 28, at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Jean Arp (1887-1966) **and Joan Miró** (1893-1983)—Sculptures by both artists. Through April 30. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)



Giacomo Balla (1871-1958)—Nonobjective paintings by an Italian Futurist; the dates of the works run from 1912 to 1928. Through April 19. (Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St.)

Fanny Brennan—Jewel-like miniature oils, each with a surreal twist; for instance, a tiny sailboat traversing the Roman aqueduct that spans a vast craggy gorge. Through Saturday, March 29. (Coe Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Mondays.)

Robert Courtright—Masks cast in paper and bronze. Through Saturday, March 29. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Gregory Gillespie—Recent works by a hyperrealist artist whose paintings sometimes verge on trompe-l'oeil. Through Saturday, March 29. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

John Lees—Oil and ink compositions, each with a single understated landscape, still-life, or portrait. Through April 9. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Robert Lobe—A new set of hammered-aluminum sculptures. Through April 5. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Reginald Marsh (1898-1954)—Paintings and works on paper. Through April 19. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

Lindsay McCrum—Stylized paintings. Through Saturday, March 29. (Ericson, 23 E. 74th St.)

Jim Peters—Large narrative paintings, mostly in shades of gray on shaped (or layered) canvases, in which the figures are generally nude and the setting is a basement utility room. Through Saturday, March 29. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St. Open Mondays.)

Serge Poliakoff (1906-69) / **Klaus Fussmann**—Abstract paintings. / Watercolors of Egypt. Through Saturday, March 29. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Dorothea Rockburne—A selection (by the artist) of paintings dating from 1968 on—a group that shows the infinite possibilities inherent in folding a simple rectangle. Through Friday, March 28. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Susan Roth—Abstract collage paintings made of folded canvas. Through Saturday, March 29. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Bernd Schwarzer—Two large and energetic abstract paintings in oil, and smaller works in mixed mediums. Through Saturday, March 29. (Perlow, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Charles J. Seplowin—New abstract steel sculptures. Through April 12. (Cecil, 16 E. 72nd St.)

Joseph Solman—Portraits spanning fifty years. Through Saturday, March 29. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

Pat Steir—New paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, March 29. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.)

Wayne Thiebaud—An exhibit of paintings and works on paper in honor of the twenty-fifth anniversary of this artist's association with the Stone Gallery. Through April 2. (48 E. 86th St.)

Bob Thompson (1937-66)—Paintings. Through Saturday, March 29. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

Group Shows—At the **SABARSKY,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Drawings and watercolors by German Expressionists. Through Saturday, March 29. (Opens at noon.) . . . **SHEPHERD,** 21 E. 84th St.: Approximately a hundred nineteenth-century English paintings, drawings, and prints by Pre-Raphaelites and academicians. Through April 26.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

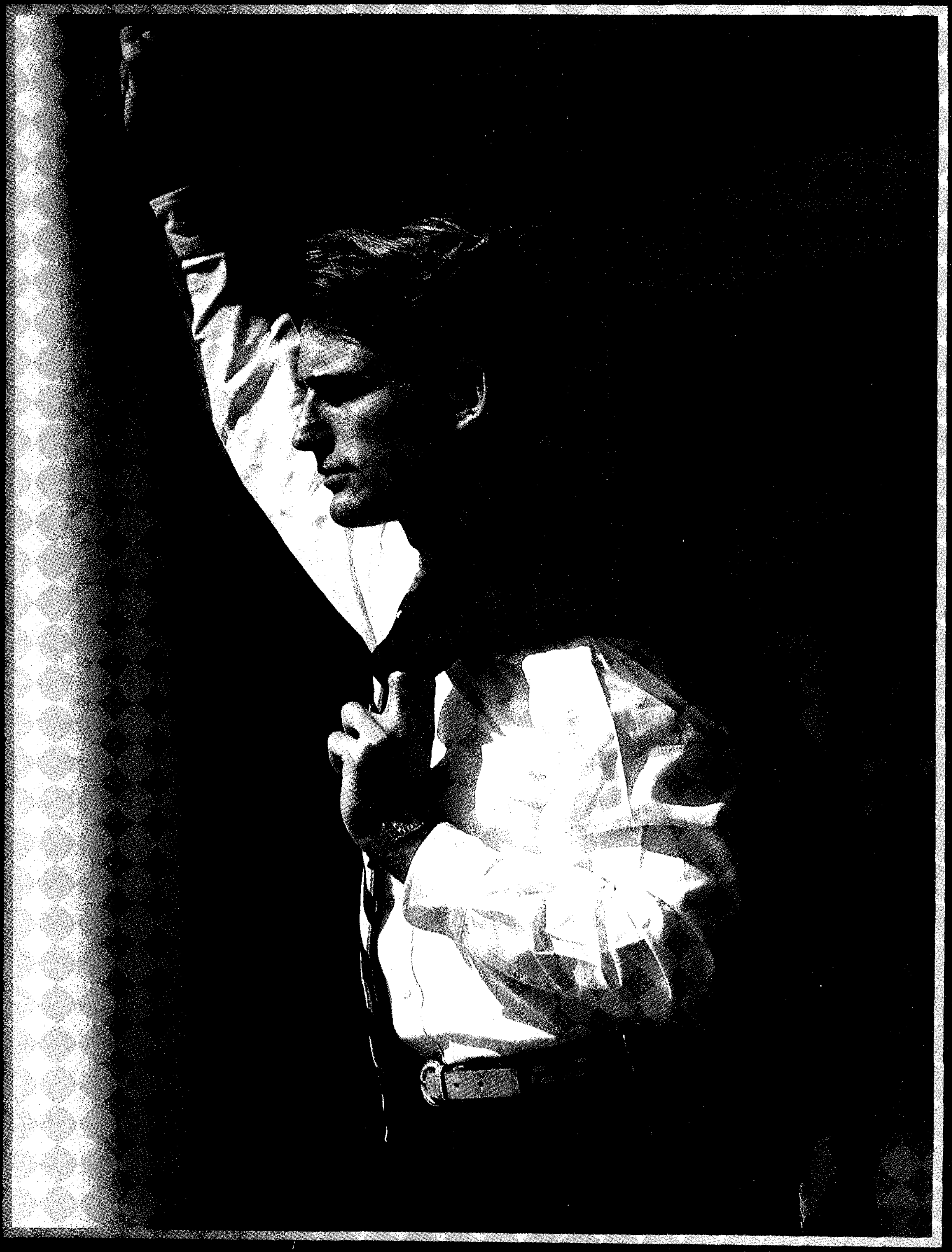
Karel Appel—Expressionist paintings. Through April 26. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Jake Berthot—Abstract paintings. Through April 5. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Robert Birmelin—Paintings of city street life. Through Saturday, March 29. (French, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

John Bowman—Paintings. Through Saturday, March 29. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Joan Brown / Richard Shaw—Paintings and sculptures of animals, the artist's explorations



Polo University Club

by Ralph Lauren

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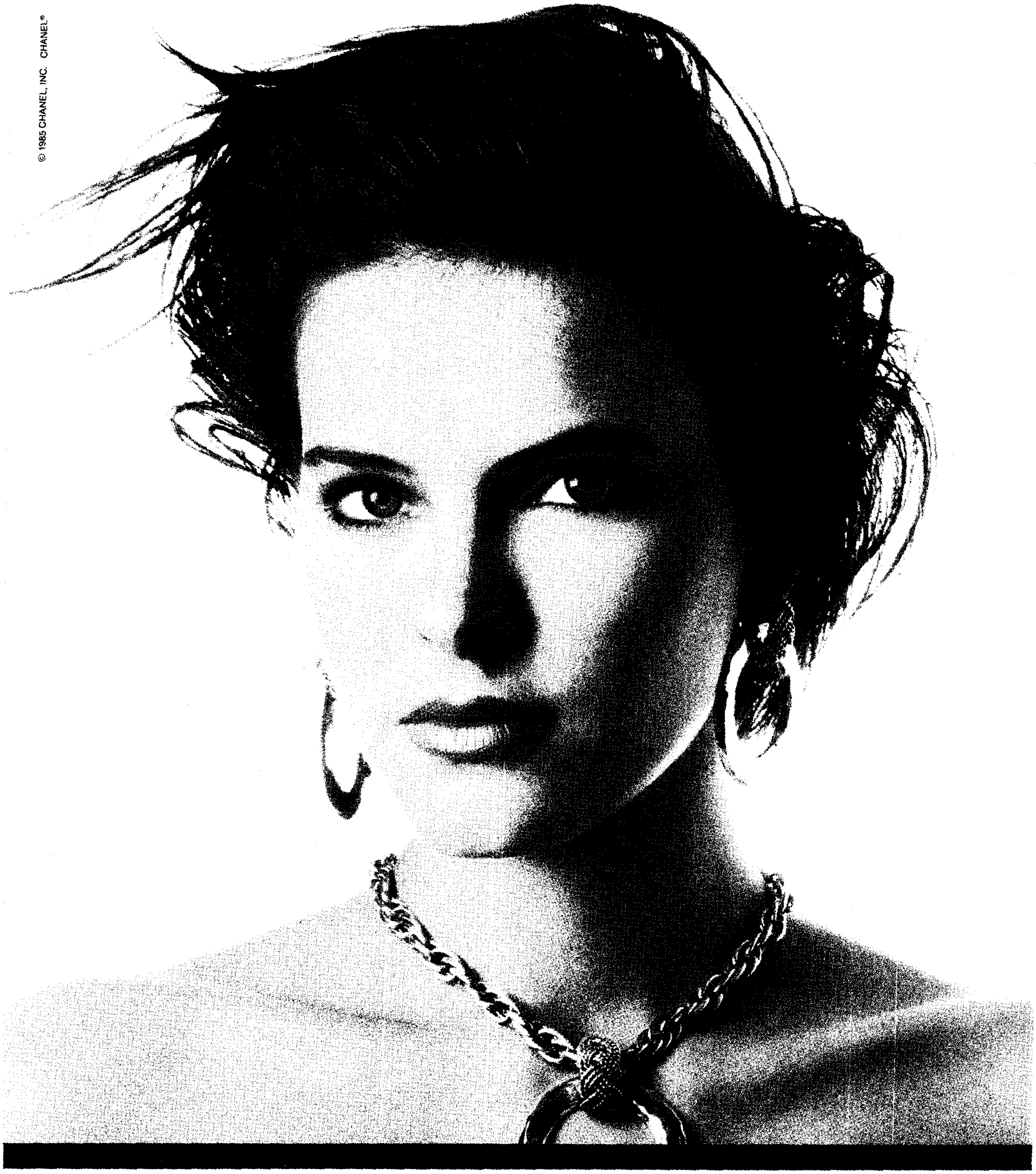

NOUVEAU MAQUILLAGE

CHANEL

NEW FROM PARIS. ELEGANT COUTURE COLOURS.

of the Peaceable Kingdom theme. Through Thursday, March 27. / Figures and lighthouses rendered in ceramic sculptures that have a trompe-l'oeil reality. Through April 30. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

Anthony Caro / Sam Francis—Seven new painted-steel sculptures. Through Saturday, March 29. / Abstract paintings on paper. Through April 5. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Louisa Chase / Michael Spano—New paintings. / Black-and-white photographs of nudes. Through April 5. (Robert Miller, which has moved to 41 E. 57th St.)

Chuck Close—Enormous faces produced by this artist's ingenious process of enlargement. Through Saturday, March 22. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Tony Cragg—Freestanding tableaux composed with found objects. Through April 5. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Crash—Large-canvas spray-paint works. Through April 12. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

John Duff—Ceramic and bronze sculptures. Through Saturday, March 29. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Nancy Fried—Tiny sculptured female figures (made of low-fired clay and painted) seen in dramatic poses, mostly attitudes of anguish. Through Saturday, March 29. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

Philip Geiger—Paintings of landscapes on the edge of a newly industrialized area in Virginia, showing the subdivisions that have cropped up there, and the people who live in them. Through Saturday, March 29. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

Karen Gunderson / Candace Jans—Cloud paintings. / Realist paintings of still-lifes and courtyard gardens in Italy. Through Wednesday, March 26. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Tsugio Hattori—Abstract paintings and collages by an artist who was educated in Tokyo. Through Saturday, March 29. (Reece, 24 W. 57th St.)

David Hayes—Abstract Corten-steel sculptures, plus gouaches. Through April 5. (Shippee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Clinton Hill—Wood and plastic constructions, three-dimensional paintings, and works combining handmade paper and dyed pulp. Through April 5. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

Roni Horn—An installation of seven relatively small abstract cast-iron forms perched on nine-foot-tall metal poles. Through Saturday, March 22. (Galerie Maeght Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

Bill Jensen—A two-gallery showing of new, thickly brushed works by this influential artist who has a reputation as a painter's painter. Through Saturday, March 29. (Paintings alone at Washburn, 42 E. 57th St., and paintings and drawings at 113 Greene St.)

Wolf Kahn—A diverting collection of drawings and pastels from the past forty years by an artist whose work seems as energetic and perceptive as ever. Through Saturday, March 29. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

R. B. Kitaj—Oils, pastels, and drawings, including many figure studies and portrait sketches. Through Saturday, March 29. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Daniel O'Sullivan—Paintings that bring to life the Brooklyn of his childhood in the forties; also, religious and mythological paintings. Through Saturday, March 29. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Ephraim Rubenstein—Figure studies, landscapes, cityscapes, and still-lifes by a realist painter. Saturday, March 29. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

Hubert Scheibl—Abstract Expressionist paintings by an Austrian artist. Through Saturday, March 29. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

Louis Sullivan (1856-1924)—Ornaments designed for the Chicago Stock Exchange Trading Room (1893) and the Schiller Building (1891), including metal grillework from an elevator and stencil-pattern paintings from coffered ceilings. Through Saturday, March 29. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

William Turnbull—Bronze sculptures of unusually graceful simplicity. Through April 3. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

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Ted Weller—Bright-colored encaustics of everyday birds painted much larger than life—robins, cardinals, towhees, ravens. Through April 5. (Lamagna, 50 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **davis & langdale,** 231 E. 60th St.: Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century works on paper by British artists, including Richard (Mad) Dadd, a patricide who did many of his watercolors in asylums. Through Saturday, March 22. . . . **zabriskie,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Surrealist objects, photographs, and collages by André Breton, Eileen Agar, Man Ray, and others. Through April 4. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Luis Cruz Azaceta—A large show of paintings and wood cutouts from the past ten years. Through April 13. (Museum of Contemporary Hispanic Art, 584 Broadway. Open Sundays.)

Richard Bosman / Richard Tobias—Recent paintings. / Abstract geometric paintings. Through April 2. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

Fran Bull—Bright-colored paintings of exotic animals. Through Saturday, March 29. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Alberto Burri—Eighteen paintings, the earliest from 1953, the latest completed recently. Through April 26. (DiLaurenti, 383 West Broadway.)

Sari Dienes—Sculptures. Through Saturday, March 29. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

Eric Fischl—Four large canvases completed in the past eighteen months complement a larger show of this painter's work at the Whitney Museum. Through Saturday, March 29. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Joan Gardner—Canvases centered on figures, usually with insets of one or more other drawings. Through Saturday, March 29. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Jack Goldstein—Large new paintings based on photographs picked up here and there by the artist—a curl of cigarette smoke, for instance. Through Saturday, March 29. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

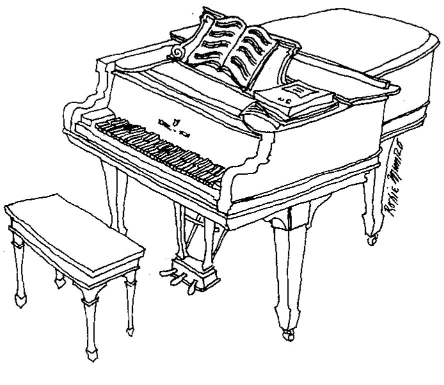
Don Gummer—Watercolors and oils by a sculptor whose recent stay in Africa is strongly reflected in the works. There are also two wood wall pieces. Through Saturday, March 22. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Jan Hashey—Large compositions in which deftly painted images (a cat, a plump baby) appear against a colorful background of abstractions. Through Saturday, March 29. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Nancy Holt / Sol LeWitt—A dozen photographs of a TV screen taken at different speeds. / Several pyramid-shaped colored-ink wall drawings. Through April 5. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

David Kapp—Paintings of urban traffic jams reduced to the outlines of cars and their headlights and tail-lights. Also, drawings. Through April 12. (Plumb, 81 Greene St.)

Barry Le Va—Works on paper completed between 1966 and the present. Through Saturday, March 29. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)



Les Levine—Very large drawings produced in consultation with a video computer, and a video installation. Through April 24. (Carpenter + Hochman, 420 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ The Ted Greenwald Gallery, 181 Mott St., has three videotapes by Mr. Levine. Through April 12.

Cynthia Mailman—Realist paintings of rural and suburban landscapes. Through April 5. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

Elie Nadelman (1882-1946)—Sculptures in marble, wood, and bronze. Also, etchings. Through April 5. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Frank Owen—Abstract paintings. Through April 2. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Claudio Palmieri—Fields of colorful flowers (poppies, sunflowers, irises) ruffled by the wind, plus still-lifes of bouquets, by an Italian artist who paints with a palette knife. Through April 3. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Archie Rand—Recent figurative paintings, including a mural-size canvas. Through Saturday, March 29. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Don Rodan / Robert Combas—Colored-pencil drawings. / Large paintings filled with cartoonlike characters. Through Saturday, March 29. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Miriam Schapiro—Semi-abstract paintings of figures from the theatrical world—a ballerina, a master of ceremonies—and several larger-than-life paper-cutout figures in the same vein. Through April 5. (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

Richard Serra—Three massive Corten-steel sculptures complement a larger show of this artist's work at the Museum of Modern Art. Through April 5. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

Pam Steele / Jill Terranova—Abstract wall pieces made of stainless steel or acid-treated copper. / Lively pastel drawings and constructions of wood and canvas. Through March 30. (Littlejohn-Smith, 133 Greene St.)

Anne Tabachnick—Semi-abstract paintings. Through Saturday, March 29. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

Carol Unger—Large realist pencil drawings of people posed with barnyard animals. Through March 30. (Pindar, 127 Greene St. Opens Sundays at 1.)

Esteban Vicente—Collages. Through Saturday, March 29. (Gruenebaum, 415 West Broadway.)

Dario Villalba / Charles Arnoldi—New paintings. / Monotypes. Through Saturday, March 29. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Merrill Wagner—Old schoolroom blackboard slates treated to a variety of abstractions, all in blue paint. Through Saturday, March 29. (Gibson, 568 Broadway.)

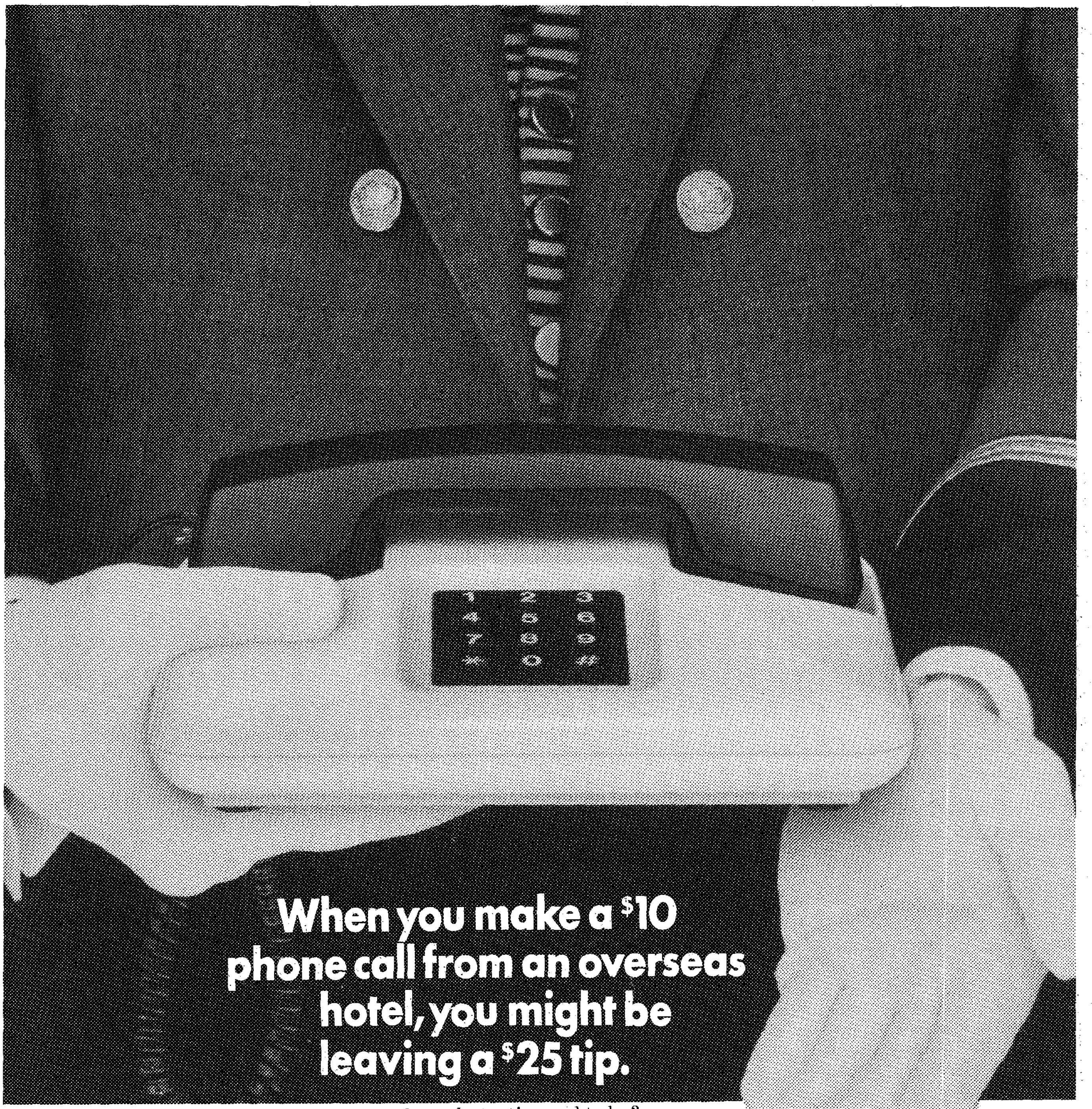
Andy Warhol—Six paintings from the artist's 1963 "Disaster" series. Through June 14. (Dia Art Foundation, 77 Wooster St. Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 4; Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Icarus: The Vision of Angels—A two-gallery exhibit that asserts an inherent aesthetic appeal in designs for flying instruments. On view are models for airplanes, rockets, and kites by Alexander Graham Bell; models after sketches by da Vinci; a Sabre jet, half life-size, by contemporary Canadian Murray Favro; photographs of works by others; and nine drawings by Robert Smithson, whose earthworks were, of course, best seen from the air. Through Saturday, March 29. (49th Parallel, 420 West Broadway, and Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Group Shows—At the **cooper,** 155 Wooster St.: Large-scale works by gallery artists Elizabeth Murray, Donald Judd, Carl Andre, and Robert Gober, plus seven drawings by Michael Hurson. Through Saturday, March 29. . . . **the drawing center,** 137 Greene St.: Landscapes and still-lifes are among the subjects covered in works on paper by thirteen artists. Through Saturday, March 29. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **gladstone,** 99 Greene St.: Sculptures, mostly, by eight contemporary Italian artists. Through Saturday, March 29.

OTHER GALLERIES

George Chemeche—Figurative paintings, many of a man and a woman standing in a stylized forest. Through Saturday, March 29. (Hud-



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son Center, 105 Hudson St. Opens at noon.)

Robert Gober and Kevin Larmon—A joint installation, consisting of two groupings of wall sculptures (Gober), paintings (Larmon), and furniture made in 1909 at the Roy Croft studios. Through Friday, March 28. (Nature Morte, 204 E. 10th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Richard Heinrich—Abstract welded-steel sculptures. Through Saturday, March 29. (Jay Gallery, 13 Jay St., between Hudson and Greenwich Sts.)

Cheryl Laemmle—Paintings using decoys and hunting motifs as still-lifes. Through April 2. (Sharpe, 175 Avenue B, at 11th St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at 1.)

Italo Scanga—Large, gaudily painted free-standing sculptures made of strips of wood and wildly disparate found objects. Through Saturday, March 29. (Stoler, 13 White St.)

Cy Twombly—A retrospective of works on paper. Through April 5. (Gagosian, 521 W. 23rd St.)

Roger Welch—Landscapes on shaped canvases. Through Saturday, March 29. (Greenwald, 181 Mott St.)

Alison Wilding—Abstract sculptures. Through April 8. (Ala, 32 West 20th St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Henri Cartier-Bresson and Bruce Davidson—Photographs paired according to shared themes that are of interest to these two artists. Through April 19. (Laurence Miller, 38 E. 57th St.)

Sarah Charlesworth—Cibachrome prints. Through Saturday, March 29. (International with Monument, 111 E. 7th St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Willy Ronis—A retrospective of black-and-white photographs of Paris and Provence. Through April 19. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Hope Sandrow—Multiple-image silverprints; all but one of the photographs are of people looking at exhibits in the Metropolitan Museum. Through Sunday, March 23. (Gracie Mansion Gallery, 167 Avenue A, at 10th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Josef Sudek (1896-1976)—Gardens, parks, and streets of Prague, plus still-life photographs. Through Saturday, March 29. (Ledel, 168 Mercer St. Opens at noon.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibition of paintings, plus tapestries and porcelains, by François Boucher, including "Toilet of Venus" (1751), which was done for a château of Mme. de Pompadour and Louis XV. Through May 4. . . . ¶ A gilded French rococo carriage, decorated with paintings from the studio of Boucher, and Rubens' monumental painting "The Assumption of the Virgin" set the tone of an elaborate show of art works acquired or commissioned by the Princes of Liechtenstein between the sixteenth century and the nineteenth. Ornate firearms in the collection occupy one gallery. Through May 4. . . . ¶ An exhibit of architectural drawings and photographs of late-nineteenth-century buildings designed by Richard Morris Hunt, including the Fifth Avenue entrance of the museum itself. Starts Thursday, March 20. . . . ¶ "Costumes of Royal India," an extravaganza of garments and accessories evoking palaces of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of sculptures by Richard Serra contains several pieces made for the exhibition, one of them located out in the sculpture garden. Through May 13. A complementary show is at Leo Castelli, 142 Greene St. . . . ¶ A show commemorating Ludwig Mies van der Rohe's hundredth anniversary. Drawings, photographs, and models of his buildings are on display in the lower-level galleries. Furniture, including a Barcelona chair, is installed on the fourth floor. Through April 15. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective of sculptures by Naum Gabo, a leader in the Constructivist style in the twenties. . . . ¶ A show devoted to the paintings, sculptures, and drawings of contemporary abstractionist Jack Youngerman. Both shows through April 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of works by Alex Katz, including paintings, wood and aluminum cutouts, and collages. Through June 15. . . . ¶ An exhibit of twenty-eight paintings by Eric Fischl. Through May 11. A complementary show is at the Mary Boone Gallery, 417 West Broadway. (The museum is open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—An exhibition of some of the works that will go to the new Musée d'Orsay when it opens in Paris later this year as the repository of the Louvre's collections of late-nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century paintings, sculptures, drawings, photographs, and decorative objects. Through May 5. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit of approximately seventy photographs of Gypsies by the late Belgian artist Jan Yoors, who frequently travelled with Gypsy bands in Europe, India, and the United States, from about 1934 to 1975. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—A show of paintings and sculptures by twenty-six contemporary American artists who are candidates for Academy-Institute art awards. Through Saturday, March 29. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Butler Library, Columbia University, Broadway at 114th St.—More than a hundred items (first editions, manuscripts, photographs, letters) that document the various literary and artistic undertakings of the British eccentric Frederick William Rolfe, who used the pen name Baron Corvo. Through June 11. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A record of the life and career of Bronislava Nijinska, a dancer, choreographer, and member of the creative-genius crowd early in this century. That record includes costumes designed for her by Natalia Gontcharova and Léon Bakst; set designs by Max Ernst and Joan Miró; a musical score for her ballet "Le Baiser de la Fée" in the handwriting of Igor Stravinsky. The dancer herself is seen in photographs of Diaghilev's Ballets Russes, among others. Also, a twenty-five-minute video of her ballet "Les Noces," as staged by her daughter and performed by the Oakland Ballet, is on view. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—"The Portrait Mezzotint in the Age of Reynolds," a display of prints from the eighteenth century, when this now obsolete relief process was at the height of its popularity; the works come primarily from the collection of David Alexander, who also mounted the show. Through Friday, March 28. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of approximately eighty Italian drawings from the baroque and Mannerist periods, on loan from the collection of Duke Roberto Ferretti. Through April 20. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 125 W. 55th St.—A show of paintings, textiles, and three-dimensional folk art pointing out that the female figure carried the torch as a symbol of America long before the Statue of Liberty arrived in the harbor. Thorugh May 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Paestum and the Doric Revival," a show illustrating the influence that the discovery of the ancient Greek city in southern Italy had on artists and architects from about 1750 to 1830. Architectural drawings and models, paintings, prints, and books. Through March 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793—The *Squat Theatre's production of* "Dreamland Burns," Wednesday through Friday, March 19-21, and Sunday, March 23, at 8; Saturday, March 22, at 8 and 11:30. . . . ¶ Yvonne Meier (dance), Thursday through Sunday, March 27-30, at 8:30.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—"Caught in the Middle," a music-dance collaboration by Susan Hadley and Bradley Sowash, Friday through Sunday, March 21-23, at 9; Jody Oberfelder-Riehm (dance), Friday through Sunday, March 28-30, at 9.

Note—On Monday, March 24, at 8 and 10, Petr Kotik will present flute compositions at the Diane Brown Gallery, 100 Greene St. (Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, March 19, at 8: "Simon Boccanegra," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Vasile Moldoveanu, Sherrill Milnes, and Paul Plishka; conducted by Myung-Whun Chung. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 20, at 8: "Francesca da Rimini," with Nicole Lorange, Ermanno Mauro, and Cornell MacNeil; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Friday, March 21, at 8: "Aida," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Fiorenza Cossotto, Luciano Pavarotti, and Matteo Manuguerra; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 22, at 1:30: "Carmen," with Maria Ewing, Catherine Malfitano, Plácido Domingo, and Michael Devlin; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 22, at 8: "Simon Boccanegra," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Vasile Moldoveanu, Sherrill Milnes, and James Morris; Myung-Whun Chung. . . . ¶ Monday, March 24, at 7:30: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Gwyneth Jones, Kathleen Battle, Tatiana Troyanos, and Dano Raffanti; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 25, at 8: "Aida," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Fiorenza Cossotto, Luciano Pavarotti, and Matteo Manuguerra; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 26, at 8: "Carmen," with Maria Ewing, Catherine Malfitano, Luis Lima, and Arthur Thompson; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 27, at 8: "Simon Boccanegra," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Vasile Moldoveanu, Sherrill Milnes, and Paul Plishka; Myung-Whun Chung. . . . ¶ Friday, March 28, at 7:30: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Gwyneth Jones, Kathleen Battle, Tatiana Troyanos, and John Alexander; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 29, at 1:30: "Aida," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Fiorenza Cossotto, Luciano Pavarotti, and Matteo Manuguerra; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 29, at 8: "Carmen," with Maria Ewing, Catherine Malfitano, Luis Lima, and Arthur Thompson; Max Epstein.

Manhattan School of Music Opera Theatre—The New York première of Hans Werner Henze's "The English Cat," staged by Lou Galterio and conducted by David Gilbert. (Borden Auditorium, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Wednesday, March 19, at 7:30; Friday, March 21, at 8; and Sunday, March 23, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 749-2802, Ext. 473.)

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23	24	25	26	27	28	29

Golden Fleece Ltd.—Presenting three new works by American composers: Ned Rorem's one-act opera "Fables," Lou Rodgers' song soliloquy "Ophelia Songs," and Paul Goldstaub's one-act opera "The Marriage Proposal." (Actor's Outlet Theatre Center, 120 W. 28th St. Thursday and Friday, March 20-21, at 8; Saturday, March 22, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, March 23, at 3 and 7. For tickets, call 691-6105.)

Amato Opera Company—Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200 Saturday and Sunday, March 22-23, at 7:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—James Conlon conducting a Copland-Paganini-Prokofiev program on Thursday, March 20, at 8; Friday, March 21, at 2; and Saturday, March 22, and Tuesday, March 25, at 8 (all with Salvatore Accardo, violin). . . . ¶ Raymond Leppard conducting a Haydn-Copland-Mendelssohn program Thursday through Saturday, March 27-29, at 8; Tuesday, April 1, at 7:30; Thursday, April 3, at 8; and Friday, April 4, at 2 (all with Stanley Drucker, clarinet).

Pittsburgh Symphony—Lorin Maazel conducting, with Frank Peter Zimmerman, violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, March 23, at 3.)

Orchestre Symphonique de Montreal—At Carnegie Hall, Charles Dutoit conducting—Monday, March 24, at 8: With Alicia de Larrocha, piano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 25, at 8: With Isaac Stern, violin.

New York Pops—Skitch Henderson conducting the fourth in a series of five concerts, this one a tribute to Cole Porter, with Bobby Short. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 21, at 8.)

Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Ken Noda, piano, and Young-Uck Kim, violin. (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Friday, March 21, at 8.)

Prism—Robert Black conducting a program that includes the première of William Thomas McKinley's Fourth Symphony. With Paul Sperry, tenor. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Tuesday, March 25, at 8.)

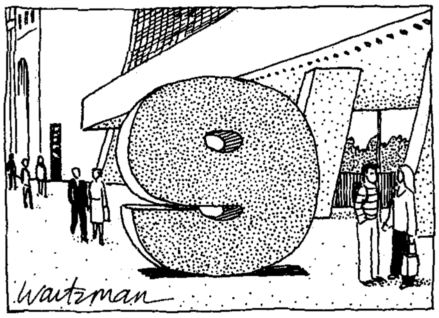
American Symphony Orchestra—Peter Tiboris conducting, with James Tocco, piano; Joseph Pate, bass; and combined choruses of more than four hundred voices. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, March 26, at 8.)

"Fidelio"—Brad Keimach conducting the Westfield Symphony Orchestra in a concert version of Beethoven's opera, with vocal soloists and the Roberts Wesleyan College Chorale. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 29, at 2. For information about free tickets, call 1-201 232-9400.)

Harvard University Glee Club—Jameson Marvin directing. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, March 21, at 8.)

Dessoff Choirs—Amy Kaiser directing the American première of Sergei Taneyev's Choral Cycle, Opus 27, in English. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, March 22, at 8.)

Musica Viva—Walter Klauss directing the chorus and chamber orchestra, with McNeil Robinson, organ, and Schuyler Chapin, narrator. (All Souls Church, Lexington Ave. at 80th St. Sunday, March 23, at 7. For information about tickets, call 749-2802, Ext. 500.)



New York City Gay Men's Chorus—Gary Miller directing a benefit concert, with Dorothy Loudon and Helen Gallagher, among other guest artists. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 23, at 8.)

Zamir Chorale—Matthew Lazar directing a program of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century Jewish music, with members of the Hebrew Arts Concert Choir. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, March 23, at 8.)

Amor Artis Chorale—Johannes Somary directing a performance of Bach's complete motets, with Edward Brewer, continuo organ, and Richard Myron, violone. (Grace Church, Broadway at 10th St. Tuesday, March 25, at 8. For information about tickets, call 772-9408.)

New Calliope Singers—Peter Schubert directing. (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, March 27, at 8.)

"The St. John Passion"—Paul Halley directing the Massed Choirs of the Cathedral in a performance of Bach's work. With soloists and an orchestra. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Friday, March 28, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

RECITALS

Renato Capecchi—Baritone. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, March 20, at 8.)

Music from Marlboro—The second in a series of three programs. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Thursday, March 20, at 8. . . . ¶ Same program: Alice Tully Hall. Monday, March 24, at 8.)

Mendelssohn String Quartet—The second of two Haydn-Ives-Schubert programs. (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, March 20, at 8.)

Daniel Barenboim—The fourth in a series of eight concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano sonatas. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, March 21, at 8.)

Mannes Trio—Chamber music. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Friday, March 21, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Jean-Pierre Rampal—Flute, in the second of two concerts, this one with Alain Marion, flute, and John-Steele Ritter, keyboard. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 22, at 8.)

Eric Bartlett—Cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Saturday, March 22, at 8.)

Ensemble for Early Music—Frederick Renz directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 22, at 8.)

L'Ensemble—A program of music by women composers, performed by women. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Saturday, March 22, at 8. For information about tickets, call 222-8210.)

Concerto Soloists of Philadelphia—Marc Mostovoy conducting, with Heidi Lehwalder, harp. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. Sunday, March 23, at 2. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

Galimir String Quartet—A program of twentieth-century music, with Karen Smith, soprano. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Sunday, March 23, at 2. For information about tickets, call 741-5689.)

Yo-Yo Ma—Cello. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 23, at 3.)

Jeffrey Kahane—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 23, at 3.)

Collegium Antiquum—Mary Jane Newman conducting, with Sandra Miller, flauto traverso. (Church of the Holy Trinity, 316 E. 88th St. Sunday, March 23, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Composers String Quartet—With Frederick Zlotkin, cello. (Faculty Room, Low Memorial Library, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Sunday, March 23, at 3. For information about tickets, call 280-3825.)

Ives Trio—Yuval Waldman, violin; Harry Clark, cello; and Sanda Schuldman, piano. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, March 23, at 3:30. No tickets necessary.)

Chelsea Chamber Ensemble Brass Quintet—With

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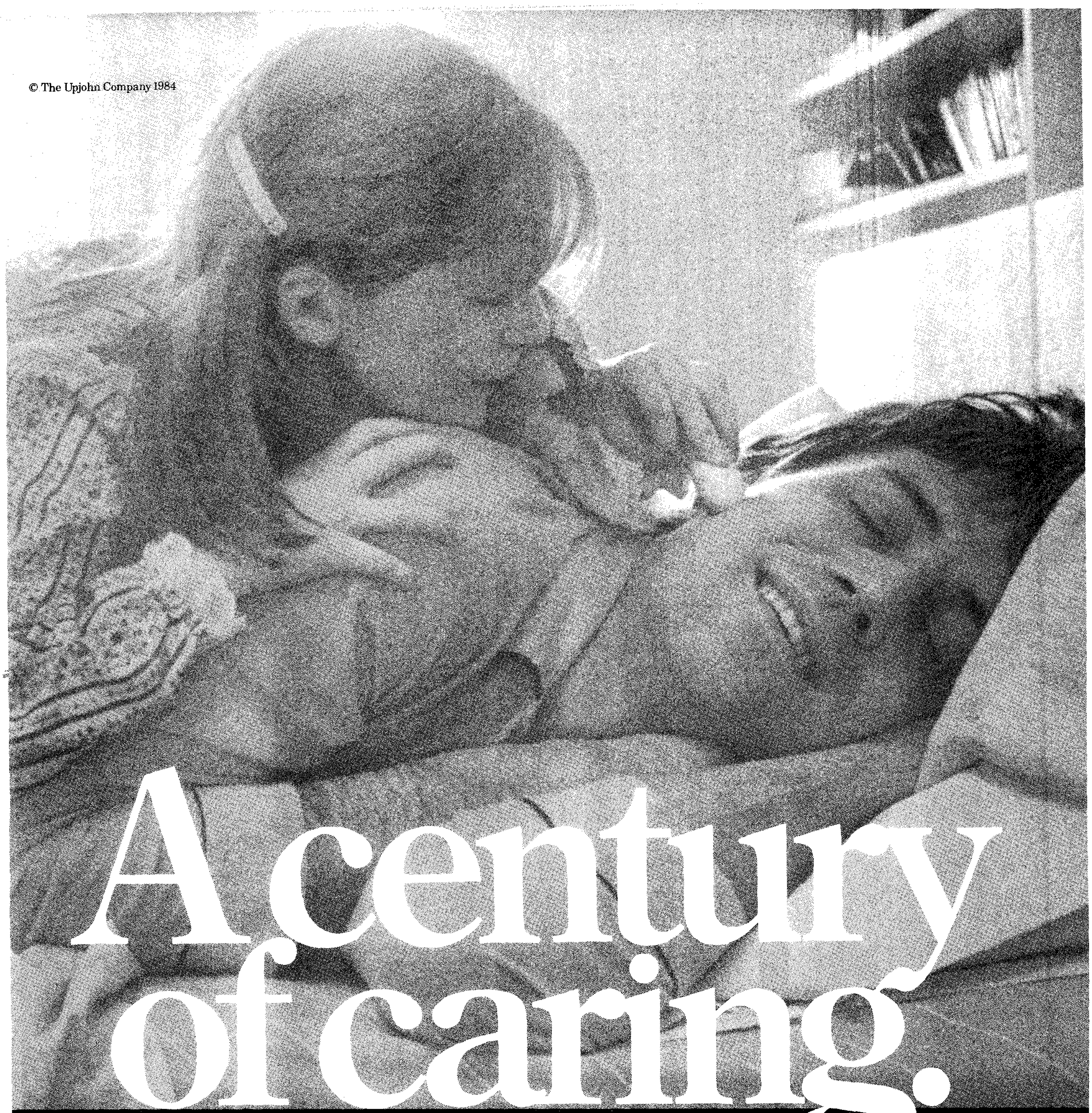

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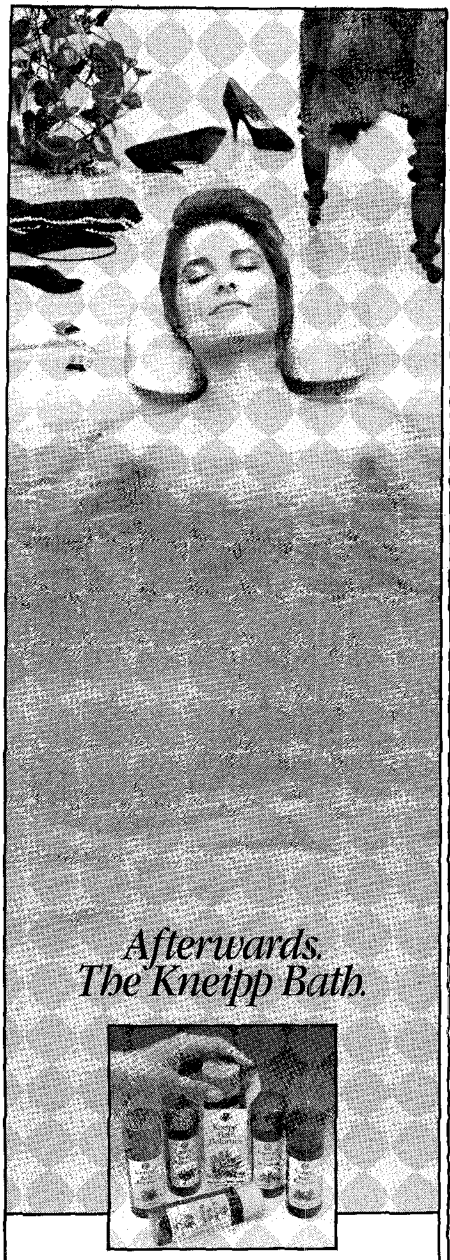

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano. (Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, Madison Ave. at 73rd St. Sunday, March 23, at 4. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Peter Serkin—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, March 23, at 7:30.)

Composers' Showcase—Robert Craft conducting a chamber orchestra in an all-Stravinsky program, with the Gregg Smith Singers; instrumental and vocal soloists; and actors Tony Randall and Keir Dullea. The first in a series of three concerts. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 23, at 8.)

Sequentia Ensemble—Presenting two performances of "Ordo Virtutum," a medieval music-theatre piece. (Medieval Court, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Sunday and Monday, March 23-24, at 8.)

I Cantori—Bart Folse conducting, with David Rowland, oboe; Jeffrey Sweetland, tenor; and Steven Machamer, percussion. Composers Jacob Avshalomov, James D. Wagoner, and Frank Russo will be present. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Sunday, March 23, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Bowdoin Trio—The last in a series of concerts presenting Brahms' complete piano chamber music, this one with Maria Bachmann, violin, and Nicolas Danielson, viola. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, March 23, at 8:30.)

Beverly Somach—Violin. (Merkin Concert Hall. Monday, March 24, at 8.)

Alexander Markov—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Tuesday, March 25, at 8.)

Music by Hans Werner Henze—Performed by the Concord String Quartet. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, March 25, at 8.) . . . ¶ George Manahan and Glen Cortese conducting a chamber ensemble, with Christopher Nappi, marimba. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Tuesday, March 25, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Baca Ensemble—A program that includes Robert Mann's musical settings for tales by Rudyard Kipling and Hans Christian Andersen. With Lucy Rowan, narrator. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, March 25, at 8.)

James Kreger—Cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Wednesday, March 26, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—The first in a series of three programs, this one with Richard Goode, piano, and John Houseman, narrator. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, March 26-27, at 8.)

Music Today—Gerard Schwarz conducting the last in a series of concerts, this one with Irene Gubrud, soprano, and Constance Beavon, mezzo-soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, March 26, at 8.)

New Music Consort—A program that includes a new work by Glen Cortese. With Lucy Shelton, soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, March 26, at 8.)

Thouvenal String Quartet—With Gilbert Kalish, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, March 27, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Salvatore Accardo, violin; Steven Tenenbom, viola; Sharon Isbin, classical guitarist; and members of the Society. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, March 28, at 8, and Sunday, March 30, at 5.)

Gary Karr and Harmon Lewis—Double bass and piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Saturday, March 29, at 8.)

Yale Chamber Music Series—The last in a series of concerts performed by various faculty members of the Yale University School of Music. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, March 29, at 8.)

Guillermo Rios—Flamenco guitarist. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, March 29, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

A Gala Tribute to George London—Performed by Maria Ewing, Catherine Malfitano, James Morris, Neil Shicoff, Richard Stilwell, and winners of the 1986 George London Grants. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, March 20, at 7:30.)

Wall-to-Wall American Song—A free twelve-hour marathon, with, among others, Odetta, Barbara Cook, Jule Styne, Lucy Shelton, the New Amsterdam Singers, and the Harlem Blues and Jazz Band. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Saturday, March 22, from 11 to 11.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Knicks vs. Houston, Saturday, March 22, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Dallas, Thursday, March 27, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Chicago, Saturday, March 29, at 8:30. . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Cleveland, Wednesday, March 26, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Chicago, Friday, March 28, at 7:30.

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Rangers vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Sunday, March 23, at 8:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Edmonton Oilers, Friday, March 28, at 8:35. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. St. Louis Blues, Tuesday, March 25, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Edmonton Oilers, Saturday, March 29, at 7:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Wednesday, March 19, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Rangers, Tuesday, March 25, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Devils vs. St. Louis Blues, Thursday, March 27, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Saturday, March 29, at 1:35.

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Daily, except Sunday, March 23, at 12:30. The Bay Shore, Saturday, March 22; the Westchester Handicap, Friday, March 28; and the Bed o' Roses Handicap, Saturday, March 29. . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK,** Cherry Hill, N.J.: Weeknights at 7:30; through Saturday, June 14.

Running—The Perrier Ten-Kilometer Run will start at 11 on Saturday, March 29, at Central Park's East Drive at 69th Street, and finish near the Tavern on the Green.

Tennis—Virginia Slims Championships: Martina Navratilova, Chris Evert Lloyd, Hana Mandlikova, Pam Shriver, and others. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday through Friday, March 19-21, at 6; semifinal singles matches and final doubles match Saturday, March 22, at noon; consolation singles match Sunday, March 23, at 11; and final singles match Sunday, March 23, at 1.)

Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Nightly at 8; through Saturday, March 22. . . . **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8, from Monday, March 24, through Monday, June 16. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 2.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—Laurie Colwin reading from her new novel, "Another Wonderful Thing," and Deborah Eisenberg reading from her new collection of short stories, "Transactions in a Foreign Currency." (Three Lives & Company, 154 W. 10th St. Thursday, March 20, at 8. No tickets necessary; seating on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . ¶ Marvin Bell and Louis Simpson reading from their own poetry. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, March 24, at 8:15.) . . . ¶ Pamela Alexander, Michael Collier, and Tom Sleigh reading from their own poetry. (Donnell Library Center, 20 W. 53rd St. Tuesday, March 25, at 6. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Anne Waldman reading from her own poetry. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Wednesday, March 26, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.)

New York Flower Show—Sponsored by the Horticultural Society of New York, this year's show will feature thirty garden exhibits. (New York City Passenger Ship Terminal, Twelfth Ave. at 49th St. Wednesday and Thursday, March 19-20, from 10 to 6; Friday and Saturday, March 21-22, from 10 to 9; and Sunday, March 23, from 10 to 6.)

Auctions—At Sotheby's, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Friday, March 28, from 10 to 5.)—Saturday, March 22, at 10:15 and 2: French and other Continental furniture, including Charles X furniture from the collection of the late Arthur L. Englander; also, decorations and carpets.

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A list of our 1986 objectives.

At The New Continental Illinois, we've discovered that after all the business experts have had their say, the real secret to making a bank work is making *bankers* work.

That's why we tell job applicants right up front that The New Continental Illinois is the toughest place to work in banking.

Of course, that kind of honesty has a way of discouraging some people from taking jobs with us.

Fine.

We're more interested in the kind of people who get excited about their work.

People who don't mind learning how a client's business translates into financial needs, *before* making a call.

People who are willing to make sure their advice suits a company's operations by taking into account its production, inventory and distribution systems.

People who will never offer a plan for loans, investments, raising capital or managing assets without first asking the right questions about industry trends and cycles, just to be sure their recommendations work long term.

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Continental Illinois
We work hard. We have to.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through March 20: "Dreamchild" (directed by Gavin Millar), with Coral Browne.
From March 21: "Love on the Ground" (1984; Jacques Rivette; in French), with Geraldine Chaplin and Jane Birkin.

New Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through March 20: "Wildcats" (Michael Ritchie), with Goldie Hawn.
From March 21: "Police Academy 3: Back in Training" (Jerry Paris), with Steve Guttenberg.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Crossroads" (Walter Hill), with Ralph Macchio.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "F/X" (†).
Theatre 2: "Pretty in Pink" (Howard Deutch), with Molly Ringwald and Harry Dean Stanton.
Theatre 3: "Gung Ho" (Ron Howard), with Michael Keaton.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through March 20: "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†).
From March 21: "Just Between Friends" (Allan Burns), with Mary Tyler Moore and Christine Lahti.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Gods Must Be Crazy" (1979; Jamie Uys).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"The Color Purple" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Highlander" (Russell Mulchay), with Christopher Lambert.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Ran" (†).

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through March 20: "Brazil" (†). From March 21: "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†).
Theatre 2: Through March 20: "The Boys Next Door" (Penelope Spheeris). From March 21: "Police Academy 3: Back in Training" (Jerry Paris), with Steve Guttenberg.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Crossroads" (Walter Hill), with Ralph Macchio.
Theatre 2: Through March 20: "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†). From March 21: "Just Between Friends" (Allan Burns), with Mary Tyler Moore and Christine Lahti.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through March 27: "Turtle Diary" (†). From March 28: "Trouble in Mind" (Alan Rudolph), with Kris Kristofferson and Geneviève Bujold.
Theatre 2: "The Trip to Bountiful" (†).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "F/X" (†).
Theatre 2: "Salvador" (Oliver Stone), with James Woods and John Savage.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).

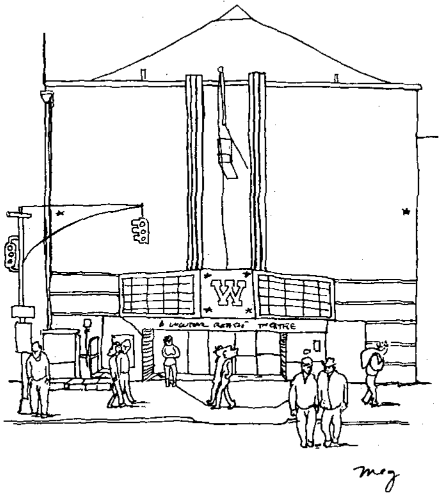
Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "9½ Weeks" (Adrian Lyne), with Mickey Rourke and Kim Basinger.
Theatre 2: "Pretty in Pink" (Howard Deutch), with Molly Ringwald and Harry Dean Stanton.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Smooth Talk" (†).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Out of Africa" (†).

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"F/X" (†).

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Gung Ho" (Ron Howard), with Michael Keaton.
Theatre 2: Through March 20: "Highlander" (Russell Mulchay), with Christopher Lambert. From March 21: "Hamburger" (Mike Marvin).



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 22.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Crossroads" (Walter Hill), with Ralph Macchio.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "The Color Purple" (†).
Theatre 2: Through March 20: "Wildcats" (Michael Ritchie), with Goldie Hawn. From March 21: "Police Academy 3: Back in Training" (Jerry Paris), with Steve Guttenberg.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "The Courtesans of Bombay" (1982; directed by Ismail Merchant), with Saeed Jaffrey; and "Jama Masjid Street Journal" (1979; Mira Nair).
Theatre 2: Through March 20: "The Mystery of Picasso" (†). March 21-23: "Yojimbo" (1961) and "Sanjuro" (1963), both films in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune. March 24-25: "Red Beard" (†). March 26-29: "Dersu Uzala" (1978; Akira Kurosawa; a Soviet-Japanese co-production, in Russian); and "Throne of Blood" (†).

Bleecker St. Cinema 1 and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: Through March 20: "Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†). From March 21: "The Mystery of Picasso" (†).
Theatre 2: "28 Up" (1984; Michael Apted), a documentary.

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "The Gods Must Be Crazy" (1979; Jamie Uys).
Theatre 2: "Salvador" (Oliver Stone), with James Woods and John Savage.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Brazil" (†).

R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "The Color Purple" (†).
Theatre 2: "Out of Africa" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Official Story" (Luis Puenzo; in Spanish), with Norma Aleandro.
Theatre 2: Through March 27: "The Boys Next Door" (Penelope Spheeris). From March 28 (tentative): "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†).
Theatre 3: Through March 20: "La Cage aux Folles 3: The Wedding" (Georges Lautner; in French), with Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi. From March 21: "The Trip to Bountiful" (†).
Theatre 4: Through March 27: "Sugarbaby" (Percy Adlon; in German). From March 28: "Turtle Diary" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: Through March 20: "Highlander" (Russell Mulchay), with Christopher Lambert. From March 21: "Sleeping Beauty" (1959), a full-length Walt Disney cartoon.
Theatre 2: "Crossroads" (Walter Hill), with Ralph Macchio.
Theatre 3: "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through March 20: "16 Days of Glory" (Bud Greenspan), a documentary on the 1984 Los Angeles Olympic Games.
From March 21: "Care Bears Movie II: A New Generation."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through March 20: "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†).
From March 21: "Just Between Friends" (Allan Burns), with Mary Tyler Moore and Christine Lahti.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Murphy's Romance" (Martin Ritt), with Sally Field and James Garner. (No evening performances on Thursday, March 20.)

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Always" (Henry Jaglom).

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
"Salvador" (Oliver Stone), with James Woods and John Savage.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"A Room with a View" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through March 20: "The Color Purple" (†).
From March 21: "The Mystery of Picasso" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"9½ Weeks" (Adrian Lyne), with Mickey Rourke and Kim Basinger.

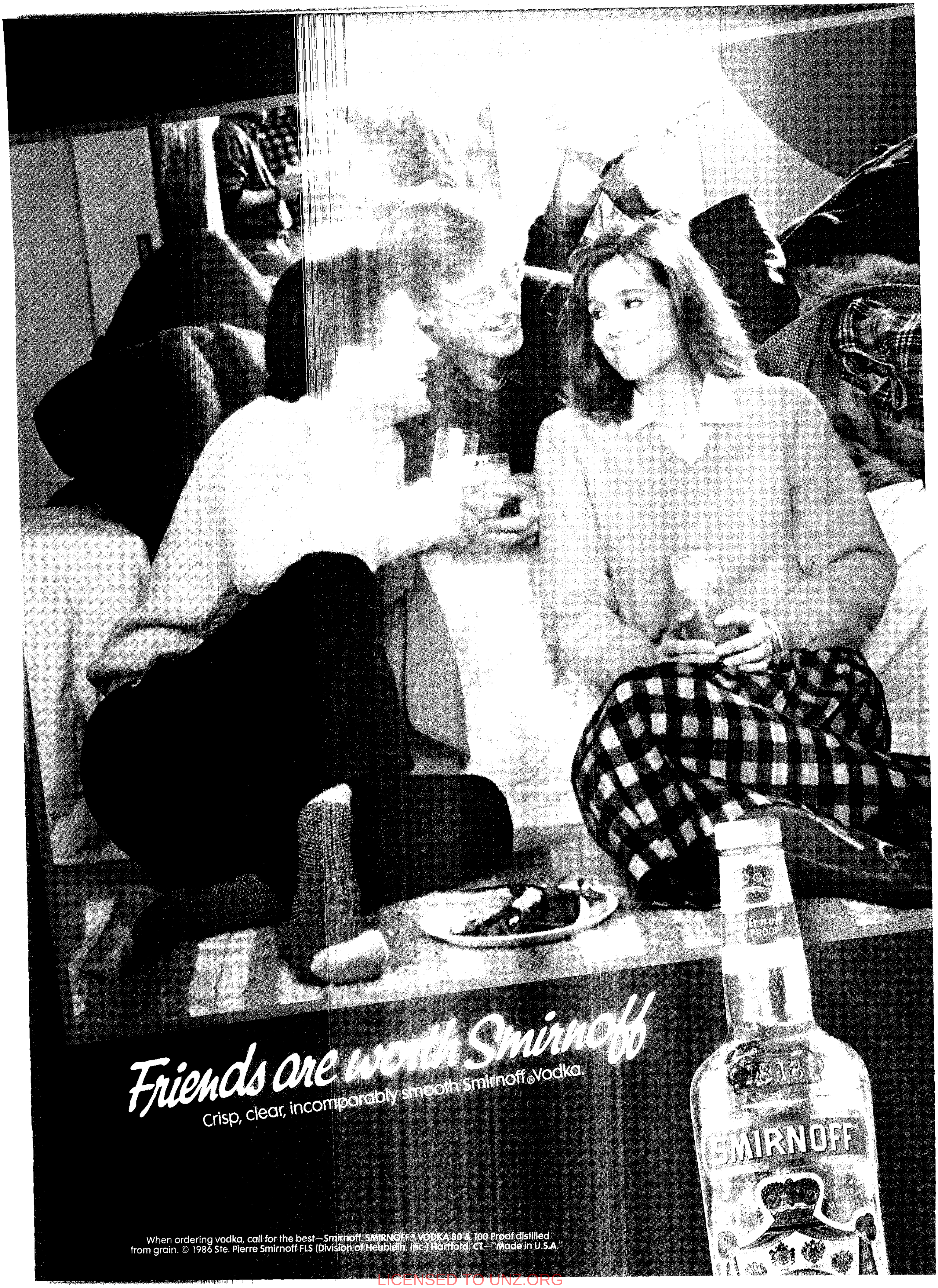
Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Angry Harvest" (Agnieszka Holland; in German).
Theatre 2: "Kaos" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Official Story" (Luis Puenzo; in Spanish), with Norma Aleandro.

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Shoah" (†). Part I is being shown Wednesdays through Sundays and Part II is being shown Sundays through Tuesdays.
Theatre 2: Through March 27: "Two English Girls" (†). From March 28: "Quilombo" (Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese).

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "My Beautiful Laundrette" (†).
Theatre 2: "Parting Glances" (Bill Sherwood).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Color Purple" (†).
Theatre 3: "Gung Ho" (Ron Howard), with Michael Keaton.
Theatre 4: "F/X" (†).
Theatre 5: "Pretty in Pink" (Howard Deutch), with Molly Ringwald and Harry Dean Stanton.
Theatre 6: Through March 20: "Highlander" (Russell Mulchay), with Christopher Lambert. From March 21: "Police Academy 3: Back in Training" (Jerry Paris), with Steve Guttenberg.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Out of Africa" (†).
Theatre 2: Through March 20: "The Boys Next Door" (Penelope Spheeris). From March 21: "Sleeping Beauty" (1959), a full-length Walt Disney cartoon.
Theatre 3: Through March 20: "Bad Guys"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We gave it the most advanced brake system in the world. You may well ask what's stopping the competition.

Lincoln Mark VII. *The system? The Anti-Lock Brake System* (ABS). It's standard on Mark VII. And it makes this luxury car stop as responsively as it goes. With ABS, even under the heaviest braking, the front and rear wheels will not lock. ABS actually pumps the brakes for you, but far more precisely and quickly than is humanly possible. You can retain steering control even in panic stops. In wet or icy conditions, ABS can actually reduce *stopping distance by up to 40%. Now, what does the competition have to say about all this?* Don't ask.

For more information, call 1-800-822-9292.

LINCOLN. What a luxury car should be.

(Joel Silberg). From March 21: "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†).
Theatre 4: "Brazil" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "The Color Purple" (†).
Theatre 2: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Jewel of the Nile" (directed by Lewis Teague), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and Danny DeVito.
Theatre 4: "Wildcats" (Michael Ritchie), with Goldie Hawn.
Theatre 5: Through March 20: "Rocky IV" (Sylvester Stallone), with Stallone, Talia Shire, Burt Young, and Carl Weathers. From March 21: "Highlander" (Russell Mulchay), with Christopher Lambert.
Theatre 6: "Out of Africa" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through March 20: "White Nights" (†).
From March 21: "Sleeping Beauty" (1959), a full-length Walt Disney cartoon.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through March 20: "Brazil" (†). From March 21: "Care Bears Movie II: A New Generation."
Theatre 3: Through March 20: "Nomads" (John McTiernan), with Lesley-Anne Down and Pierce Brosnan. From March 21: "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†).
Theatre 4: Through March 20: "Hollywood Vice Squad" (Penelope Spheeris), with Ronny Cox. From March 21: "Brazil" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Pretty in Pink" (Howard Deutch), with Molly Ringwald and Harry Dean Stanton.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: Through March 20: "House" (Steve Miner), with William Katt. From March 21: "Hamburger" (Mike Marvin).
Theatre 2: "Gung Ho" (Ron Howard), with Michael Keaton.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through March 20: "Highlander" (Russell Mulchay), with Christopher Lambert.
From March 21: "Police Academy 3: Back in Training" (Jerry Paris), with Steve Guttenberg.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
March 19: Theatre closed.
March 20: "101 Dalmatians" (1961), a full-length Walt Disney cartoon.
From March 21: "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†). No performances Monday through Wednesday, March 24-26.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through March 20: "American Commandos." From March 21: "The Gods Must Be Crazy" (1979; Jamie Uys).
Theatre 2: "The Hitcher" (Robert Harmon), with Rutger Hauer and C. Thomas Howell.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: "The Delta Force" (Menahem Golan), with Chuck Norris and Lee Marvin; and "Naked Cage."
Theatre 2: Through March 20: "Bad Guys" (Joel Silberg). From March 21: "Hamburger" (Mike Marvin).

U. A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: "Crossroads" (Walter Hill), with Ralph Macchio.
Theatre 2: "F/X" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through March 20: "Death in Venice" (1971; directed by Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde; and "La Terra Trema" (1947; Luchino Visconti; in Sicilian dialect).
March 21-22: "Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey; and "Vertigo" (1958; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Kim Novak, and Barbara Bel Geddes.
March 23: "The Lord of the Rings" (1978) and "Wizards" (1977), both animated films, directed by Ralph Bakshi.
March 24-25: "Taxi Driver" (1976; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and Jodie Foster; and "Looking for Mr. Goodbar" (1977; Richard Brooks), with Diane Keaton, Tuesday Weld, Richard Kiley, Alan Feinstein, and Richard Gere.

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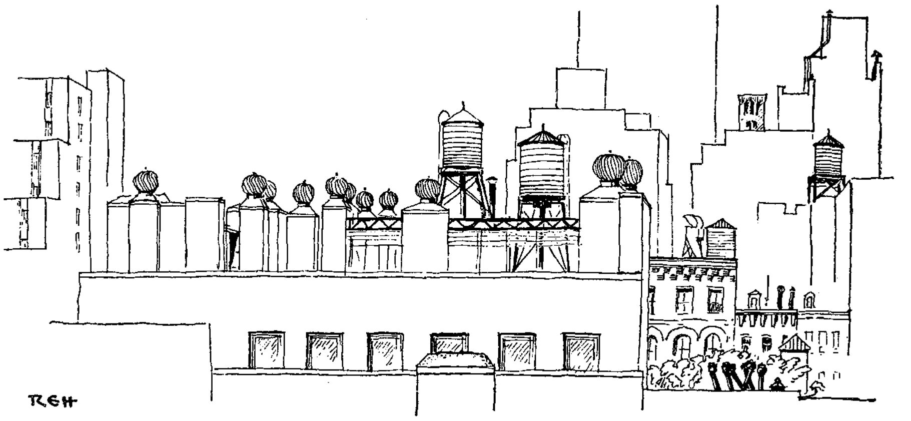
March 26-27: "Viridiana" (1961) and "Nazarin" (1958), both films in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Francisco Rabal.
March 28-29: "King of Hearts" (1967; Philippe de Broca; in French and English), with Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold; and "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
March 19: "That Obscure Object of Desire" (1977; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Carole Bouquet, and Angela Molina; and "Viridiana" (1961; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Francisco Rabal.
March 20: "Viridiana;" and "The Exterminating Angel" (1962; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Silvia Pinal.
March 21-22: "Annie Hall" (1977; Woody Allen), with Allen and Diane Keaton; and "Manhattan" (1979; Woody Allen), with Allen, Diane Keaton, Michael Murphy, and Meryl Streep.
March 23-24: "Bizet's Carmen" (1984; Francesco Rosi; in French), with Plácido Domingo and Julia Migenes-Johnson; and "The Magic Flute" (1975; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish).
March 25: "Never Give a Sucker an Even Break" (1941; Edward Cline), with W. C. Fields, Margaret Dumont, and Gloria Jean; and "The Bank Dick" (1940; Edward Cline), with W. C. Fields and Una Merkel.
March 26: "Sans Soleil" (1982; Chris Marker); and "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959; Alain Resnais; in French), with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada.
March 27: "The Asphalt Jungle" (1950; John Huston), with Sterling Hayden, Jean Hagen, Louis Calhern, and Sam Jaffe; and "Sweet Smell of Success" (1957; Alexander Mackendrick), with Burt Lancaster and Tony Curtis.
March 28-29: "The Big Sleep" (1946; Howard Hawks), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Martha Vickers; and "To Have and Have Not" (1944; Howard Hawks), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
March 19: "Pocketful of Miracles" (1961; Frank Capra), with Glenn Ford, Bette Davis, and Hope Lange; and "The Scapegoat" (1959; Robert Hamer), with Alec Guinness and Bette Davis.
March 20-22: "Fashions of 1934" (William Dieterle), with William Powell and Bette Davis; and "The Man Who Came to Dinner" (1942; William Keighley), with Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, Monty Woolley, Jimmy Durante, and Richard Travis.
March 23-25: "Bordertown" (1935; Archie Mayo), with Paul Muni, Bette Davis, and Margaret Lindsay; and "All This, and Heaven Too" (1940; Anatole Litvak), with Bette Davis, Charles Boyer, and Jeffrey Lynn.
March 26-27: "The Catered Affair" (†) and "The Bride Came C.O.D." (†).
March 28-29: "Beyond the Forest" (†); and "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?" (1962; Robert Aldrich), with Bette Davis and Joan Crawford.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
March 19: "Forbidden Planet" (1956; Fred M. Wilcox), with Walter Pidgeon, Anne Francis, and Leslie Nielsen; and "The Time Machine" (1960; George Pal), with Rod Taylor, Alan Young, Yvette Mimieux, and Sebastian Cabot.
March 20: "The Kiss" (1929; Jacques Feyder; a silent film), with Greta Garbo, Conrad Nagel, and Lew Ayres; and "The Saga of Gösta Berling" (1924; Mauritz Stiller; a silent film), with Greta Garbo and Lars Hanson.
March 21-22: "Bahia" (1978); and "Black Orpheus" (1959; Marcel Camus; in Portuguese), with Marpessa Dawn.
March 23: "Almonds and Raisins" (1985; Russ Karel), a documentary; and "Laughter Through Tears" (1933; G. Critcher; in Yiddish).
March 24: "Lonelyhearts" (1959; Vincent J. Donehue), with Montgomery Clift, Robert Ryan, and Myrna Loy; and "Follow Your Heart" (1936).
March 25: "Union Pacific" (1939; Cecil B. De Mille), with Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea; and "Cattle Queen of Montana" (1955; Allan Dwan), with Barbara Stanwyck and Ronald Reagan.
March 26: "Missing" (†); and "In the Name of the People" (1985; Frank Christopher).
March 27: "He Who Gets Slapped" (1924; Victor Seastrom; a silent film), with Lon Chaney, Norma Shearer, and John Gilbert; and "The Unholy Three" (1925; Tod Browning; a silent film), with Lon Chaney.
March 28: "Gabriela" (1984; Bruno Barreto; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Sonia Braga and Marcello Mastroianni; and "I Love You" (1982; Arnaldo Jabor; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Sonia Braga.
March 29: "Lili Marleen" (1981; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Giancarlo Giannini; and "Lola" (1982; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German).

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
March 19: "Raging Bull" (1980; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Cathy Moriarty, and Joe Pesci; and "Body and Soul" (1947; Robert Rossen), with John Garfield and Lilli Palmer.
March 20: "Knife in the Water" (1962; Roman Polanski; in Polish); and "Cul-de-Sac" (1966; Roman Polanski), with Donald Pleasance and Françoise Dorléac.
March 21-22: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951; Elia Kazan), with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden; and "Splendor in the Grass" (1961; Elia Kazan), with Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty, and Pat Hingle.
March 23: "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (1966; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in



Italian), with a cast of nonprofessionals; and "Accattone!" (1961; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian).

March 24: "Queen of Outer Space" (1958; Edward Bernds), with Zsa Zsa Gabor and Eric Fleming; and "Picture Mommy Dead" (1966; Bert I. Gordon), with Don Ameche and Martha Hyer.

March 25: "Z" (†) and "State of Siege" (†).

March 26: "Buddenbrooks" (1959; Alfred Weidenmann).

March 27: "A Place in the Sun" (1951; George Stevens), with Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters; and "Shane" (1953; George Stevens), with Alan Ladd, Jean Arthur, Brandon deWilde, Van Heflin, and Jack Palance.

March 28-29: "Desperately Seeking Susan" (1985; Susan Seidelman), with Rosanna Arquette and Madonna; and "Next Stop, Greenwich Village" (1976; Paul Mazursky), with Shelley Winters, Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

March 19: "A Man and a Woman" (1966; Claude Lelouch; in French), with Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant; and "Live for Life" (1967; Claude Lelouch; in French), with Yves Montand and Candice Bergen.

March 20: "Stairway to Heaven" (1946; Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger), with David Niven, Kim Hunter, and Roger Livesey; and "Black Narcissus" (1947; Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger), with Deborah Kerr, Sabu, David Farrar, and Flora Robson.

March 21-22: "Song of the Thin Man" (1947; Edward Buzzell) and "Another Thin Man" (1939; W. S. Van Dyke), both films with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

March 23: "Dementia #13" (1963; Francis Ford Coppola), with William Campbell and Luana Anders; and "The Terror" (1963; Roger Corman), with Boris Karloff, Sandra Knight, and Jack Nicholson.

March 24: "Secrets of Women" (†); and "A Lesson in Love" (1953; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Eva Dahlbeck and Gunnar Björnstrand.

March 25: "My Darling Clementine" (1946; John Ford), with Henry Fonda, Linda Darnell, Victor Mature, and Walter Brennan; and "The Ox-Bow Incident" (†).

March 26: "The National Health" (1975; Jack Gold), with Lynn Redgrave and Colin Blakely; and "Georgy Girl" (†).

March 27: "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" (1945; Elia Kazan), with Dorothy McGuire, James Dunn, and Peggy Ann Garner; and "Panic in the Streets" (1950; Elia Kazan), with Richard Widmark, Paul Douglas, Jack Palance, Zero Mostel, and Barbara Bel Geddes.

March 28-29: "Stage Fright" (1950; Alfred Hitchcock), with Jane Wyman and Marlene Dietrich; and "The Wrong Man" (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THEATRE 1: March 20 at 2:30 and 6: "An American Journey" (1985; directed by Lisa Maya Knauer and Jack Levine), a documentary. . . . ¶ March 21 at 2:30: "No Limit" (1935; Monty Banks), with George Formby and Florence Desmond. . . . ¶ March 21 at 6: "Maytime in Mayfair" (1949; Herbert Wilcox), with Anna Neagle and Michael Wilding. . . . ¶ March 22 at 2: "A Cuckoo in the Nest" (1933; Tom Walls), with Walls and Ralph Lynn. . . . ¶ March 22 at 5: "Harmony Heaven" (1930; Thomas Bentley); and "Raise the Roof" (1930; Walter Summers), with Betty Balfour and Maurice Evans. . . . ¶ March 23 at 2: "Goodnight Vienna" (1932; Herbert Wilcox), with Anna Neagle and Jack Buchanan. . . . ¶ March 23 at 5: "Mister Cinders" (1934; Fred Zelnick), with Clifford Lollison and Zelma O'Neal. . . . ¶ March 24 at 2:30: "Champagne" (1928; Alfred Hitchcock; a silent film), with Betty Balfour. . . . ¶ March 24 at 6: "Waltzes from Vienna" (1934; Alfred Hitchcock), with Jessie Matthews, Edmund Gwenn, and Fay Compton. . . . ¶ March 25 at 2:30: "Mister Cinders." . . . ¶ March 25 at 6: "Goodnight Vienna." . . . ¶ March 27 at 2:30 and 6: "Little People" (1984; Thomas Ott and Jan Kravitz), a documentary. . . . ¶ March 28 at 2:30: "Harmony Heaven" and "Raise the Roof." . . . ¶ March 28 at 6 and March 29 at 2: "Champagne Charlie" (1944; Alberto Cavalcanti), with Tommy Trinder and Stanley Holloway. . . . ¶ March 29 at 5: "Would You Believe It?" (1929; Walter Forde; a silent film).

THEATRE 2: March 20 at 5:30: "Krieger's Road" (1981; Christian Schocher; in Swiss German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ March 21 at 6:30: "Tierra del Fuego, a Whole Night Long" (1981; Clemens Klopfenstein; in Swiss German, with English subtitles). Mr. Klopfenstein will be present. . . . ¶ March 22 at 2:30: "Story of the Night" (1979; Clemens Klopfenstein; in German, with English subtitles); and "Transes" (1979-81; Clemens Klopfenstein). Mr. Klopfenstein will be present. . . . ¶ From March 23: Theatre closed.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—A program of films by Yvonne Rainer: March 25-29, "Lives of Performers" (1972), Tuesday at 2 and Wednesday through Saturday at noon; and "Film About a Woman Who . . ." (1974), Tuesday at 6 and Wednesday through Saturday at 2:30. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

BEYOND THE FOREST (1949)—Consistently (though inadvertently) hilarious. An evil Emma Bovary, Bette Davis is a sloven married to a Midwestern doctor (Joseph Cotten); she treats him abominably, and every time she has a chance she surrenders herself with hysterical enthusiasm to the hot-eyed embraces of a Chicago magnate (David Brian). Her obsession is to blow town, join her lover, and be a fancy kept woman; she nearly obsesses the soundtrack with variations of "Chicago, Chicago." The director, King Vidor, seems to be inventing his own brand of hog-wild Expressionism; covered with droplets of erotic sweat, Davis shakes her ample hips, kills an old man (Minor Watson), plunges down a mountainside to end an unwanted pregnancy, and dies within sight of a choochoo pulling out for Chicago, Chicago. With Dona Drake, Ruth Roman, and Regis Toomey. (Regency; March 28-29.)

BRAZIL—Terry Gilliam, of the Monty Python troupe, presents a retro-futurist fantasy—a melancholy, joke-ridden view of the horribleness of where we are now and the worse horribleness of where we're heading. The title refers to pop escapism of the past—what you can only dream about in the squalor and sporadic terrorist violence of an Anglo-American police state "somewhere in the twentieth century." Visually, it's an original, bravura piece of moviemaking. The central character (Jonathan Pryce) is a lowly clerk, a drone; in pursuit of the girl (Kim Greist) he has glimpsed in his dreams, he runs afoul of the state apparatus. The episodes lack dramatic definition, just as the gags do; they all run together and blur. Yet Gilliam's vision is an organic thing on the screen—and that's a considerable achievement. With Robert De Niro, Katherine Helmond, Michael Palin, Ian Holm, Ian Richardson, and Kathryn Pogson. The script is by Gilliam, Tom Stoppard, and Charles McKeown. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/10/86.) (8th St. Playhouse, Olympia Quad, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Manhattan; through March 20.)

THE BRIDE CAME C.O.D. (1941)—Bette Davis as an eloping heiress in a screwball farce, with James Cagney opposite her. The heiress is about to marry an obnoxious bandleader (Jack Carson) when her father arranges with a pilot (Cagney) to kidnap her and bring her home. The plane makes an emergency landing in Death Valley, and Davis and Cagney battle each other with wisecracks, and her rump hits a bed of cactus. The material is very tired, but Davis shrieks her lines happily, and Cagney sticks out his ample gut and holds his ground. Both of them mug good-naturedly, and it's pleasantly fast. Directed by William Keighley. With Stuart Erwin, George Tobias, and Eugene Pallette. (Regency; March 26-27.)

THE CATERED AFFAIR (1956)—Forgettable. Paddy Chayefsky's TV drama, adapted by Gore Vidal, of whom there is no detectable trace. A Bronx cabdriver (Ernest Borgnine) and his shrewish, socially ambitious wife (Bette Davis) wrangle about whether their daughter (Debbie Reynolds) should have a big wedding or a simple ceremony, in which case the father could invest his money in a new taxi. The wife's leprechaun brother (Barry Fitzgerald)—full of Gaelic shenanigans—gets into this drab argument. Richard Brooks directed. With Rod Taylor, Madge Kennedy, and Dorothy Stickney. (Regency; March 26-27.)

THE COLOR PURPLE—The popular novel by Alice Walker is about the bonding of Southern black women in the first half of the century. It's written in a raw, cadenced dialect, and it has a joyous emotional swing to it. Steven Spielberg, who directed the movie version, appears to have taken the novel seriously—inspirational tone, pop-folk religiosity, triumph of the human spirit, and all—and been intimidated by it. This family saga, spanning more than thirty years, is the clumsiest, least confident feature he has done. He filters everything through movies and sees rural Georgia in 1909 the way a European director might. The picture is muffled—it seems to be taking place in a made-up, faraway kingdom. With Desreta Jackson as the young Celie and Whoopi Goldberg taking over the role, Danny Glover, Willard Pugh, Margaret Avery, and Oprah Winfrey. (12/30/85) (Sutton, R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Cinema 3; through March 20.)

DOWN AND OUT IN BEVERLY HILLS—Jokes you can't explain may be the best kind, and the director Paul Mazursky is a master of them. When he gets rolling here, you're not responding to single jokes—it's the whole gestalt of the movie that's funny. Nick Nolte plays the shaggy, smelly drifter who attempts suicide and is rescued by a self-made millionaire (Richard Dreyfuss). Taken into the millionaire's guest cabaña, the bum is decked out in silk lounging robes; he's soon lord of the sunshine manor. As Dreyfuss's creamy-skinned, pampered wife, Bette Midler is more seductive than in her other screen roles, and she has a warped charm. Her eyes are pixillated; she's ready for anything. As a record-producer neighbor, Little Richard uses the maniacal energy that went into his singing; he has a bursting presence—you look at him and laugh. Peppy and pleasurable, this is one of the most sheerly beautiful comedies ever shot. With Elizabeth Peña, Tracy Nelson, Evan Richards, Donald F. Muhich, and Mazursky himself as a curly-haired accountant. (2/10/86) (23rd St. West Triplex. . . . ¶ 34th St. East, Coronet, and Ziegfeld; through March 20. . . . ¶ Manhattan, Olympia Quad, and Embassy; starting March 21. . . . ¶ New Embassy 49th Street; starting March 21. No performances Monday through Wednesday, March 24-26. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting March 28, tentative.)

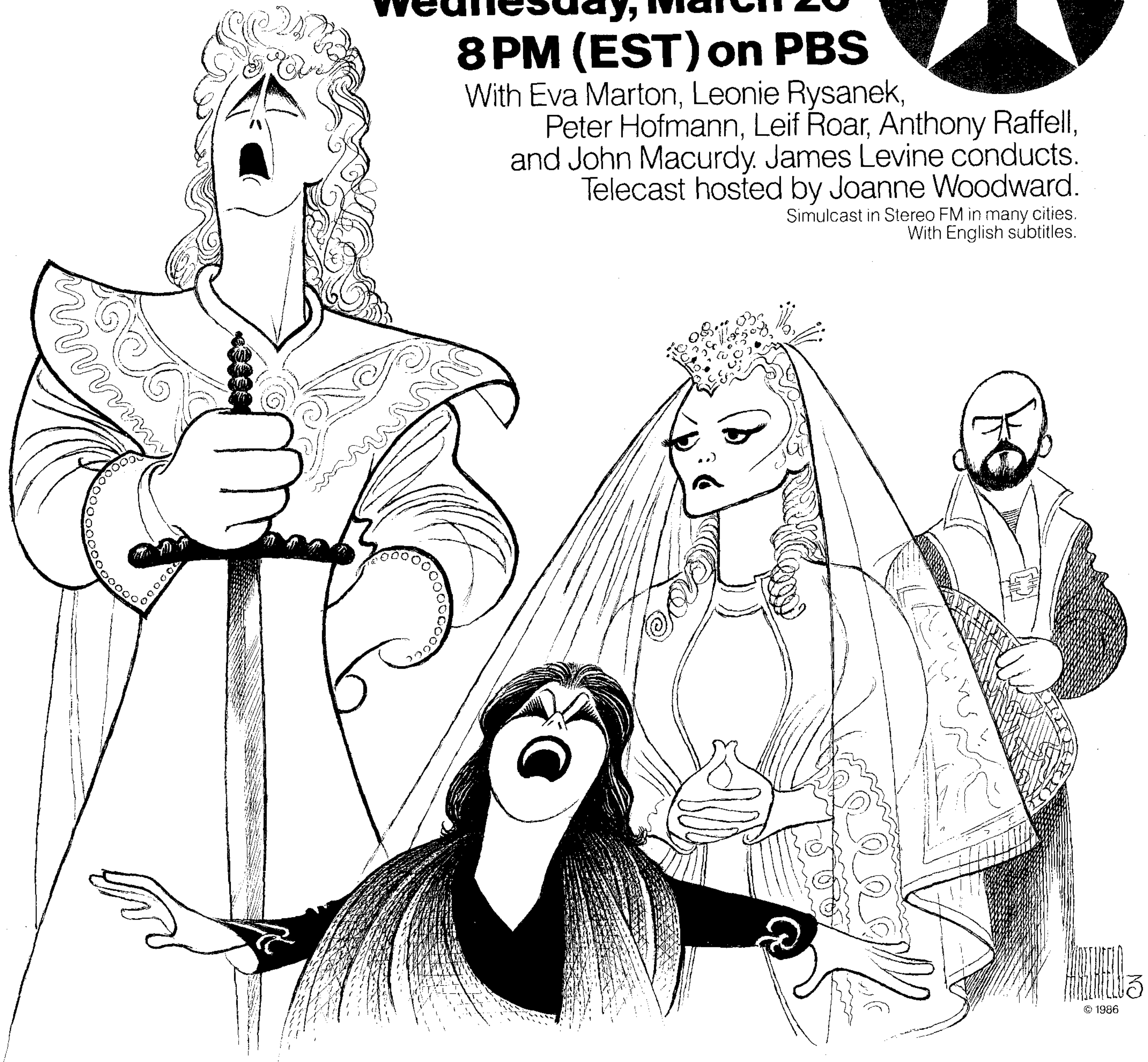
F/X—Robert Mandel directed this ingenious suspense film about a movie special-effects wizard (Bryan Brown) who lets himself be bamboozled by a couple of men from the Justice Department's Witness Relocation Program; they hire him to stage the fake assassination of a Mafia boss (Jerry Orbach), so that this gangster can give evidence against his associates and be relocated without fear of reprisals. Bryan Brown underplays niftily, and he's joined by a second hero—swaggering Brian Dennehy, as a rogue cop. He grabs the movie in his choppers and shakes it up. Despite the film's high body count, it's not the kind of thriller that leaves a viewer feeling debauched. With Diane Venora, Joe

"LIVE FROM THE MET"

Celebrating 10 Seasons of The Metropolitan Opera on TV with Wagner's "Lohengrin" Wednesday, March 26 8 PM (EST) on PBS

With Eva Marton, Leonie Rysanek, Peter Hofmann, Leif Roar, Anthony Raffell, and John Macurdy. James Levine conducts. Telecast hosted by Joanne Woodward.

Simulcast in Stereo FM in many cities.
With English subtitles.



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The knight, Lohengrin, is the ultimate answer to a maiden's prayer. He suddenly and mysteriously appears, as though from another world, to save Elsa, an innocent maiden accused of a heinous crime. This knight in shining armor defends the maiden and takes her as his bride, but forbids her to ask his name or where he is from. Ortrud, an evil sorceress, inflames the young bride's suspicions, and plants the seeds of doubt that propel the story to its tragic end.

TEXACO PHILANTHROPIC FOUNDATION INC.

Funding for "Live From The Met" is made possible by a major grant from Texaco Philanthropic Foundation Inc. with additional grants from PIONEER® Electronic Corporation, the National Endowment for the Arts, the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, and the Charles E. Culpeper Foundation.

Grifasi, and Jossie deGuzman. (2/24/86) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Gemini, U. A. East, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and U. A. Twin.)

Georgy Girl (1966)—An exceptionally good English tragicomedy about a fat girl's joys and sorrows, with Lynn Redgrave, James Mason, Alan Bates, and Charlotte Rampling. Directed by Silvio Narizzano. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 26.)

Hannah and Her Sisters—A minor, agreeably skillful movie by Woody Allen. It's likable, but you wish there were more to like. The principal characters are members of a show-business family, with the stable, dependable Hannah (Mia Farrow), a successful actress who manages a career and children with equal serenity, as the pivotal figure, and Barbara Hershey and Dianne Wiest as her sisters. Hannah's parents are played by Maureen O'Sullivan and the late Lloyd Nolan, her financial-consultant husband by Michael Caine, and her TV writer-producer ex-husband by Allen himself. The picture would be lifeless without him; the other roles are so thin that there's nobody else to draw us into the story, and all the vital vulgarity of Woody Allen's early movies has been drained away here. With Max von Sydow, Julie Kavner, Carrie Fisher, Daniel Stern, Sam Waterston, Tony Roberts (uncredited), and Bobby Short as himself. (2/24/86) (Murray Hill, Beekman, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Theatres.)

Kaos—Partly financed by Italian television, this film by Paolo and Vittorio Taviani is composed of adaptations of four folkloric Pirandello stories set in Italy, plus a prologue and an epilogue, and it was intended to be shown on TV, in four installments, as well as in theatres. The Tavianis suggested that film distributors should cut one story or another, the one least likely to appeal to their country's tastes. It's running here in its complete form, and at three hours and eight minutes it's too much movie, and too much harsh beauty. The panoramic grandeur wears you down. You feel emotionally filled by the first and second stories, which are about fate and have superb moments. During the third and fourth, which are about trickery and are laborious, you feel surfeited. They're hardly worth sitting through, but they take you to the revivifying epilogue, which is a full-fledged epiphany and sends you out dazed and happy. There's greatness in this movie, but it's wise to be prepared for the passages that are clumsy and tedious; don't get angry and leave, or you'll lose the rapturous beauty of the epilogue. With the magnificent Margarita Lozano as the madwoman of the first story, and, in the final moments, Omero Antonutti as Pirandello. Tonino Guerra collaborated with the Tavianis on the script; the marvellous score is by Nicola Piovani; the cinematography is by Giuseppe Lanci. In Italian. (3/10/86) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Kiss of the Spider Woman—Set in a nameless South American country, Hector Babenco's film is about a homosexual window dresser, Molina (William Hurt), and a revolutionary, Valentín (Raul Julia), who share a prison cell. Molina tries to comfort Valentín and help him forget his pain and misery by telling him the stories of old movies. Hurt is just about the only thing to look at; he's very likable in the scenes where Molina reveals his tenderness and warmth and humor. But it's a slack piece of moviemaking, and as sentimental as the forties screen romances that Molina is infatuated with. This Brazilian production, made in English, from Manuel Puig's novel, was shot in São Paulo. (8/26/85) (D. W. Griffith. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; through March 20.)

Missing (1982)—Making his first American movie, Costa-Gavras gives his accusatory political thriller a soft, warm-and-human center. As the businessman Ed Horman, the father of a young American who had disappeared in Chile during the days after the military coup that overthrew Allende, Jack Lemmon is the naïve, protected, nonpolitical conservative who is radicalized (or, at least, reëducated) by what he learns. Ed arrives in Santiago to look for his son and we're stuck, observing each step in the calibrated process of his coming closer to the counterculture values of his son's wife (Sissy Spacek, who's fresh and natural). Costa-Gavras's antipathy to Americans appears to be so deep-seated

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that he can't create American characters. The only real filmmaking is in the backgrounds: in the anxious, ominous atmosphere of a city under martial law. With John Shea and Melanie Mayron. Based on the book by Thomas Hauser. (Thalia; March 26.)

My Beautiful Laundrette—A startlingly fresh movie about life in South London among the surly white street gangs who live on the dole and feel that they're in a dead-end society and the Pakistani immigrants who know that this society is the best they can hope for, and try to move upward by wriggling through the cracks. In the foreground is a homosexual love affair between a dark-eyed, softly handsome, almost flowerlike Pakistani teen-ager, Omar (Gordon Warnecke), who grew up in this neighborhood, and a young blond street lout, Johnny (Daniel Day Lewis). They become partners when Omar persuades his slumlord uncle (Saeed Jaffrey) to let him have a ratty-looking failed laundrette, and the two boys, using stolen money, turn it into the laundrette of their flashy dreams. Directed by Stephen Frears, from a witty script by the young playwright Hanif Kureishi, who was born in South London to a Pakistani father and a white English mother, the film catches you up in the racketeering and decay of modern big-city life; you feel that your blinders have been taken off. Frears has a sensual, highly developed visual style, and he's responsive to the uncouthness and energy in English life—he's responsive to what went into the punk-music scene and to what goes into teen-age-gang life. It's an enormous pleasure to see a movie that's really about something, and that doesn't lay on any syrupy coating to make the subject go down easily. (It's down before you notice it.) Written for British television, on a budget of under $850,000, the film was shot in 16-mm.; the blowup to 35-mm. is near-miraculous. The cast includes Shirley Anne Field, Roshan Seth, Rita Wolf, and Souad Faress. The cinematography is by Oliver Stapleton. (3/10/86) (Embassy 72nd St.)

The Mystery of Picasso (1956)—Picasso and Henri-Georges Clouzot ("The Wages of Fear," "Diabolique") collaborate. The result is one of the most joyful of all records of an artist at work. Picasso has a volatile, explosive presence. He is the artist as clown, as conjurer, as master funmaker. For most of the film the screen is his paper or canvas, and in seventy-five minutes he draws or paints fifteen pictures. When he complains to Clouzot that the canvas is too small, the screen expands to CinemaScope size. Some sequences use time-lapse photography to compress the working time on a canvas to a few minutes. Cinematography by Claude Renoir; score by Georges Auric. (Film Forum; through March 20. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema, and Cinema 3; starting March 21.)

Out of Africa—Adult, cryptic, self-conscious, and unsatisfying, it attempts to romanticize the lives of the high-strung Danish woman (played by Meryl Streep) who ran a coffee plantation in Kenya, saw herself as a patrician, and wrote under the name Isak Dinesen, and the handsome English big-game hunter Denys Finch Hatton (Robert Redford). Directed by Sydney Pollack, from a script by Kurt Luedtke, the picture squirms around trying to make these people morally acceptable to a modern audience. Streep is animated in the early scenes, but Redford doesn't give out with anything for her to play against, and the energy goes out of her performance. The film hums a little when Klaus Maria Brandauer or Michael Kitchen or Suzanna Hamilton is on the screen; they're recognizably human. (12/30/85) (Loews Tower East, R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Olympia Quad, and Criterion Theatres.)

SEAFOOD
Sloppy Louie's
RESTAURANT
SEAFOOD
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RESTAURANT
M. IAN

The Ox-Bow Incident (1943)—A Western set in Nevada in 1885 which is also an attempt at a poetic tragedy about mob violence. Two cowboys (Henry Fonda and Harry Morgan) ride into a small, lonely cattle town and become involved in the hysteria of a lynch mob. Three innocent men (Dana Andrews, Anthony Quinn, and Francis Ford) are hanged, and we see not only their fear and despair but the varied motives of the members of the posse who take justice into their hands. It's easy to be put off by the studio sets and lighting and by the forties' approach to a "serious" subject, but the director, William Wellman, has made the characters so vivid that after many years people may still recall Frank Conroy as the sadistic Southern major, and the rapid changes of expression of William Eythe, as his son. With Harry Davenport, Leigh Whipper, and Jane Darwell. From the very fine novel by Walter Van Tilburg Clark. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 25.)

Ran—Set in the sixteenth century, Kurosawa's epic spectacle, a variation on the theme of "King Lear," is static, but it deepens, and it has its own ornery splendor. For the first forty minutes or so, the picture is all preparation, and it seems dead, but then the preparation begins to pay off, and by the end the fastidiousness and the monumental scale of what Kurosawa has undertaken can flood you with admiration. With Mieko Harada, Tatsuya Nakadai, the Japanese transvestite pop star known as Peter, and Hisashi Ikawa. In Japanese. (Two hours and forty-one minutes.) (1/13/86) (Plaza.)

Red Beard (1965)—Kurosawa's film, close to two and a half hours long, is set in the slums of Japan in the nineteenth century. Mifune is Red Beard—a grunting, unscrupulous hero-doctor who keeps an essential clinic open by one-man Mafia means. Kurosawa is very interested in such resolute and uncommendable saints. In Japanese. (Film Forum; March 24-25.)

A Room with a View—With Maggie Smith and Denholm Elliott, directed by James Ivory. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Paris.)

Secrets of Women (1952)—Eva Dahlbeck, Anita Björk, and Maj-Britt Nilsson tell the stories of their marriages, in this cloyingly middle-class Ingmar Bergman comedy-melodrama. In Swedish. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 24.)

Shoah—Claude Lanzmann's nine-hour-and-twenty-three-minute documentary epic is made up of interviews with people who have knowledge of the Nazi extermination centers—whether as slave laborers, railroad workers, technicians, bureaucrats, or just onlookers. The film has fine, painful moments, and it's widely regarded as a masterpiece. But some may feel that it lacks the moral complexity of a great work, and may also find it logy and diffuse, and exhausting right from the start. Divided into Part I (four hours and thirty-three minutes) and Part II (four hours and fifty minutes). In Polish, French, German, English, Hebrew, and Yiddish, with English subtitles where necessary. (12/30/85) (Cinema Studio.)

Smooth Talk—With Treat Williams and Laura Dern, directed by Joyce Chopra. (Reviewed in this issue.) (68th St. Playhouse.)

State of Siege (1973)—Yves Montand plays a man recognizably based on the assassinated Dan Mitrione, who was trained in the United States, worked for AID, and operated in close undercover conjunction with the repressive police in Brazil and Uruguay. In French. (Thalia SoHo; March 25.)

Throne of Blood (1957)—Kurosawa's wild and fine version of "Macbeth," with Toshiro Mifune, set in sixteenth-century Japan. The soundtrack pounds with noises of armor and horses' hooves; Shakespeare's main sense is kept, and so are his abiding strokes of theatre, especially when the mists of the picture part to show Birnam Wood coming to Dunsinane, one of the truly alarming shots in world cinema. In Japanese. (Film Forum; March 26-29.)

The Trip to Bountiful—Geraldine Page gives a controlled, all-out performance as Carrie Watts, an old-age pensioner who wears seat-sprung housedresses and lives in a tiny apartment in Houston with her sad, defeated son and his shrill wife, who keeps picking on her. The movie—a weeper—is about Carrie's longing to escape and return to Bountiful, the Gulf Coast town where she grew up; she runs away, gets on a bus headed in the right direction, and lives out her dream. Directed by Peter Masterson, from Horton Foote's adaptation of his 1953 teleplay, it's a "spiritual" picture—a tribute to the decency of the common people who endure by doing the best they can, and it has the glow that movies get when they're about the need to have compassion. With John Heard, Carlin Glynn, Rebecca DeMornay, and Richard Bradford. (1/13/86) (Cinema II. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting March 21.)

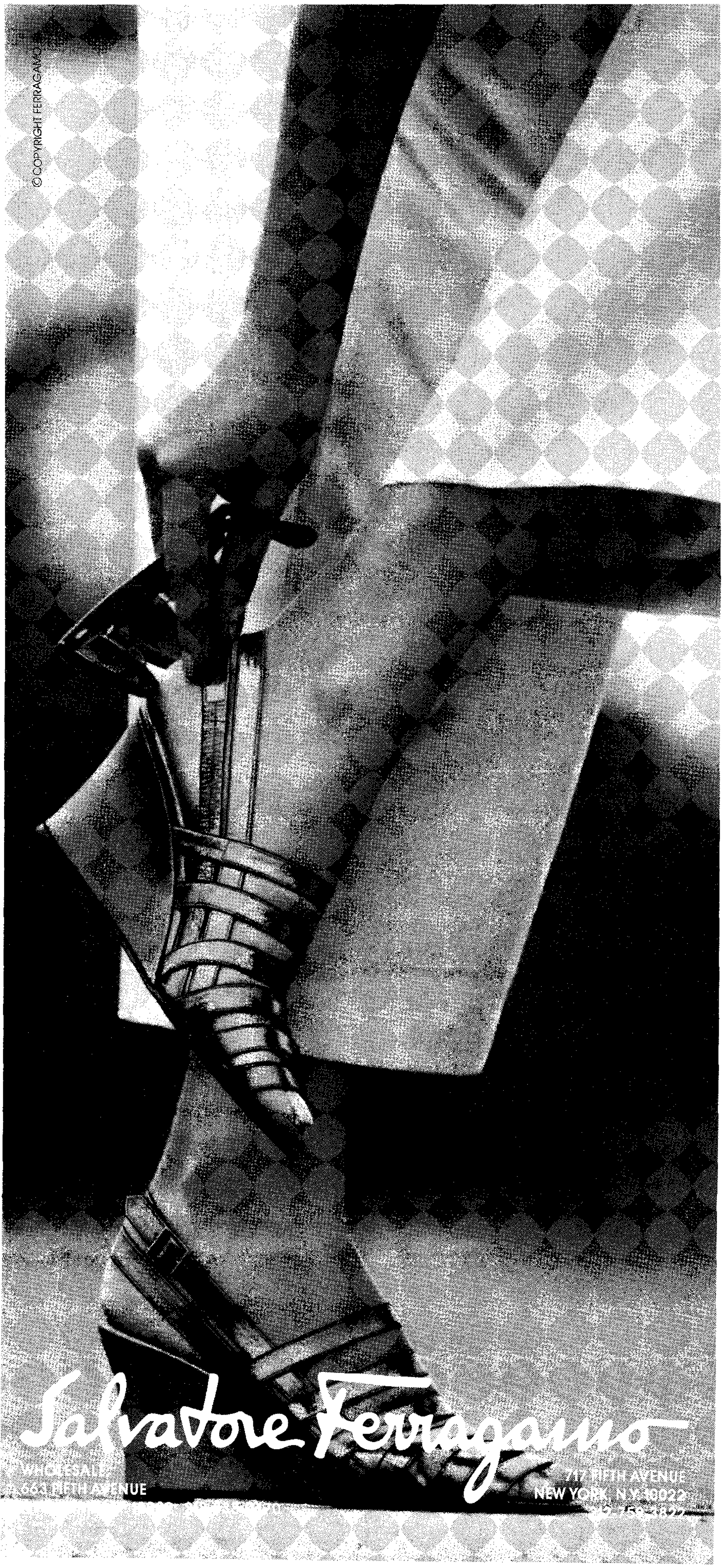
Turtle Diary—With Glenda Jackson and Ben Kingsley, directed by John Irvin. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema I; through March 27. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting March 28.)

Two English Girls (1972)—François Truffaut tries for gaiety and gentleness and charm in this adaptation of the only other novel by Henri-Pierre Roché, the author of "Jules and Jim," but everything is muffled, almost repressed. The story is about the messed-up lives of two English sisters who love the same man—a Frenchman (Jean-Pierre Léaud, badly miscast). The picture is uncomfortable and, when it's over, unresolved yet emotionally affecting. A bewilderingly sad movie. With Kika Markham, Stacey Tendeter, Philippe Léotard, and Sylvia Marriott. In French. (Cinema Studio; through March 27.)

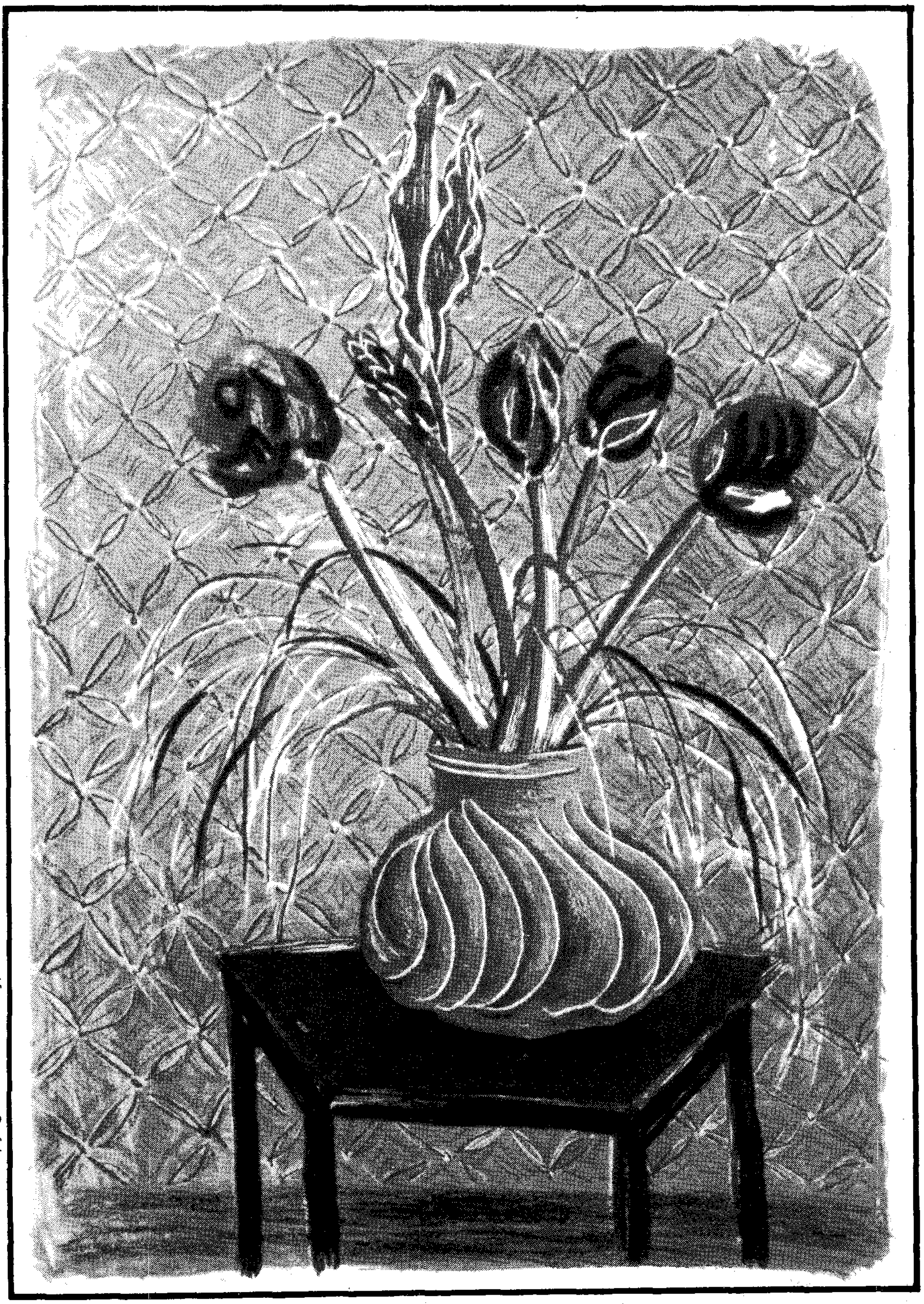
White Nights—The magnificent Mikhail Baryshnikov plays a Russian ballet star who defected from the Soviet Union to the U.S. and is on his way to dance in Tokyo when his plane crash-lands in Siberia. The movie's central gimmick is that the ballet dancer is put in the care of a black American tap dancer (Gregory Hines, acting morose and embittered) who defected from the U.S. Army during the Vietnam War. The tap dancer is miserable, and now a K.G.B. colonel tells him that if he can't convince the ballet star to renounce the U.S. and perform in just a few days at a Kirov gala, he'll be sent to work in the mines. This cheap melodramatic plot is like a straitjacket that the director, Taylor Hackford, got into voluntarily and can't wriggle out of. It's often ludicrously bad, but there's enough footage of Baryshnikov to carry you past the embarrassments of the tacky script. With Isabella Rossellini, Jerzy Skolimowski, Geraldine Page, Helen Mirren, and John Glover. The script is credited to James Goldman and Eric Hughes. (11/18/85) (Embassy 1; through March 20.)

The Wrong Man (1956)—An unusually drab Hitchcock film, based on a true story about an innocent man (Henry Fonda) sent to prison. The picture has an almost Kafkaesque nightmare realism to it, but the story line wanders diffusely instead of tightening, and the developments become tedious (though the final discovery of the right man is chillingly well done). With Vera Miles and Anthony Quayle. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 28-29.)

Z (1969)—How a political murder is made to look like an accident. Costa-Gavras's extraordinary thriller—one of the fastest, most exciting melodramas ever made—was based on the Lambrakis affair, as it was presented in fictional form in the novel "Z," by the Greek exile Vassili Vassilikos. In 1965, Lambrakis, a professor of medicine, was struck down by a delivery truck as he left a peace meeting; the investigation of his death uncovered such a scandalous network of corruption and illegality in the police and in the government that the leader of the opposition party, George Papandreou, became Premier. The movie reenacts the murder and the investigation in an attempt to show how the mechanics of Fascist corruption may be hidden under the mask of law and order. When the picture is over and you've caught your breath, you know perfectly well that its techniques of excitation could as easily be used by a smart Fascist filmmaker. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Irene Papas. In French. (Thalia SoHo; March 25.)



MACY'S FLOWER SHOW



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Macy's 12th Annual Flower Show celebrates Spring's arrival to New York, Sunday, March 23 through Saturday, March 29, Herald Square. Call our Springtime Hotline for up-to-the-minute Flower Events: (212) 560-4495.

macy's
NEW YORK

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A LETTER from a friend in Connecticut:

Hey, it's spring out here. The birds that hung around all winter are singing, the snow and ice are melting, tiny buds are budding, and I've just received in the mail my Spring Handbook from the Lloyd Home & Building Centers, Inc. The handbook is basically a hardware-and-lumber catalogue for do-it-yourselfers, and it seasonally gets my blood stirring with ideas for new fix-up projects—some of which I actually attempt and a few of which I actually complete around October. While looking through the handbook the other day, I was struck for the first time, really, by the illustrations of the do-it-yourselfers doing it themselves. For instance, on page 2 there's a drawing of a man pouring Wonderlawn Controlled Release Lawn Fertilizer into a fertilizer spreader. He has his sleeves rolled up and he looks as pleased as punch, all set to get that lawn fertilized. *Nobody* is as pleased as punch while pouring fertilizer into a spreader. Try it sometime and you'll see what I mean.

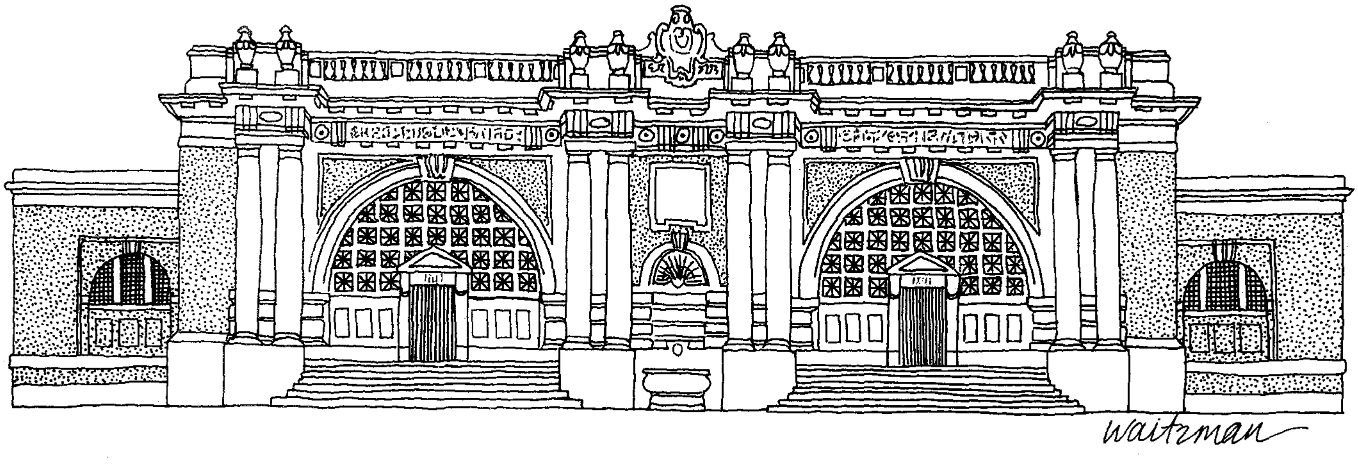
On page 4, a similar man is smoothing cement for his new walk, with a bag of Lloyd Gravel Mix nearby. I've done a bit of cement-smoothing in my time, and let me tell you this: you don't grin like that chap in the drawing until the job is finished and totally dried. The same holds true for the manic fellow on page 8 who is nailing plywood flooring to joists; for Mr. Page 10 (a mustached Latin type), who is amiably constructing a metal storage shed; for the smug older man on page 12, work-gloved and long of sleeve, who is putting in treated fence posts; for page 14's happy gutter installer; and, especially, for page 22's bright young housewife, who is ecstatically roller-painting a wall with her right hand and holding at the ready in her left a small, wet brush.

Now, I'm not so naïve that I don't know what the Lloyd people are trying to convey with these illustrations. There is indeed a certain inner joy in doing things around the house yourself. But I've yet to see anybody express that joy while *doing* those things, particularly when the dog steps into the wet concrete and the kids knock the paint can off the stepladder. Ah, Lloyd people, if only life were as cheery and simple as your handbook makes it out to be! Let's have some truth in advertising.

Anyway, spring is here.

•

ON the other hand, at the eighty-third annual American International Toy Fair, held in this city last month, we sat down to rest—after giving our all to a round of some of the nine hundred companies' displays of the usual high-priced, unappealing junk dolls, ugly plastic robots and monsters, unhuggable stuffed bears and whatnots, and television-connected games like Miami Vice: The Game—in a corner of the Coleco display devoted to a new line of plastic war toys: Rambo and his Force of Freedom. What we sat down on was a United States Army wooden storage crate (looking like the real thing), holding stuff (presumably not the real thing), in what had been set up as a field tent, camouflage-style, its net interlaced with branches of foliage. "Our Rambo is the good guy," a Coleco guide told us. "Our Rambo uses his weapons to destroy other weapons." A middle-aged actor, who told us later he had just stepped out of the role of Daddy Warbucks in a



theatre out of town, gave a group of onlookers a "briefing." He had on a regulation Army camouflage uniform, combat boots, and a green beret. "Troops, at ease!" he barked, in an excellent delivery of his lines—very convincing. "Listen up—there's a war going on out there! A war for profits! Pay attention! I will only say this once! Now, listen up! You, the retailer, will come out on top, as kids dig deep into their pockets to buy Rambo. Rambo encourages impulse buying. Coleco is in this war to win. We have been capturing key enemy strongholds. Now, let's review this battle plan. This is a war for higher sales and bigger profits, and here to battle on your side in this sales war is the greatest fighting machine ever created—Rambo!" And a few other barkings, in the same key.

As we said, we were resting. Sitting there on the storage crate, we were amazed to realize how restful it was, listening to this actor. Hooray for Coleco, we thought. No baloney re Rambo and education, tolerance, protecting democracy, or offering toys that will help your kid get into Yale. Never mind that Coleco now wants credit for developing maternal instincts in little girls by making dolls that smell like talcum powder. This Rambo pitch was giving it to us the way it really is. What Rambo is really all about.

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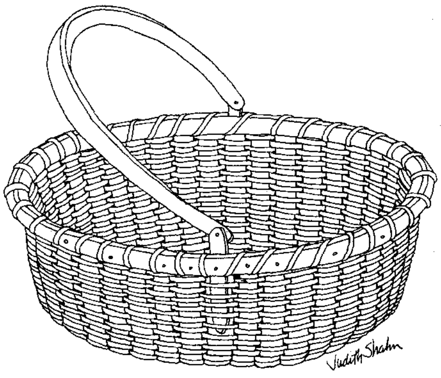
Non-Stop

THE other morning, Raffaella Carrà, who has long, straight blond hair and bangs and looks neat in a slinky black-sequinned gown or a silver-fox jacket or whatever her wardrobe designer cooks up, and who is the consensus boffo star of a weekly Italian television variety program called "Buonasera, Raffaella," was interviewed by Bryant Gumbel on the "Today" show and was thus able to explain that although "Buonasera, Raffaella" is normally broadcast from Italy to an audience of Italians she had come to New York for three weeks to broadcast live from a studio in Long Island City to an audience of Italians, Americans, Canadians, Mexicans, Venezuelans, and Argentines. When she showed up at the "Today" studio, in Rockefeller Center, she was accompanied by her makeup man, her executive producer, her choreographer, a translator, two P.R. people, and a film crew that was making a television documentary and needed some footage of Raffaella Carrà as she arrived at and departed from an American network-television studio where she was appearing on a television program in order to plug her television program. She did not take her thirty-piece orchestra, her twenty dancers, five children who are billed as the Five Stars, or two actors named Andy Luotto and Marisa Laurito—all regulars on "Buonasera, Raffaella"—along with her to the NBC studios. Nor did she invite her director of photography or the dozens of other technical and production people who happened to be with her in New York and whom she would have been perfectly within her rights in taking along to Rockefeller Center if she had felt like it. They would certainly have provided a useful diversion at the moment in the interview when Bryant Gumbel found it necessary to mention her salary. Evidently, Raffaella Carrà's salary and perks add up to a big number—in the billions, lira-wise. Raffaella Carrà set Bryant Gumbel straight by telling him that she does hard work for the money.

What Raffaella Carrà does for the money: dances, sings, gives dramatic readings, talks on the telephone to viewers, visits with celebrity guests (and, when she runs out of questions, offers the celebrities a beer or a glass of wine or a nonalcoholic beverage). Her first broadcast from Long Island City, two days after her conversation with Bryant Gumbel, showed that a hardworking good time on TV, Raffaella Carrà-style, must incorporate the element of non-stop fun. Raffaella Carrà is not afraid of crowds. If a Johnny or a Merv wants to get by with three or four guests per show, that's his business. Raffaella Carrà, however, would rather be cancelled than stoop to such inhospitableness. Non-stop fun means starting out with Ella Fitzgerald on the big stage (Ella sings a duet with Raffaella and then a solo version of "Give Me the Simple Life") and then going straight to the living room, or conversation pit, or whatever you call the spacious yellow modular sofa with the blue pillows (against the backdrop that is meant to look like midtown Manhattan), for a chat with the Nobel Prize-winning economist Franco Modigliani; from there to another part of the set to play a game (contestants: handsome young couple preselected from the studio audience); back to the living room to introduce State Senator John Marchi, who precedes Carlo Rognoni, the editor of the magazine *Epoca*, who, in turn, introduces the brilliant young American journalist Ron Reagan, Jr. (who is married to an Italian-American), who is followed by the young Italian singer Eros Ramazzotti, who is himself followed by the not quite as young Italian singer Antonello Venditti; then another game (Raffaella on the phone, contestants at home in Italy); some performers from the Broadway musical "Song & Dance;" another telephone game (prize is a week's vacation in Italy, but nobody wins); a dramatic reading; a remote interview with some Italian-Americans in Memphis; back to Long Island City to visit with the actor Tony Musante; a televised family reunion (a woman from New Jersey with a three-month-old baby girl, who is being shown off for the first time to her grandmother, who is at home in southern Italy watching "Buonasera, Raffaella"); the actor Michael York in the living room or conversation pit (conversation pit rather full by now); a clip of Michael York's portrayal of John the Baptist in the film "Jesus of Nazareth;" then Ella Fitzgerald, who has been off camera for what seems like the longest time, joining the crowd in the living room; then the credits. Three and a half hours of non-stop fun, virtually every bit of it hard, wearying, excruciating work.



Nice Little Bank

EVERY week, the front page of the *New York Law Journal* features a small advertisement for National Bank of New York City, an institution with offices in Queens and Manhattan. The ads say "Find It Hard to Reach Your Banker? Not Here!" and "Have 5 Minutes? Come In, Let's

Have Coffee!" and "Need Real Service? Call Direct!" Each ad lists the names and phone numbers of Jack Farber, the bank's chairman and owner, and Richard Gelman, the president. If you call the Queens number and ask for Jack Farber and he happens to be in, chances are excellent that his secretary, Goldie Maletz, will put you right through. If you begin the conversation by saying that you wonder how a bank with such an august-sounding name manages to maintain such a relatively low profile, chances are that Mr. Farber will respond, "Whaddya mean you never heard of us? You ever bought any New York City notes—any revenue-anticipation notes, any bond-anticipation notes? Well, if you owned those back in the mid-seventies you would have heard of us, because we're the guys who made Abe Beame pay back the noteholders. Remember 1975, when the state passed a moratorium law that said that the city didn't have to repay the principal on its short-term borrowing and that the noteholders had to accept a lower rate of interest or else the city would be forced to declare bankruptcy? Well, we owned a lot of those notes and we didn't think that was a fair deal, so we sued. We lost in a couple of lower courts, but when we got to the Court of Appeals we won and we got our money and so did the other noteholders. So you *should* have heard of us, but you're forgiven. You come on over, we'll talk to you. Are we a retail bank? Sure! Bring some money and open an account. We do automobile loans, we do condos and co-op loans, we do massage-parlor loans. A guy wants to be a shoemaker, we lend him money for leather. We do a lot of taxi-medallion loans. I'll tell you what—I've got a little winter place down in Fort Lauderdale. I'm going down there, and then I'm going over to Maui, in Hawaii. Maybe you'll be a sport and come along for that? All right, first we'll have lunch. Goldie! We need to make a lunch date with this man. O.K., tell me your name again."

WOODY ALLEN
MIA FARROW
EXIT
EXI
B. TOBEY

"I loved it. Especially Mia Farrow's apartment."

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If you follow Mr. Farber's directions—No. 7 train to Main Street, Flushing, and then a short walk through densely banked territory (Flushing Federal Savings, Flushing Savings Bank, Queens County Savings Bank, County Federal, State Bank of India, Chemical Bank, Citibank, Asia Bank, Chase Manhattan, Barclay's, Manufacturers Hanover, European American Bank)—you wind up at the northwest corner of Thirty-eighth Avenue and 138th Street, where there is a two-story glass-and-concrete building and two revolving signs that say "National Bank of New York City." The bank received its charter in 1963 as the Flushing National Bank and was called that until four years ago.

"We changed the name when we decided to open up a branch in Manhattan," Mr. Farber explained when we stopped in for a visit not long ago. "Our Flushing customers are very loyal, so they naturally stayed with us. If we called ourselves the Joe Blow National Bank we wouldn't lose those customers. There's a place in the Bronx called New York National Bank—no relation. And we're not *The* National Bank of New York City. We're just National Bank of New York City. If that place in the Bronx wants to be New York National Bank, we'll let them. And they shouldn't worry about us. The only way we can take their business is if one of their customers makes a wrong turn off the Triborough Bridge and winds up in Queens."

Over all, Jack Farber seems less a

banker than an amiable guy whose hangout is a bank. He is seventy-six years old and has a round face, brown eyes, gray hair, a nice winter tan, and a casual manner. He holds a law degree but has never really practiced law. The role that the bank assumed during New York City's fiscal crisis—that of noteholders' advocate—is not its only distinction, and Mr. Farber enjoys reciting others. "A lot of things we did became law," he said. "Interest on Christmas and Chanukkah Club accounts—we were the first bank to pay interest. Fifteen years ago, we did that, and we made a lot of other banks unhappy at the time. Certificates of deposit—we invented a rubber stamp that said we would automatically pay interest beyond maturity. The regulators tried to stop us from doing that. And we were the first bank in New York City to open on Saturdays." The bank also has an informal lending library—a trolley cart filled with books. You're free to take a book if you leave one in its place. National Bank of New York City has fifty employees (eighty-one thousand or so fewer than, say, Citibank has), and it has ninety million dollars in assets (a hundred and twenty-nine billion or so fewer than Citibank). What Jack Farber seems to enjoy most is giving a visitor a tour of the bank and, at its conclusion, conducting a one-question pop quiz: "It's a nice little bank, isn't it?"

Mr. Farber stuck his head in Mr. Gelman's office and said, "Richie—just checking—we have the largest parking lot of any bank around, right?"

Mr. Gelman looked out the window, at a lot with spaces for perhaps thirty vehicles, and said, "Yeah, sure, I think so."

"You bank here, nobody bothers you," Mr. Farber said. "We're strictly a small little commercial bank. If a fellow wants to get money right away, he talks to me or to Richard. We're the loan committee."

National Bank of New York City is not a high-tech place. For promotional purposes, the bank owns a mint-condition 1952 yellow cab. It does not, however, own any automatic-teller machines.

"No machines. We don't want to lose the personal touch," said Mr. Gelman, who used to be married to Mr. Farber's daughter, and who went to work at the bank "temporarily" in 1969 and has neglected to leave. "The customers we have—I don't think they'd use a machine."

"All our lines are expresses," said Mr. Farber.

"Our customers get spoiled," said Mr. Gelman. "If there are three or four people in line at one time, they say, 'What's the holdup?' "

◆

THE lobby was uncharacteristically crowded when we returned to the bank the other day. On hand were about a hundred friends who had been invited to celebrate the tenth anniversary of the noteholders' defeat of the moratorium. Mr. Gelman, who has brown hair and a slight build and wore a blue chalk-striped suit, a light-blue necktie, and a white carnation, m.c.'d this event. In addition to being the president and chief executive officer of National Bank of New York City, he is the president of the Flushing Merchants Association. Many Flushing merchants attended, as did several politicians, some members of the New York Police Department (109th Precinct), a representative of the New York Mets, and a crew of national bank examiners, who just

"Is that with or without goat cheese?"

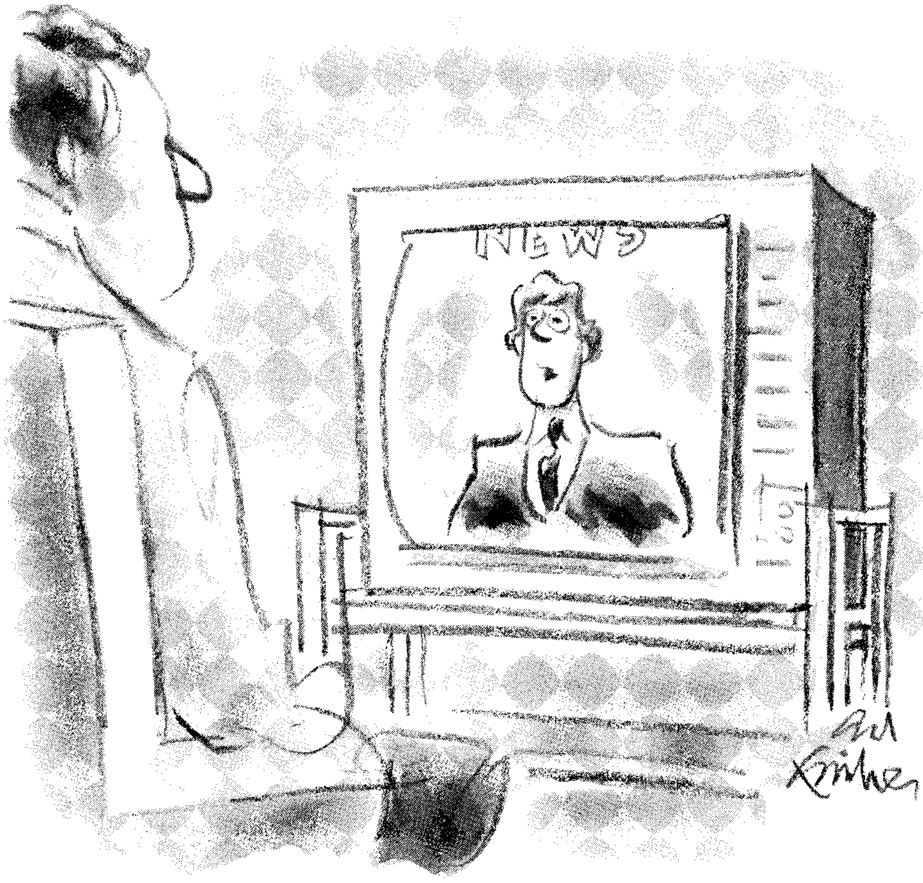
happened to be in the bank conducting a routine audit.

A number of speakers characterized the party as a celebration of "the little guy," and it did seem that most of the people in the room were not significantly taller than Abraham Beame. Judge Moses Weinstein—he sits on the appellate division of the State Supreme Court; prior to becoming a judge, he was a member of the bank's board of directors; he went to law school with Jack Farber; he owns more Hanukkah Club accounts than any other bank customer; he stands no more than five feet six inches—spoke. His son Jeremy, a state senator, who is no taller than his father, spoke next. Martin and Rose Michaels, a retired couple from Brooklyn, who had invested in revenue-anticipation notes and bond-anticipation notes to help finance their children's educations, were on hand. For their money, which Mr. Farber and Mr. Gelman helped them recover, they now have a judge, a doctor, and an engineer. Chellappa Shanmugam, a consulting engineer who lives in New Hyde Park, showed up to say that if it had not been for the bank's actions in 1975 he would have lost the money he had saved to buy a house.

Mr. Farber, it turned out, could not attend, because he was in Florida, in bed with the flu. He could listen to the festivities, however, because Goldie Maletz phoned him and then stood in the commercial-loan department, behind the speaker's platform, and held the telephone receiver in the air.

The next day, we phoned Mr. Farber in Fort Lauderdale.

"It's very frustrating when you keep preparing, keep looking forward to something, and then you can't be there," he said. Then he told a story about how in 1976, after he and the other noteholders won their lawsuit, he went with his wife to a spa in Bal Harbour, Florida, to unwind. "I checked into the hotel late at night, and the next morning the bell captain told me that Mayor Beame was also a guest at the hotel. When Beame saw me in the dining room at breakfast that morning, he moved to the other side of the room. Then he saw me at the pool, and he moved to the other side of the pool. Then he checked out of the hotel. He took the whole thing so personally. A few months later, we tried to give him a chance to be friends. Some fellow who had invested his last dime in city notes decided to organize an Ad-Hoc Committee to Honor Jack Farber. He'd sold a stationery store to raise money for his kids' tuition, or something, and then he'd invested it in city notes, and he was so grateful for our lawsuit that he formed this Ad-Hoc Committee. He came to City Hall down from wherever the hell he lived, and he gave us this piece of paper and a medallion. We bought newspaper ads to invite everyone to join us. It was very nice. We held the ceremony on the front steps of City Hall. But you know what? Not one person came out of City Hall. Imagine that!"



"President Reagan said today—and I probably misquote . . ."

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Questions

Q.S mostly without A.s (from a man walking up Sixth Avenue in sleet): Why don't I have an umbrella? Where did I leave my hat? Has honking ever solved a traffic jam? Why do "For Rent" signs say "Broker Protected"? Aren't brokers the last ones who need it? Who dropped that glove? Where's the other one? What do people do when they discover they have only one glove? Hurl it onto the sidewalk? Is that brown glove lying there the first glove or its mate? Who cleans up all that trash beneath the open grates in the sidewalk? How do they get down there? Where do they put it? Is there another grate, leading to an even lower place? How come cars are allowed to have burglar alarms that wail and shriek for hours? If I stood on the sidewalk and howled for even forty-five minutes, would I not be reprimanded? Why are there so many stores that develop film quickly? Who needs to have his or her pictures back that fast? What do they take pictures of? Why are there so many luggage shops? Who buys all the luggage? Where are they going? Do they have a good time? Do they come home with their luggage full of snapshots that urgently need developing? Are their friends demanding to see the snapshots A.S.A.P.? How did the city's Transportation Department decide how long the signals should say "Walk" before switching to "Dont Walk"? Did they test it? Do they have an elderly Chuck Yeager? (1) How much slush can a fast-moving bus throw, and (2) how far can it throw it? A.: (1) Plenty. (2) Just far enough.

MAGNOLIA

THE reason I drive this blue Mercedes is because my baby son, Jackie, gave it to me. Jackie used to be a preacher. Now he teaches college in west Florida. He has a sailboat, cars, and a second wife with natural-blond hair. He was born during the Depression and needs his toys. My older two hate to hear that—they think I indulge Jackie. "Born during the Depression," they mock. Jackie almost lost his life in a boating accident after he got divorced and left the church. But that's another story.

Saturday is my day to take Mrs. Fraley to buy groceries. She's my age, but I call her Mrs. Fraley because I work as a waitress for her son at the restaurant. A family restaurant is a nice thing to have. I wait tables on Sundays for the church people. It makes for a busy weekend, since I take Mrs. Fraley to buy groceries on Saturdays. I am the only one my age who can still drive. It's a blessing I don't take lightly. God moves in mysterious ways, as witnessed by Jackie giving me this car. At first, I was thinking of all that money that might have gone to the poor. I see now that this car is a vehicle of God that carries old people to grocery stores.

Right as I was leaving to get Mrs. Fraley last Saturday, the phone rang. It wasn't Mrs. Fraley. It was Lila, calling from the nursing home.

"Come get me," she said.

"What's wrong?"

"Something needs to be done."

"What is it, Lila?"

"I'll tell you when you get here."

So I went to the garage and cranked up the car. I decided to see about Lila before going to get Mrs. Fraley. The nursing home is just a few minutes away.

The place is new. Lila's son put her there after she started behaving oddly. When I got there, I went straight to Lila's room. She was standing by a bureau doing her hair.

"Well, forevermore!" I declared.

"What?"

"Oh, Lila."

"What?" She pouted, knowing what I was talking about. She was wearing a light-green evening dress. Lila's got balls of fat in places. The dress made her look like a bunch of big grapes. "The ladies' auxiliary sent used clothes."

Why don't they sort through them, I wondered. Sending an evening gown to an old lady isn't funny.

I led her by the elbow down the hall past wheelchairs, old people, and struggling plants. We sat by a Coke machine.

"I want my car," she said.

"No, Lila. Ben said no car."

Ben is her son. He told me not to let Lila have her car. "She'll wreck it," he said. It's a Plymouth.

"Take me to my house. I just want to see if it's still there."

"I'm sure it's there, Lila."

"Take me."

"Well, it's my day to get Mrs. Fraley," I said.

"Take me to the car first."

"No. We'll have to get Mrs. Fraley first."

"Then you'll take me?"

I stared at her.

"I'd do it for you," she said. Her eyes were the color of weak tea.

LILA and I have the same birthday. We graduated from high school together in 1923. She married Hal Ray. I married Scotty. Hal Ray was an ordinary man. Scotty was a drunk. He was born in England, and his family crossed over when he was a baby. Scotty was a tiny man. His eyes were very blue. Jackie asked me once if his daddy was a good lover. My older two would never ask a question like that.

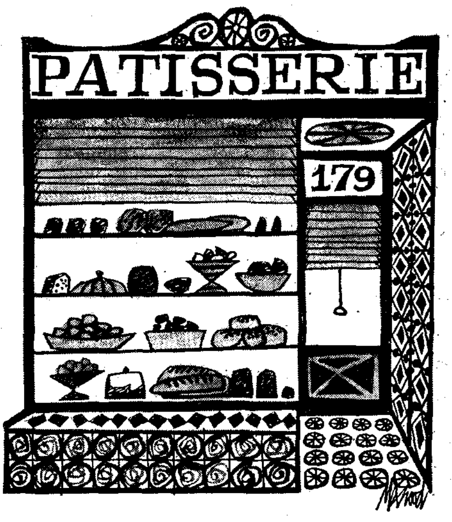
I steered Lila to the nurses' station and checked her out till lunch. Then we went to get Mrs. Fraley. On the way, Lila dabbed her face with a violet handkerchief.

"Why are you crying, Lila?"

"Hal Ray."

"Don't cry, Lila."

Hal Ray died several years ago. There are two kinds of widows: those who go on living and those who don't. Maybe I was lucky to have lost Scotty when I was fifty—young enough to keep going. My older two knew him for a drunk. Jackie believes he was only misunderstood. I'm the only one with the real story. It begins with the fact that I loved Scotty. What kind of woman can love a drunk? I slept with that question for years.



We drove to Mrs. Fraley's. She was standing on the porch, clutching her black patent-leather purse. Mrs. Fraley's hair is like cotton balls.

"Who's with you?" she called, holding the wrought-iron rail, taking the steps with care.

"Lila."

I held Mrs. Fraley's hand as she settled into the back seat.

"Thanks, sugar."

"Pleasant day," I said.

"That's right, sugar."

"Lila needed to get out, didn't you Lila?"

"We're going to get my car," Lila said to Mrs. Fraley.

"O.K., sugar."

"First we're going to the grocery store," I reminded Lila. "To do Mrs. Fraley's shopping."

"Don't mind me," Mrs. Fraley said. "We can do Lila's business first if needs be."

I glanced at Mrs. Fraley through the rearview mirror. Her eyes sparkled as she looked out the window.

"Daffodils," she said.

"My car's parked in the back yard," Lila said.

"O.K."

"Ben parked it there."

"How is Ben?" Mrs. Fraley asked. "And your grandbabies?"

"My grandbabies are at Auburn."

"That's good, sugar. What're they studying?"

"Ben shouldn't have parked the car in the yard."

"Ben knows what's best," I said to Lila.

"What if somebody stole it?"

"We'll take care of it."

"Have they put pets in your home?" Mrs. Fraley asked her.

"The grass will die under the car," Lila said.

"Mrs. Fraley asked you a question, Lila."

"That's O.K., sugar. I was just wondering if they got pets at her home. They're putting them in the homes. It's good therapy."

"It's an idea," I said. "Wouldn't

you like a puppy, Lila?"

Suddenly Lila turned to face Mrs. Fraley in the back seat. "The reason I got on this dress is because the auxiliary sent it."

"It's right pretty," Mrs. Fraley said.

Lila turned back around. "I'm worried," she said.

"We'll be there directly."

Lila jiggled her car keys between her breasts.

"Well, forevermore," I said.

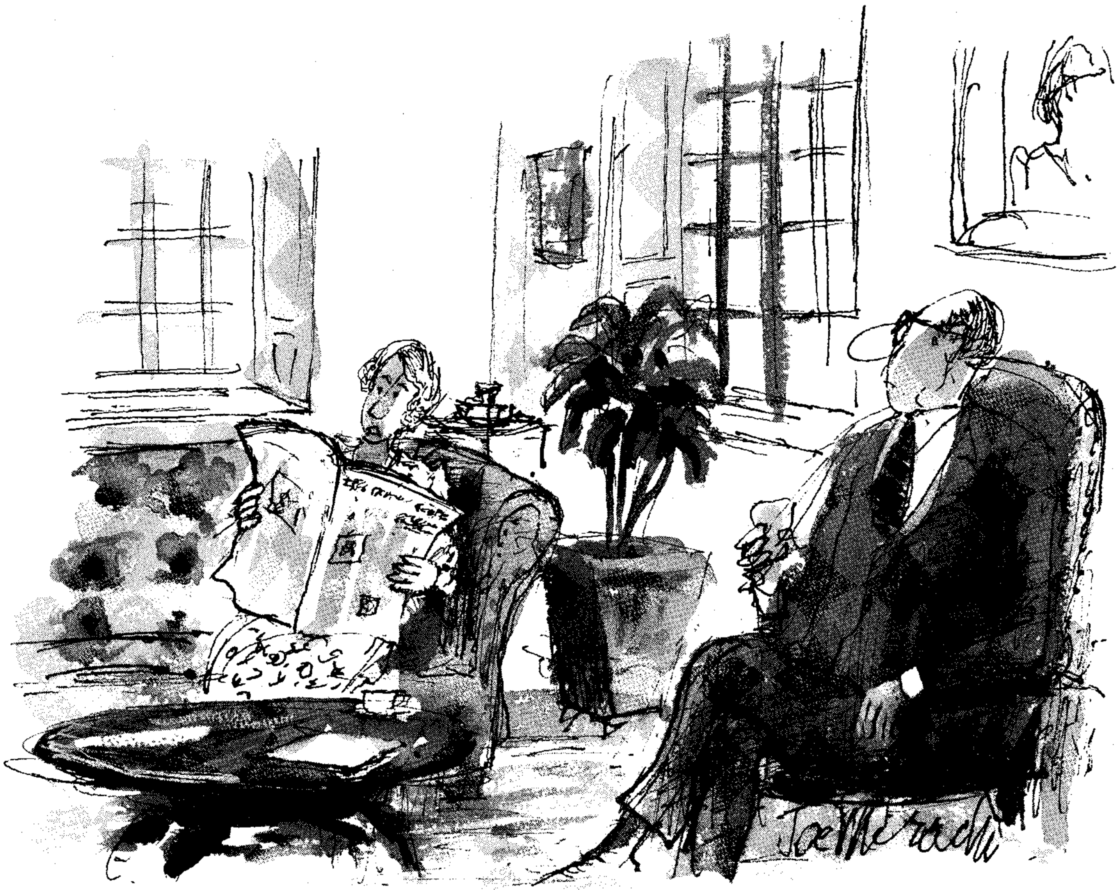
"What?"

"You need a purse."

"Hal Ray told me this is the safest place for keys."

"Well, he was right about that," Mrs. Fraley said.

I pulled the car into the parking lot and helped Mrs. Fraley heave herself from the back seat. She took a grocery list from her purse. Her sparkly eyes were bright as ever. I squeezed her hand, thinking what a great morning it was to be alive.



"Heavens! According to this, millionaires are getting to be a dime a dozen."

• •

WHEN Scotty died, I had no place to go. We never had a home in the true sense of the word. We moved here and there. Scotty got us a little service station. It wasn't much of a family business—just one pump—but it belonged to us. The only thing we ever owned except for a cow. My older two helped pump gas. Scotty sat in back and drank with his friends. Jackie was only a baby. Lila and Hal Ray let me live in a garage apartment behind their house after Scotty died. I cried a lot. After a few months, Lila began calling my older two. "You've got to do something about your mother," she told them. My older two, to this day, hold it against Lila that she had this attitude. I started working for Mrs. Fraley's son at the restaurant after a year.

"Oh, I look a fright," Lila said as we pulled into her driveway.

"Nobody's caring, sug," Mrs. Fraley said.

"Your ice cream will melt," Lila said to her.

"I didn't buy ice cream, sugar. Here, have one of these," Mrs. Fraley said, holding out a handful of lemon drops.

"Look," Lila said. "It's there."

Her old Plymouth stood amidst spring weeds. I helped Lila from the car. Mrs. Fraley wanted to stay in back with her lemon drops and grocery sacks.

Lila walked to her Plymouth, unlocked it, and sat in the driver's seat. "Please, just let me sit here."

"Don't crank it."

Lila stared ahead to the pasture behind her house. I walked around the place. The nandinas had grown tall and branched haphazardly onto the porch. Lila's home was always freshly painted when Hal Ray was alive. It was a perfect white box. In the spring, butterflies danced along the hedge.

I heard the old Plymouth start up. Lila made it roar.

"Roll down the window." I motioned to her.

She did.

"I'm going to drive it," she said.

"No, you're not."

"Just to the corner and back."

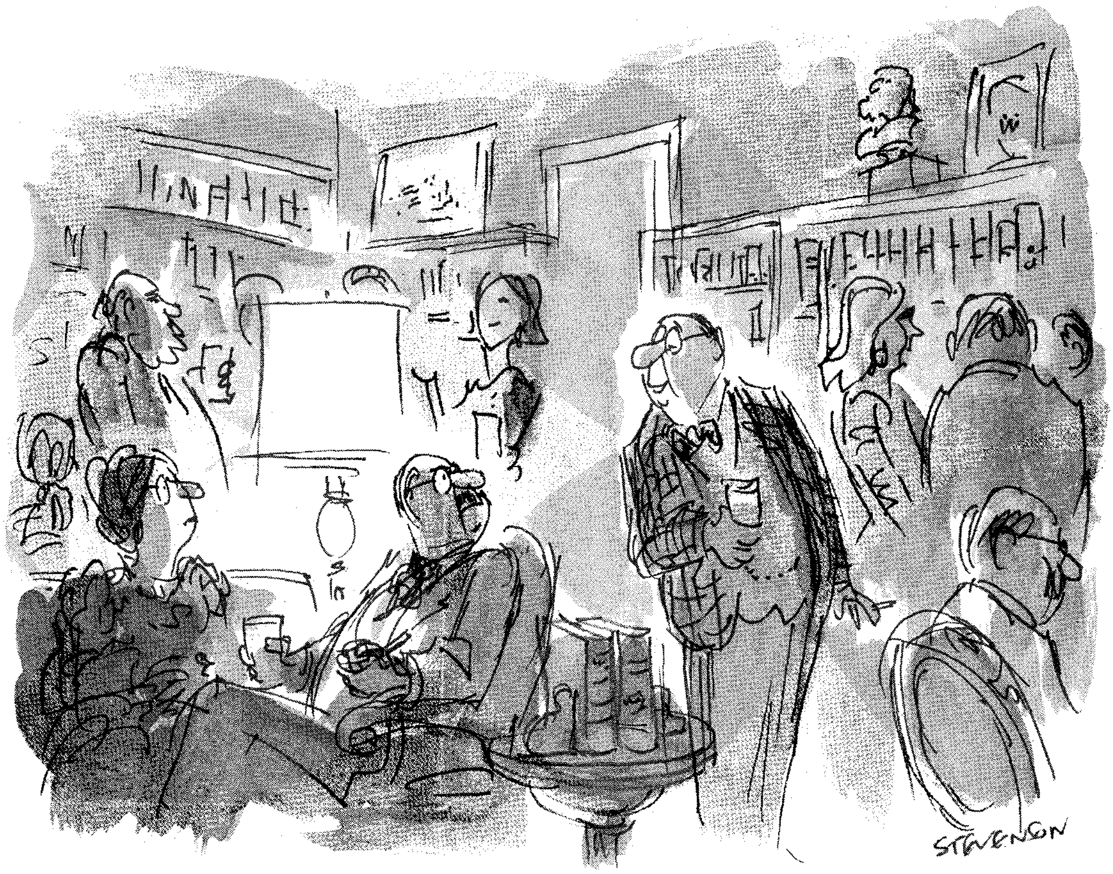
"No. Ben said no."

Lila clutched the steering wheel and gazed ahead to the pasture with those watery brown eyes of hers.

"Give me the keys, Lila."

Obediently, she turned off the ignition. "Let me sit here," she said.

I took her keys and walked across the weedy lawn to what was left of the garage apartment where I lived after Scotty died. I peered in. It was empty. It was a mess of cobwebs. I went to the fence and looked into the pasture. When I lived here, Lila and Hal Ray had a horse. The horse was a friend to me. I gave him apples and sugar from my hand. All I felt was that horse's tongue; the rest of life was numb. Scotty had been a drunk, but in the winter his body was warm in bed—even though I didn't touch it. Scotty smiled at me—even though he didn't speak. His blue eyes were like mute friends to me. The smell of liquor was a kind of perfume that dabbed me. Don't get me wrong—I hated it. But



"I understand the revisionists are hot on your trail, Professor Delauney."

• •

misery becomes an animal that lives in your house. It rubs your legs, crawls into your lap, sheds itself in summer all over your pillow and hands. And when it dies, you miss its claws. That's why I was numb. But the horse nudged me. In the morning, I looked at that horse and thought, This horse is brown; its tongue is like sandpaper. Hearing it neigh, I knew I still had ears. We shared the apples. I wore the same dress every day. It was the color of chocolate. Lila believed I was going crazy because of this. "Your mother won't change clothes," she'd tell my older two. The truth was I liked that dress. It was almost the same color as the horse. I'd stand in the pasture and look up. The land was flat and made the sky a big blue dome over me. I knew I was one solitary woman on this earth.

Death knocked Scotty's feet from under him. We'd been standing in front of Jackie's place in Florida, and a neighbor had taken a snapshot of Scotty with Jackie's kids. Scotty dropped to the grass, knees buckling like he'd been shot. That's how a heart attack works. Jackie held him. Later, we went through his wallet. It was empty. We kept hoping for a keepsake—something to save, a memory—but it was empty. It was good that Lila had the garage apartment. Hal Ray brought me hot meals. I had a bed, a rocker, a thermometer that hung over the sink. It had a rainbow above the hundred-degree mark. Lila was like a bumblebee—always darting all over the place, bringing ladies from the church, praying for me, baking me pies, trying to cheer me. I was Lila's project, her charity work. She felt that being married to a drunk had tainted and scarred my character. Oh, my older two hated that. The desire to both thank her and forgive her daily is a blessing I don't take lightly.

I shuffled through the dandelions in Lila's pasture. It's so futile trying to dig this type weed up, once it's deep. I wonder why people try. The sky promised only blue for the day. It was no secret spring was coming. Daffodils dotted the land, and specks of gold grew up the forsythia fingers.

I went back to Lila's car. "Come on, let's go, Lila," I said.

"I don't want to leave."

I opened the Plymouth door and took her hand. Like a fretful child, she accepted. "Let's don't go yet."

"Mrs. Fraley might be getting annoyed," I reminded her.

I led her leisurely over the property, past the place where she once planted pansies this time of year. Nut grass grew over the rocks that had formed a square garden.

"Tell Ben to take me out of that home."

"He will when you're better."

"I want to come home."

"It'd be hard keeping up the yard."

"Listen," she said, stomping her foot. "I'm going for a ride in my car."

"No."

"I want my keys."

"There's no place for you to go."

"I'm going to the corner and back."

"No."

"I'm getting a lawyer."

"Ben owns the car, Lila."

"I'm calling a lawyer. I know one."

"It's no use fussing over this. Nothing will change."

Suddenly she took my wrist and jerked it hard, causing the keys to spring loose. When I bent to pick them up, she stepped on my fingers. I winced. I held the keys tight. Lila grabbed my hand, trying to pry my fingers. Her nails were hard as weapons. They dug into my skin.

We stood there. Gradually, Lila's hands went soft. I glanced over to where Mrs. Fraley sat in my back seat sucking a lemon drop, content. Side by side, Lila and I ambled over to her magnolia tree, where a mockingbird was perched. "Let's sit a minute," I said.

In order to make the magnolia a shade tree, you have to cut the lowest branches when it's young. You do this once a season. If you're smart, you do it in December so you'll have green on your table at Christmas when the family sits to carve a turkey. You decorate in this way. It is natural and festive. Magnolia leaves are not delicate. They only grow strong and handsome. Scotty and I helped Lila and Hal Ray plant this tree. It didn't bloom for many years.

—Vicki Covington

CARAVAGGIO

WHEN I was nineteen, I won an art contest at college and used my prize of a hundred-dollar savings bond to prove to my parents that I had talent as a painter. My father, who owned a printing company, remained unconvinced, but I worked on him over the summer, becoming increasingly intolerable, and he finally agreed to support me for six months while I went to Florence to study. I left for Italy just after Labor Day, sailing from New York on a cruise ship that offered a special one-way fare to students. The morning was bright with sunshine, the Atlantic had an ultramarine color I had read about in books, and I saw myself as a hero embarking on a great adventure. I had avoided such obvious clichés as a beret or a goatee, but I carried myself with a grave self-importance, and this prevented me from making any friends my own age. Fortunately, an older couple from Detroit adopted me, and as we took our daily stroll around the deck I lectured them on van Gogh, whose painting "Sunflowers" hung above their dining-room table, in reproduction.

We exchanged addresses in Genoa, and I caught a bus to Florence. I had enough money to rent a cheap apartment, but I didn't want to live alone, so I found a room in a pensione near the Arno River. It was booked almost solid when I arrived, but then the tourist season drew to a close, and the sisters who ran the place—Anna and Ludovica di Stefano—started behaving strangely. As soon as they had a few vacancies, they instituted a number of economy measures that seemed extreme, at least to me. They fired a chambermaid, cancelled delivery of *La Nazione*, and cut back on the quality of their wine. They seldom turned on the central heating for more than an hour at a time and took to wearing shawls and heavy wool dresses. In the morning, early, I would hear them in the kitchen planning menus with Beatrice, the cook. "*Pollo*," they said. Chicken, chicken, chicken.

Out of curiosity, I asked Anna one afternoon, in my Berlitz Italian, if the pensione had fallen on hard times. She was a formidable woman, with the muscular shoulders of a stevedore, and she merely shrugged, implying that it was none of my business. But Beatrice was more forthcoming when I put the question to her. As if she were parting with an item of gossip for which she would one day expect compensation, she told me, whispering, that the sisters were aristocrats who did not want to end badly, the way their father had done.

"But their rooms are full all summer long," I said.

"People fear what they fear," said Beatrice.

By October, the marble floor in my room was so chilly that I hated to get out of bed. Probably I would have stayed under the covers until noon if I hadn't signed up for courses at the university. Three times a week, I rode a bus across town, pressed in among strangers in overcoats and waiting for my friend Aldo to come on board. I had met him in my life-drawing class, where he managed to do superb anatomical sketches while dangling a cigarette from his lips. He was a stocky little Communist, and although he was only a year older than I, he had dark circles under his eyes and a bald spot at the back of his head. This gave him a tragic, monkish air, which he used to advantage whenever he was trying to pick up a girl or get something for nothing.

After class, we would sometimes go to a trattoria around the corner and split a litre of Chianti. In those days, I still had many fervent theories about the meaning of life, and I would lay them out shamelessly for anybody who would listen. I was in love with ideas. I would get one between my teeth and chew it until I had extracted all the juice, reducing it to its simplest terms. I wanted everything to be clear and simple. In music, I liked Bo Diddley and Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, nothing in between. In politics, I lobbied for Jeffersonian democracy. In art, I preferred the classical, the elegant. A world of perfect definition, bathed in brilliant, hard-edged light—that was a favorite phrase of mine.

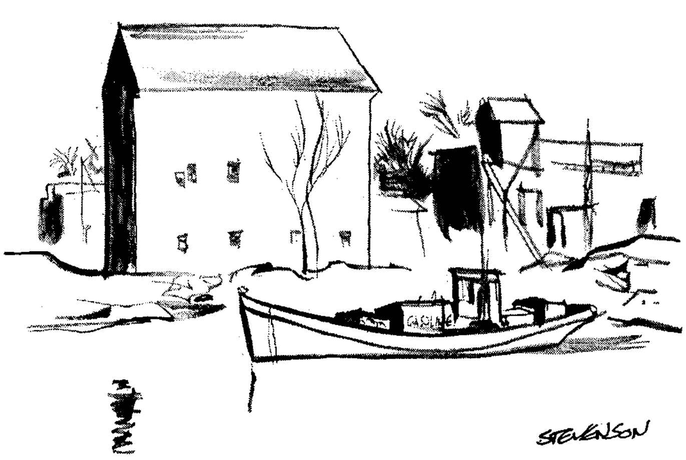
Of course, Aldo disagreed with me on almost every issue. He had his own opinions and ideas, and he accused me of being dull, unsophisticated, and poorly educated. An American.

I had never had such high intellectual conversations before, and I always got excited, drank too much wine, and invited Aldo to the pensione for some brandy. He came along reluctantly, because he knew about the di Stefano family and disapproved of them. They were part of the old order he wanted to smash. But he felt differently toward Beatrice. She was a poor young woman from the Marches, rather pretty and well built, and Aldo claimed that she aroused his partisan sympathies. I didn't believe him for an instant.

I can still remember the night he revealed his true feelings. We rolled into the pensione in our usual elevated mood, carrying on a conversation we had begun earlier. We were discussing a sensational criminal case that was featured in every tabloid. A butcher and a city councilman from Naples were feuding. For some months, the butcher had been sleeping with the councilman's wife, and when the councilman found out he systematically seduced the butcher's youngest daughter, a nubile girl who was barely into her teens. This had earned the councilman a jail term, but there was considerable public sympathy for him. I took the position that he had been wrong, regardless of the circumstances, but Aldo thought I was being naïve.

"You say that because you don't understand women," he said. "Take a look at that girl's picture sometime. Believe me, she's been around. I'll bet they know her name all over Naples." He held up a drinking glass that I had neglected to rinse out. "Please, will you ask Beatrice to bring me a clean one? If I drink from this, I could get a disease."

So I went to the kitchen and did as Aldo had asked. When Beatrice came in, she had two glasses on a tray. Aldo was sitting on my bed and thumbing idly through a magazine. "You



look very nice tonight, Beatrice," he said. And then he added, as if the notion had just occurred to him, "You know, you don't have to work as a slave to these rich ladies."

For some reason, Beatrice thought this was hilarious. She had to put a hand over her mouth to muffle her laughter.

"No, no, I am serious," Aldo went on. "There are other ways to earn a living. Have you ever thought about being a model at the university?"

"Model? What model?"

"In an atmosphere of creativity, there's no shame in taking off your clothes."

Beatrice dashed from the room.

"Perhaps I was too bold," Aldo said. I hit him with a pillow, and he fell over on his side and made a howling sound, like a dog crazed by the moon. "Oh, Madonna!" he cried. "She kills me with that body!"

I kept my brandy bottle in a dresser drawer. It was my ultimate weapon against the cold, so I poured it sparingly even for Aldo. The wind that seemed to blow all that winter rattled my window, and Aldo shivered and shook his head. "Really, James, why don't you move somewhere else? I thought you had bourgeois parents. Don't they send you enough cash?"

I had my excuses. The pensione was centrally located, and the food wasn't bad. If I moved, my mail would be lost. But there was actually more to it than that—only I was keeping this part a secret from Aldo, because it had me so confused.

EARLIER that October, Ludovica di Stefano had stolen a shirt of mine—or borrowed it, anyway. I had hung it on a bedpost before going to sleep, but when I woke in the morning it was gone. I was upset, because I had intended to put it on again. One shirt for every three days—that was the formula I was following. I suppose I was escaping from American standards of cleanliness; the seedy romance of Europe had me in its grip. My hair was growing longer, and I used to stand in front of mirrors and muss it around with my fingers, thinking that I looked handsome and depraved, like one of Caravaggio's young Bacchuses.

At any rate, my shirt, an old blue flannel, was missing, and when I got back from class in the afternoon I asked Beatrice if she had decided to do my laundry. She had no idea what I was talking about. But Ludovica passed by in the hall, and, overhearing us, she said, "Your shirt, James? I took it. I came into your room in the night. There was a strange noise. The wind? I am not certain. Won't you come upstairs?"

"Adagio! Adagio!"

The family had its quarters on the second floor. Ludovica led me into a parlor that was furnished with antique pieces. From a mahogany armoire she brought out my shirt, plucking at it, removing threads and lint. She had washed and ironed it, and as she placed it, neatly folded, on a chair a look of pure abstraction crossed her face. "Would you like some tea?" she asked.

While she was in her kitchen, I looked around. There were framed photos everywhere. Anna, stout and beaming in a frilly wedding dress, had an honored spot on the piano. I recognized the man by her side—Clement, her husband, who sold industrial parts. She was still married to him, after a fashion, and he lived at the pensione when he wasn't travelling to Turin or Milan. He was a dapper fellow, who wore silk ties in bright colors and finely tailored Brioni suits. Even when he was around, Anna stuck to her regimen of basic black. Next to Clement's brilliance, she was as stark and charmless as a raven.

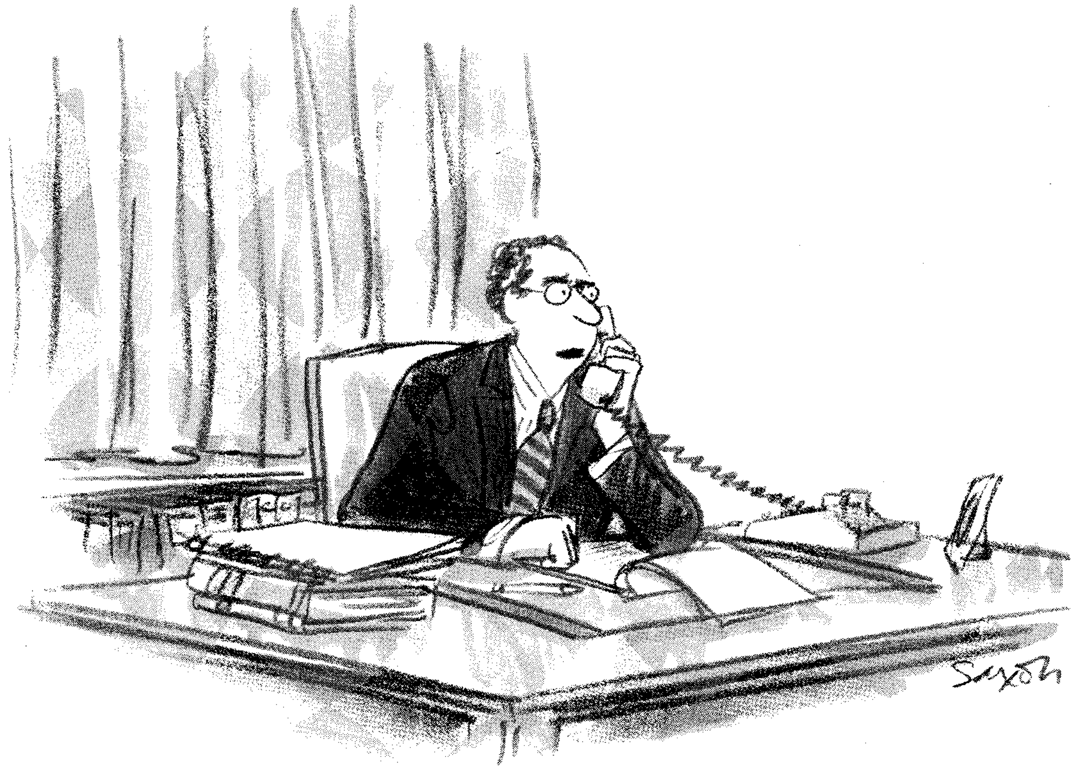
I was looking at a picture of a scrawny old man with chins like wattles when Ludovica returned. "Our father. He was broken," she said in her faulty English.

"Dead?"

She smiled. "Yes, dead. But also broken."

This was Count Donatello di Stefano, Ludovica informed me, pulling a chair close to mine and drawing her legs up under her, so that I saw beneath her dowdy skirt a pair of thick wool stockings like those that skiers wear. Apparently, the Count had inherited tremendous wealth, but he had squandered it on such diverse things as porcelain, race horses, and mistresses. He looked so whittled away that it was hard for me to imagine him as a libertine.

"This house was just one of our houses," Ludovica said, sipping tea. "Then it became our only house. I remember the workmen bringing all the furniture up here. They were so ugly, with those big arms! When I came home from school, everything was covered with dust. Do you know who our first guest was? Harry Slade from England. I would go up to his table in the dining room and say, ‘Did you visit a nice museum today, Mr. Slade?’ He had no hair on his head, but he was very sweet. Anna, she thought I was terrible. ‘You mustn’t interrupt him,’ she would say, scolding me. That was her job, because our mother was dead. But I never paid any attention. I was a forthright child. I did as I pleased.”



“I know you didn’t tell me to sell, Arthur, but when I said ‘Maybe this is the time to sell’ you paused.”

• •

There was a biscuit on my saucer, and I dipped it in my tea and ate it. It tasted of anise.

“I used to make up stories about the guests, too. I would tell Anna that Harry Slade had bought a leather purse on the Ponte Vecchio and had filled it with silver coins. Anna, she has a logical mind, she didn’t know what to think. ‘And then what, Ludovica?’ she’d ask. And I would say, ‘Well, Harry Slade took the coins to a woman who was hiding in an alley.’ ”

“I know the woman you mean,” I said.

Ludovica laughed. “You must be quiet. This was a different woman anyway. A *marchesa*. And do you know what she needed the money for? She had to bribe a guard at the prison, so her husband could go free.”

“What was his crime?”

“His crime? Well, I think he didn’t pay his taxes.” She touched her lips with a napkin. “In exchange for the coins—and there must have been a hundred of them—the woman bestowed her favors on Harry Slade.”

“You tell good stories,” I said.

“Now you must tell me something in return. How is your painting going? Are you enjoying our university? I once took some classes there, you know.”

I had never talked intimately to an older woman, so I was a bit nervous, but Ludovica gradually put me at ease. I would guess that she was in her early thirties then. She had pale skin, dark eyes, and a slender figure. Her hair was black with a few streaks of gray, and she usually wore it in a bun, so that in profile, with her bumpy nose, she resembled fabled ladies I had seen in portraits from the Renaissance. But she wasn’t beautiful by any means. If I had walked past her in the street, I wouldn’t have taken notice. And yet in that parlor, with its air of history, I was drawn to her. She seemed to take me seriously; that was part of it. And I had an odd sensation, too, that she was reacting to what I said in a physical way, leaning toward me as if my words gave her sustenance.

At dusk, we heard church bells. “You must go down to supper now,” she said. “But why don’t you put on your clean shirt? You shouldn’t go around in that filthy sweater.” When I hesitated, she said, “Go on, don’t be modest.”

So I slipped off my sweater. Ludovica was carrying away the tea things, and I saw her stop and glance back at me. “*Bello*,” she said, with another little laugh. “Like a statue.” And then she hurried off.

THAT afternoon marked the beginning of my confusion. Ludovica continued to do laundry for me whenever I left my clothes lying around, and although I offered to pay for the service, as other guests did, she refused my money. Instead, she asked for my company. She kept inviting me to tea, and I felt obligated to accept. At first, I didn’t really want to go, but my resistance slowly vanished, and I started to look forward to our meetings. Ludovica fascinated me. When I spoke to her about art, she treated me as if I had already painted frescoes in great cathedrals. She allowed me to substitute longing for accomplishment, and I spent many hours raving to her about my dreams.

My work was going fairly well at the university, and before long I was bringing samples of it to Ludovica and seeking her approval. She had a good eye for detail. One day, I showed her a sketch of Anna I’d done on the sly, while Anna was at the front desk, bent over her ledgers and looking as monumental as Gertrude Stein in the Picasso portrait.

Ludovica studied it; she bit her lip and turned the sketch sideways. “This is your best, James,” she said. “It’s solid, you know? Anna, she could be a brick.”

“A brick?”

“Yes, a brick. Something of value.”

She had a habit of saying cryptic things like that, and I would go back to my room and review our conversations as if I had just been through a session with a Zen master. What a genius I had stumbled upon! But you have to remember that my experience with women was limited. During my freshman year in college, before my artistic yearning was in full bloom, my steady girl was a bouncy cheerleader, who made a face, pushing in her cheeks with her index fingers, if I suggested that we go to a gallery or a poetry reading instead of the Old Stone Jug.

In fact, Ludovica was so clever that I wondered why she stayed at the pensione. For Anna, the job was ideal. She had no children, her temperament was prosaic, and she enjoyed doing inventories and ordering supplies. In contrast, Ludovica took no interest in daily business affairs. She did what Anna asked her to do, but that was all. She could have been playing a game. If the pensione had sunk into the Arno, I doubt that she would have cared.

One evening when Clement was in town, I sat with him at dinner, and we got to talking about the di Stefano family. He was in a good mood, glad to be home and feeling expansive after having put away a substantial meal. "You liked the fish?" he asked me. "The sauce, it wasn't too rich?"

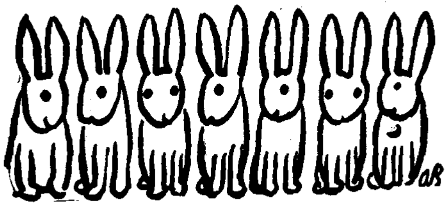
"No, no," I said. And then in a delicate way I broached the subject of Anna's cutbacks. Were the sisters really on the brink of poverty?

"Anna has always been a conservative person," Clement said, lowering his voice. "From the time I met her, she has been counting things. If a plate breaks, she replaces it immediately. A cup? The same. Only nineteen more left! She has cost me sleep with her worrying, James. And then there is the memory of her father. It still haunts her. Donatello was a stupid man. He left his estate in a shambles. Anna put it right. She was the first to ever turn a profit here. So why shouldn't she be cautious? Besides, my friend, *this isn't the United States*, where everything is free. Gas, electricity, they cost something."

"How about Ludovica?" I asked. "She puzzles me. I don't understand why she stays around. She's very talented, isn't she?"

Clement grew pensive. His eyes roamed the ceiling before he spoke. "Talented, yes," he said. "But disciplined? No. Ludovica goes through phases. A dancer, a teacher. Then she was going to get married and have a lot of babies. Then she started making pots, and I loaned her money to open a ceramics shop. How long do you think that lasted? Maybe six months before she got bored, sold out, and moved to Rome. Meanwhile, time passes, you see? She is a relation to me, James. Please, I don't judge her."

My chat with Clement gave me some clues about Ludovica's life. Since my imagination was only slightly less fertile than hers, I was able to concoct a story about her that satisfied me. In my version, she had gone out into the world and suffered a trauma, probably a broken heart, and afterward had chosen to withdraw to the pensione rather than risk further disappointment. This fairy tale was neat and symmetrical, but it fell apart a few days later when I saw Ludovica leave for a night out with a man from the neighborhood. I couldn't place him right away; then I recalled that he sold vegetables at the central market. How could she be dating a produce man? He was neither heroic nor artistic, and when she went out with him again, I found to my discomfort that I was jealous.



"Your boyfriend, he seems like a decent type," I said. "Have you been going together long?"

She gave me a funny look. "We go dancing. I like to dance. Bruno dances well."

"Bruno? Is that his name?"

So the next time they went dancing

CUTLERY

Trolling the coho fly 20 feet behind the boat,
under moonlight, when the huge salmon hit it!
And lunged clear of the water. Stood, it seemed,
on its tail. Then fell back and was gone.
Shaken, I steered on into the harbor as if
nothing had happened. But it had.
And it happened in just the way I've said.
I took the memory with me to New York,
and beyond. Took it wherever I went.
All the way down here onto the terrace
of the Jockey Club in Rosario, Argentina.
Where I look out onto the broad river
that throws back light from the open windows
of the dining room. I stand smoking a cigar,
listening to the murmuring of the officers
and their wives inside, the little clashing
sound of cutlery against plates. I'm alive
and well, neither happy nor unhappy,
here in the Southern Hemisphere. So I'm all the more
astonished when I recall that lost fish rising,
leaving the water, and then returning.
The feeling of loss that gripped me then
grips me still. How can I communicate what I feel
about any of this? Inside, they go on
conversing in their own language.
                                        I decide to walk
alongside the river. It's the kind of night
that brings men and rivers close.
I go for a ways, then stop. Realizing
that I haven't been close. Not
in the longest time. There's been
this waiting that's gone along with me
wherever I go. But the hope widening now
that something will rise up and splash.
I want to hear it, and move on.

—Raymond Carver

• •

Ludovica invited me along. Bruno wasn't happy about it. He wore a tight sports coat and a skinny tie, and he spoke gruffly and very fast. I could barely catch his words. "Where's your pushcart?" I wanted to say. "What do you know about grand emotions?" But I kept my mouth closed and accompanied them to a private club, in the Santa Croce district. The other club members wore skinny ties, too, along with pointy shoes, and they far outnumbered the women. From the moment we walked in, Ludovica was occupied on the dance floor. The music alternated between Beatles records and Domenico Modugno ballads, and the club, which had a low ceiling, was smoky enough to pass as a set for the Inferno. I became angry with Ludovica, because she introduced me to her friends as a young American student who was a guest at the pensione and had asked to see the real Florence. That was at odds with my sense of our relationship. I was convinced that she cared for me—deeply—and I wanted to make her admit it.

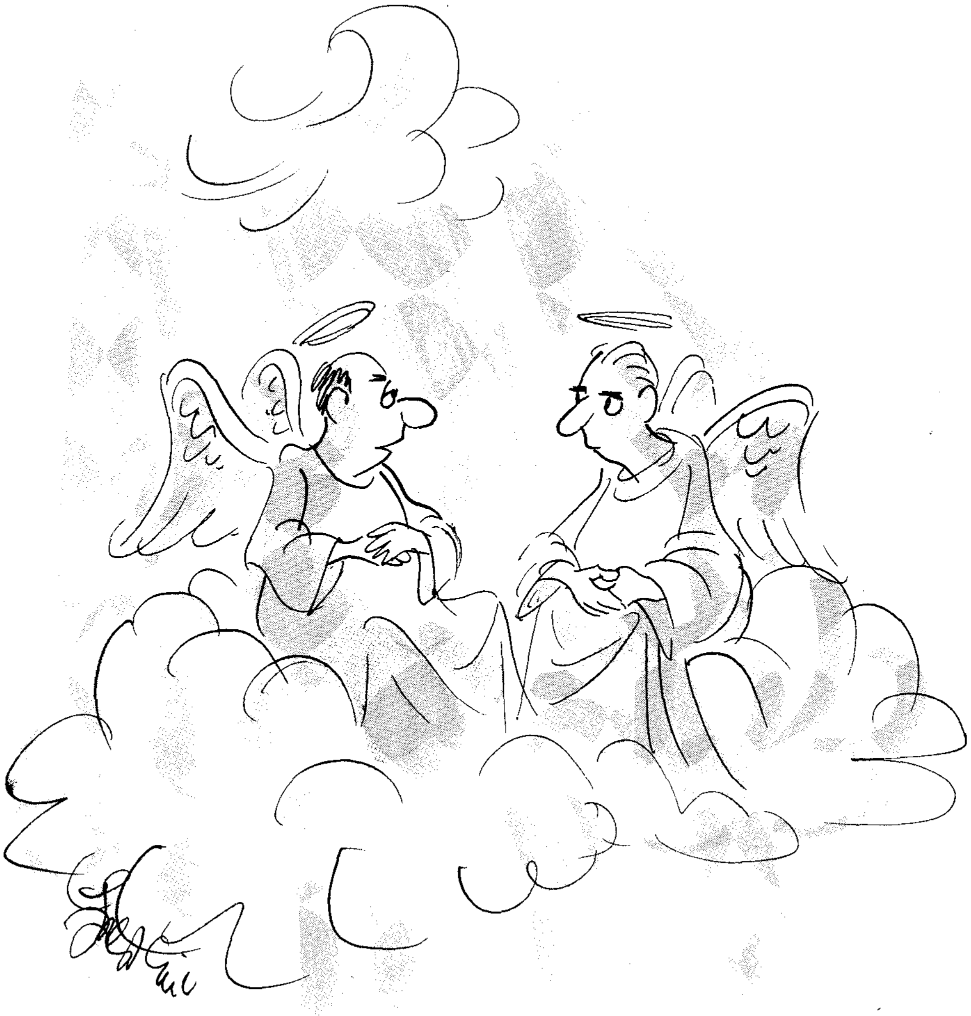
On this night, I discovered the charms of grappa. Here was a brandy that burned the stomach and lightened the brain. I drank three tumblers of it at a standup bar, feeling flames fan outward through my capillaries; and then I strolled over to Ludovica and grabbed her forearm.

"Now we are going to dance?" she asked.

"We're going to dance."

I held her at arm's length and did an old-fashioned foxtrot while a ballad played. Ludovica was very tense. The muscles in her back jumped when I touched them. As we went round the floor, she turned and waved to people, trying to distance herself from me. That made me even angrier, so I pulled her to me. "You are being foolish," she said, still twisting and turning. I held her fast, applying pressure, until she managed to break away. Everybody could see what had happened. Ludovica laughed and joked to cover her embarrassment.

Without saying anything, I left the club, wandered into a café, and had several more grappas. Somewhere in the post-midnight hours, while I was on my sodden way home, I made the mistake of hitting one of Florence's ancient palaces. I hit it with my left fist, and only the dulling effect of the brandy kept me from dropping to the ground. In the morning, I had a knuckle the size of a walnut. A doctor near the pensione gave me a splint, some bandages, and a prescription for codeine. And who should pedal by on a bicycle as I was having the prescription filled? Bruno. The Fates were clearly against me. I figured he would give me the sign of the cuckold, sticking fingers behind his head, like horns, but he just clucked his tongue in sympathy and pedalled on.



"All I seem to have brought with me is a headful of baseball statistics."

• •

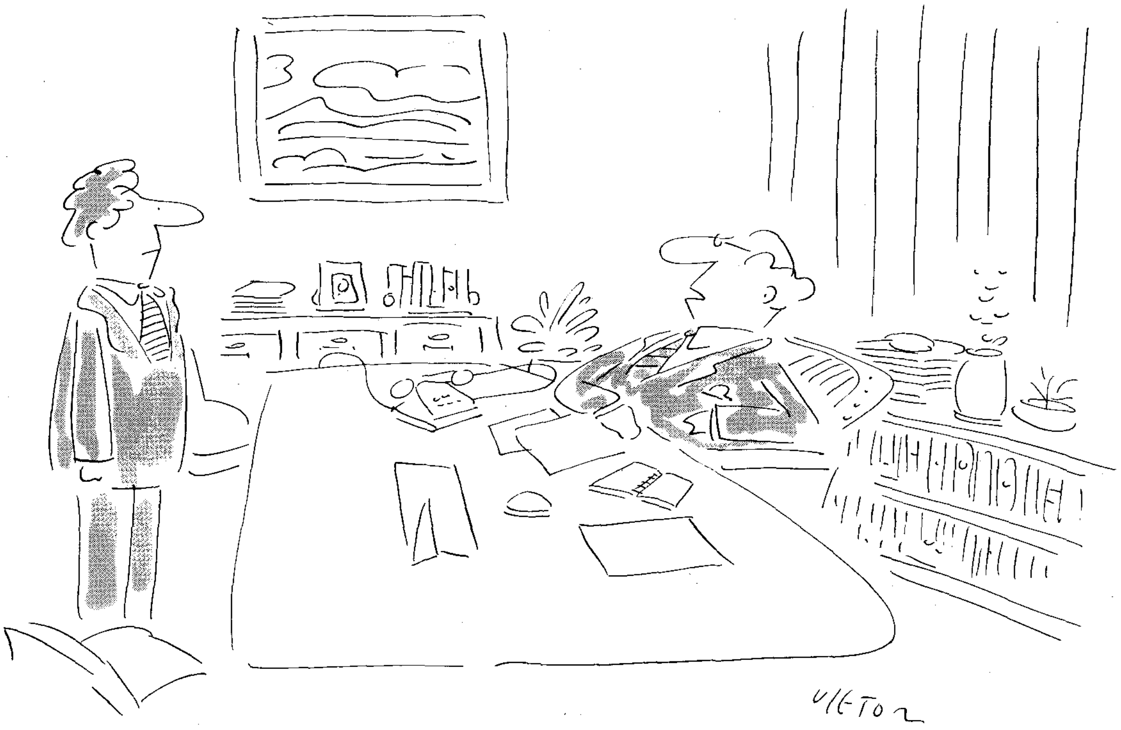
As for sympathy from Ludovica, I got none. She ignored me. You know the famous painting in the Uffizi of Judith and the freshly severed head of Holofernes? My mind drifted toward such imagery. Apparently, I had transgressed and committed a crime of no mean proportion. In a Catholic country, the concept of perdition runs deep. Ludovica would nod to me, she would be civil, but she let it be known that she expected me to apologize.

I wasn't about to do that. I still felt angry, so for a while I stayed in my room and rested. The codeine put me in a dopey trance, and to occupy myself I did some hallucinatory sketches. Devils, pitchforks, lovers coupling in a ring of fire. I missed three meals in a row, but the only person who seemed to care was Beatrice. She brought me minestrone, pasta, and a slice of cake she must have bought at her own expense from a fancy *pasticceria*. As I ate, she sat on the edge of my bed, giving off vaporous clouds of floral perfume.

"One day, maybe two," she said. "Then you'll be better."

I showed her my purple left hand. "I'm lucky I didn't use the one I paint with."

At the mention of painting, Beatrice



"I'd like to think of you as a person, David, but it's my job to think of you as personnel."

brightened. How did I become interested in art? What was my life-drawing class really like? How much did they pay the models?

"Why do you ask, Beatrice?"

She took a strand of dirty-blond hair between her fingers and twirled it. "Money," she said. She had a laugh that came from way down in her throat. "Why else do people do things? I have a daughter, you know. Yes, it's so. She lives with my mother in the Marches. She grows and grows. She needs money for clothes, money for her school fees. Those nuns won't let you in for nothing!"

"Your husband?" I asked.

"Ha!" She made an obscene gesture. "A coward! A real bastard, all right. I was sixteen when I married him. He had a car, a red Fiat. He was taking all the girls in our village for a ride. Do you want to hear a surprise, James? He was no good in bed. I swear, I don't even think he liked it! One day, I joked him a bit. He had an egg every morning, soft-boiled for two minutes. So I said to him, 'Hey, Antonio! Two minutes! Just like the egg!' Maybe that was cruel, but he deserved it. And what did he do? He beat me. Look, I have a scar."

She leaned forward, pulled down the front of her dress with both hands, and presented me with an expanse of rosy skin, including significant cleavage. If she had a scar, I couldn't see it.

"Anyway, I left him after that. When a man beats you, it's time to go. Even my mother agreed. But Antonio wouldn't let me alone. He followed me around, he gave me gifts. He even went to the church and prayed for me to come back. So I had to run away." She was still holding open her dress. "Tell me honestly, now. Do you think I could be a model?"

"I think you could."

"And money? How much do they pay?" I said that I would have to ask Aldo. "That sad boy?" said Beatrice.

To Aldo I broke the news gently. "You had better not be lying," he said. He was so excited he didn't bother to ask how I'd hurt my hand. He just dragged me with him to talk with our professor, Dr. Rinaldi. This Rinaldi was a pompous man. He wore a scarf indoors and out; it was like a strange growth on his neck. Since he was always in the market for new flesh, we assumed that he paid well, but the standard rate turned out to be less than six dollars an hour. That worried Aldo. What if Beatrice refused to uncover herself for such a paltry sum? So he sweetened the pot. From Rinaldi's desk he pilfered an envelope bearing the university seal, and into it he put a few bills from his wallet. I was to present the envelope to Beatrice as an advance. The balance would be due—or so I was to tell her—on the occasion of her nakedness.

Rinaldi's class was held in a tiled room that had big arched windows to deliver the light. The model posed on a wood platform, standing close to an electric space heater. The atmosphere was serious, even sombre, for Rinaldi was a Leonardo scholar, who believed that anatomy—its proper observation and rendering—formed the cornerstone of all great Renaissance art. If a biceps had the right quotient of blood in it, an accurate human flush, then everything else in a painting could be built upon it. You could forget about design. The body itself was a unifying principle.

Where Rinaldi had been getting his models I don't know, but I am sure they were all experienced veterans of the art school. There were more women than men—as if in aesthetic terms masculinity were inherently inferior—and they all had the look about them of athletes just over the hill. Flab and a general sagginess had set in, but they were adept at bringing forth the shape buried underneath. By judicious flexing, they performed an act of recollection and summoned the beautiful bodies of their youth, showing us pectorals and deltoids in astonishing relief. Circling them, Rinaldi would use a pointer to trace curves and lines, arteries and veins pumped up with blood. The models sometimes cursed when he touched them, but we never dared to laugh.

In the changing room, a faded red robe hung from a peg. A middleweight boxer might have worn it when he was no longer a contender. It fit Beatrice badly, but she was too nervous to notice. "*Permesso*," she said as she entered. She held on to her elbows and shivered. "*È fredda!*" Rinaldi led her to the platform. His manner was professional and seemed to relax her. All at once, she dropped the robe, and it fell in a pool to the floor. Aldo, who was sitting next to me, unblinking at his easel, let a soft whistle escape from his lips. For a few seconds, I felt guilty about my part in the charade, but then I saw that Beatrice was losing her goosebumps. She stood straight and proud, giving her fine, full breasts a most excellent display. She turned, and smiled demurely; she was definitely a hit. Aldo pretended to be sketching her, but he could hardly hold a pencil. Desire had made him shaky and infirm. His dream had come true and had left him paralyzed.

Even after class, his hands still shook. "My cigarette," he said. "Will you light it for me?" Beatrice approached us, dressed once again, and invited herself to the trattoria. Already she had more self-confidence; she walked with more assurance. Undaunted by the fact that she had never read a book, she joined in our conversation and chopped up authors the way she chopped up onions. How difficult could intellectual talk be if Aldo and I could do it? Before going home, she told Rinaldi that she wanted regular work, and she became our steady model. Twice a week she posed for us; twice a week Aldo shelled out lire. But he paid the price willingly, because Beatrice continued to run around with us. Her daughter had a new winter coat, she told us. She was saving her own money for a Vespa.

AROUND this time we got a break in the weather—one of those rare November days when the sun tears up the clouds and sucks all the moisture from the saturated stones of the city. Instead of going to class, I helped Clement do some shopping. He was about to go on the road for six weeks and wanted to have a big holiday dinner before he left. We bought a goose and some bottles of vintage Barolo. Afterward, I was sitting on the steps of the pensione, relaxing, when I saw Ludovica walking toward me. She had been to the central market and had a net bag of vegetables slung over her shoulder. Her gait was girlish and untroubled. "*Ciao*, James," she said. "It's like springtime, no?"

I thought of the countryside. "We should take the bus to Fiesole. We could have a picnic."

"That bus is always full of people. They spoil everything. The men pinch you. The women give you the evil eye."

"It won't be that bad."

"Anyway, we could try."

The bus was very crowded. As it made its tortured way across town, it stopped at almost every corner to admit an old lady, or a schoolchild carrying books. But once we climbed into the hills the ranks began to thin, and we had space to move around. Somebody had accomplished the amazing feat of opening a window, and a warm breeze blew across my face. I smelled grass and livestock. We got off at Piazza Mino in the middle of Fiesole. A little shop was open nearby, and I bought cheese, bread, and apples. We walked from there to the Roman theatre, a scallop of stone bleachers that dates from Etruscan times. I unwrapped the food and spread it on our paper bag. Blackbirds tap-danced on the seats below us, feigning nonchalance but wanting nothing more in their bird hearts than for us to start tossing them crumbs.

The sun had put some color in Ludovica's cheeks. Her wool skirt was hiked up slightly. An apple and a heel of bread rested in the hammock of cloth between her knees.

"When I lived in Rome, I got to know the Romans," she said. "They think they know everything. A Roman taxi-driver, he believes he's the best one in the world. No matter if he crushes his car against a building. No matter if he runs over somebody. I wouldn't go back there for anything."

"Is there any place you'd like to go?"

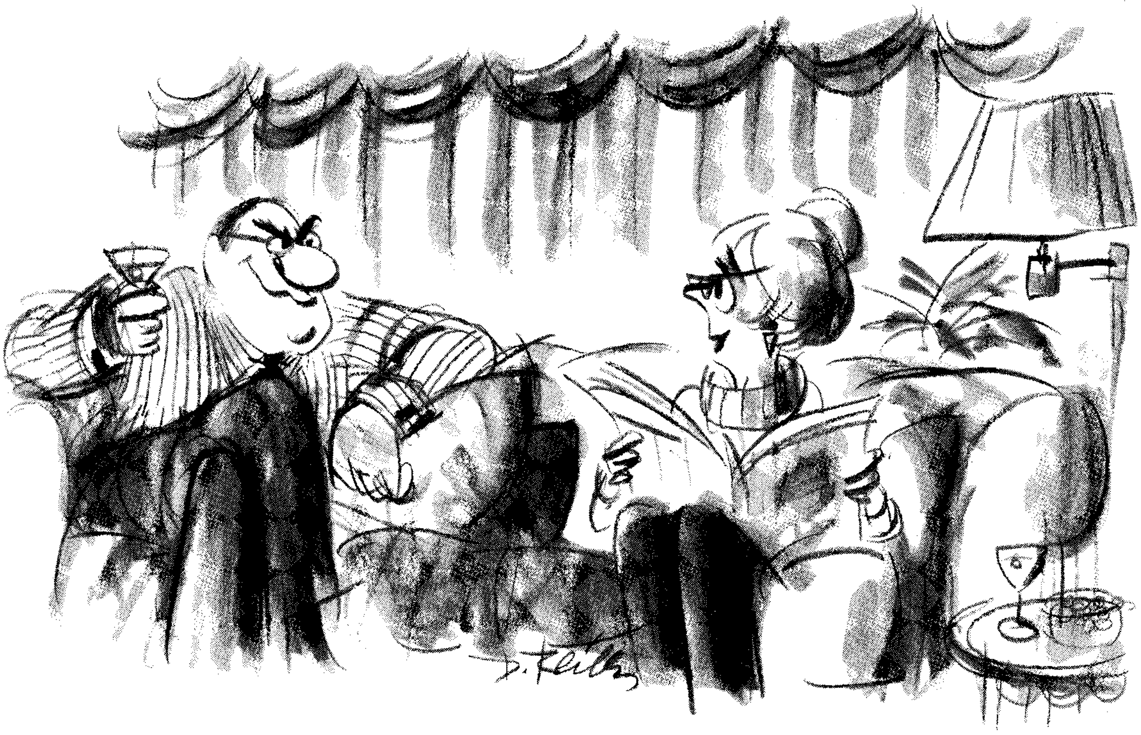
"Not really."

I broke up some bread and tossed pieces to the blackbirds. With their beaks they hammered the crusts. I felt loose and open, and I decided to apologize for the scene I'd made on the dance floor, but Ludovica cut me short.

"It's not your fault, James," she said. "I was the one who behaved badly. I only meant to help you by doing your laundry. Certainly I could listen to you and encourage you in your dreams. But I forgot how it is."

"How is it?"

"Well, young people are very seri-



"Excuse me, dear—__who__ did you say you ground into hamburger today?"

ous. They want answers. Yes, it's true, *caro*."

There was something so final in her tone of voice that I didn't know how to respond at first. I did want answers, but what was wrong with that? Uncertainty was something I tried to avoid. I had yet to accept it as a necessary condition of being alive.

"I have missed talking to you," Ludovica said. "I think we had fun, didn't we? Before you came, I had only Anna to talk to, and Anna talks business."

"You could go out and meet people. Not everybody pinches and stares. The cafés in the city are jammed with people talking."

"They're all saying the same thing."

I threw my hands into the air.

"You don't believe me? Just wait and see, James. You'll get tired of words."

"That's just a snobbish attitude."

"So maybe I am a snob. Anyway, I'm happy enough."

"How *can* you be happy enough? You told me a minute ago you were lonely."

"Answers," she said, smiling at me. "Yes, you want them."

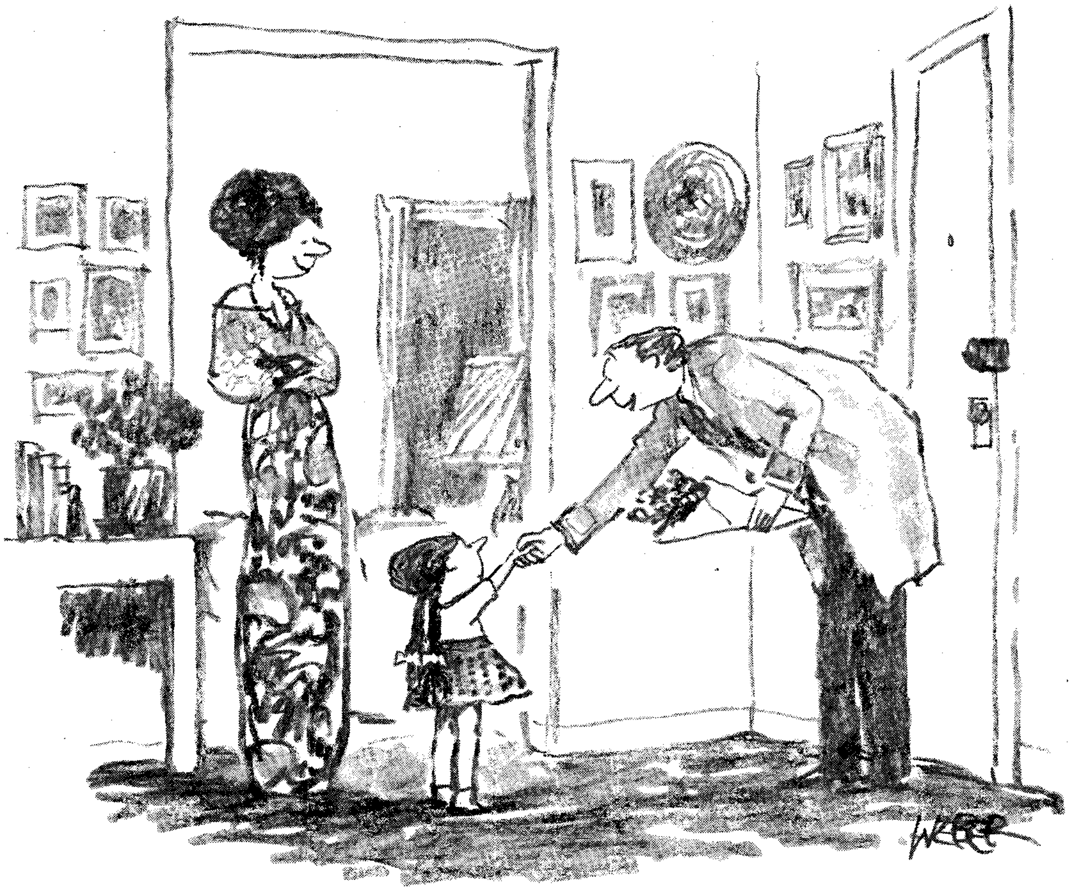
All this was bringing me down. I had not come to Fiesole on a sunny afternoon to listen to a lecture, so I suggested that we walk some more. It was siesta time, midafternoon, and as we toured the narrow, cobbled streets, moving through pockets of light into the shade, there were no sounds except from muffled radios. The entire town was dozing, and I wondered if anything was actually happening. This was a variation on the ancient "If a tree falls in the forest" routine, but it kept me occupied. Was the pumping of waking blood more significant somehow than the pumping of blood in sleep? And so on and so forth.

Ludovica walked beside me, her head down and her hands locked behind her back. I was tempted to reach out and touch her, but I did not. Instead, I started describing to her a painting I was working on. This seemed to please her, so I did some inventing, adding details that had not yet found their way to the canvas. I made the painting very grand, and by the time we came to the bus stop it had surpassed the dimensions of the Sistine Chapel. I would have painted it on the hills and on the sky if that was what it took to get the job done.

THE weather reverted to type for Clement's dinner, but for once we were comfortable inside, because Anna had put on (and left on) the central heating. Not only that—she and Ludovica wore dresses with color in them for a change. Clement contributed to the festivities by carting down an old Victrola and playing opera records for us when he wasn't in the kitchen supervising Beatrice. The goose cooked to arias from Puccini, throwing off spatters of fat. I sat on a couch and talked to a young Swiss couple from Zurich, honeymooners, who, along with a friend of Clement's—a brother in the brotherhood of the road—were the only other guests.

Clement was a gracious host. The goose arrived on the table, and he took carving tools to it and soon had the breast meat layered in rows. With a flick of his wrist he severed a wing, and I couldn't help thinking of Dr. Rinaldi's belief that anatomy was the key to understanding. A trickle of grease ran down my chin as I bit into a leg. Beatrice brought around a brimming gravy boat. Beneath her apron was a straight skirt; she had a date with Aldo and me later on.

Throughout the meal, Clement and his friend told bawdy jokes. Anna and Ludovica were surprisingly lighthearted. They giggled and teased each other, as they must have done when they were girls. When the dishes were cleared, Clement put away Puccini and started playing cha-cha records, and before long he was dancing a strange fandango with the Swiss girl. I looked at Ludovica and thought I would ask her to dance. I still had a notion that we had something to resolve. But then the



"How do you do? So you're the one who sings that little song on your mother's answering machine."

buzzer of the pensione sounded, and up the stairs came Bruno, taking them two at a time. He looked much better to me. Maybe he'd had a bath or a haircut; I couldn't tell for certain. After he had shaken hands and kissed cheeks, he sat next to Ludovica and threw his arm around her. He could have been gathering her in; the gesture smacked of possession. It was simple, direct, and unequivocal, and I was hurt to see that she did not resist.

I would have crawled to my room and disappeared if Beatrice hadn't insisted that we meet Aldo. So I put on my coat and went out. And there was poor Aldo at our favorite café, sitting at a table with two chairs tipped up against the edge, reserved for us. Under a dull, yellow light bulb, with smoke curling around his monkish face, he looked like a man who had been thinking the same thought for a million years. He leaped to his feet when he saw us and fussed over Beatrice. Could he buy her a drink? What about a cappuccino? Overheated and lovelorn, he exposed himself to her indifference.

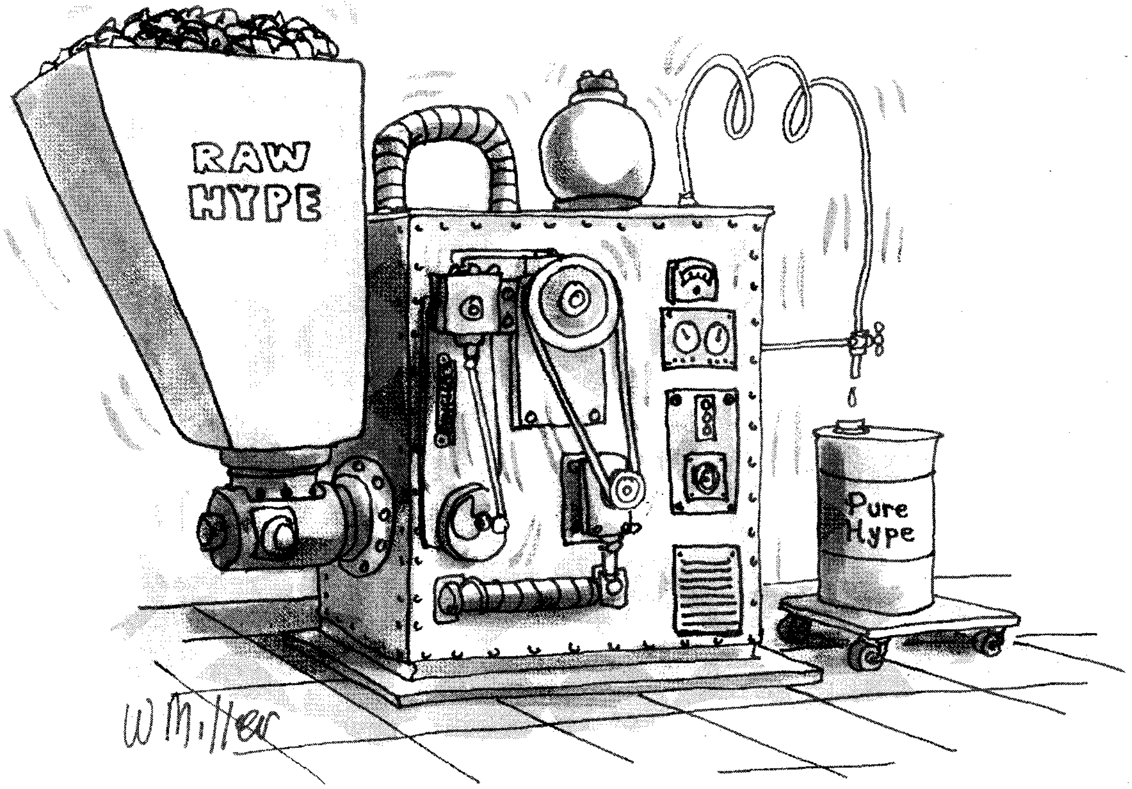
"I have been reading in Schopenhauer," he announced, and Beatrice closed her eyes and pretended to snore. She'd had enough of talk; she wanted to play the pinball machine. It was an old one, manufactured by Chicago Coin. It had pictures of gangsters on the display panel and made a siren noise if you hit a cop's shield with a ball. Beatrice really loved it. She was louder than the siren. She shrieked when she used the flippers, and she was not above addressing the balls as if they had free will and could be coerced into obeying orders. "Go in that hole, *cretino!*" she'd shout. A ball's failure to comply provoked her. She would slip off a high-heeled shoe and tap the glass. "Pay attention, you!"

We closed the café that night. Aldo stood outside the locked door, waving to us, with the collar of his trenchcoat turned up. A waiter was sweeping the floors inside, spreading sawdust over dead cigarettes. On the way home, Beatrice took my arm. She had scored a record number of points, and she sang, in her gravelly voice, some words from a pop tune: "*Sapore di sale, sapore di mare.*" A taste of salt, a taste of the sea. Naturally, I had drunk a bit too much, and I couldn't get the front door unlocked. Beatrice took my keys. I became aware of her perfume, which had seemed so overpowering to me before. "You smell good," I said. And I pushed my face into her hair.

The pensione was quiet. Together we walked down the hall, and Beatrice came into my room. "You're not allowed in here," I said, and she laughed and threw her coat on the bed. The heat was still on, and for once the room felt warm and accepting.

"I am going to pose for you, James," Beatrice said. "Wouldn't you like that?" All I could do was smile. She took off her sweater and skirt and stood before me in a red silk teddy that she must have worn for Antonio on their wedding night. Down came her stockings, slowly; and then she removed her lingerie. With no academic distance to separate us, I was forced to revise my opinion of her. I did so by entering a state the mystics describe as "bliss." I had a moment's guilt, thinking about Aldo, but when Beatrice joined me in bed she deprived him of his existence. Oh, the miraculous rewards of a life of confusion!

When I woke in the morning, Beatrice was still beside me. I could hardly believe my good luck. I thought I should bring her some coffee, so I put on my pants and went to the kitchen. There I found Bruno, barefooted, wearing what must have been an old robe of Ludovica's. He had a tray before him, and on it were two cups, two hard rolls, and a jar of marmalade. He was staring at the tray, moving things around. He would put the cups on one side, then on the other. The marmalade stayed in the middle, blazing like the sun. —BILL BARICH



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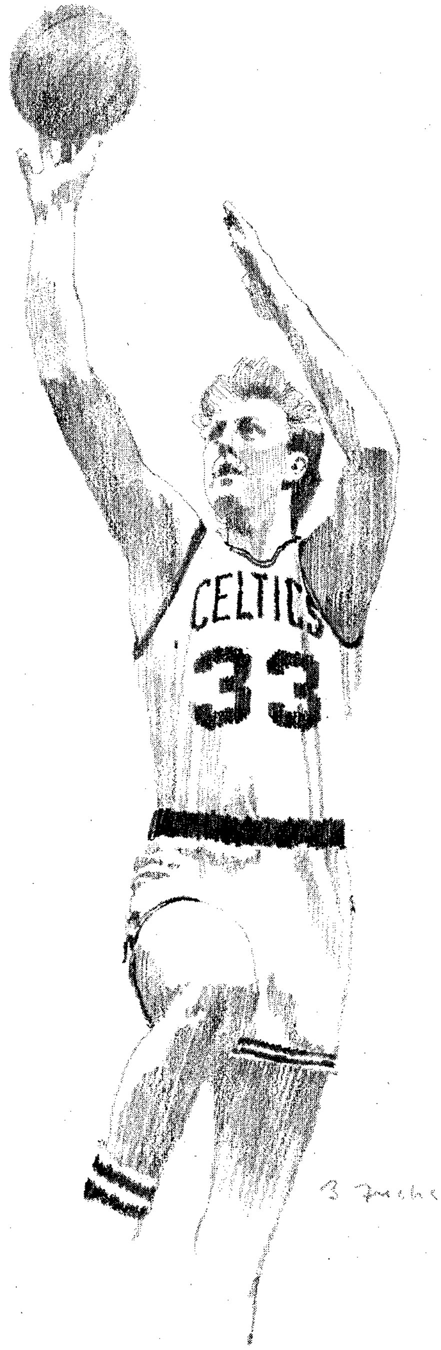
HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Congressional Record*]

MR. TRAFICANT. Mr. Speaker, we have heard the statistics which pat the administration on the back because the poverty level is down, but the President cannot claim credit for this. It is the House Members who stood up for Social Security COLA's and rescued this country's seniors from poverty which accounts for the reduction that is really not actually true.

THE SPORTING SCENE

BIRD AND BOSTON



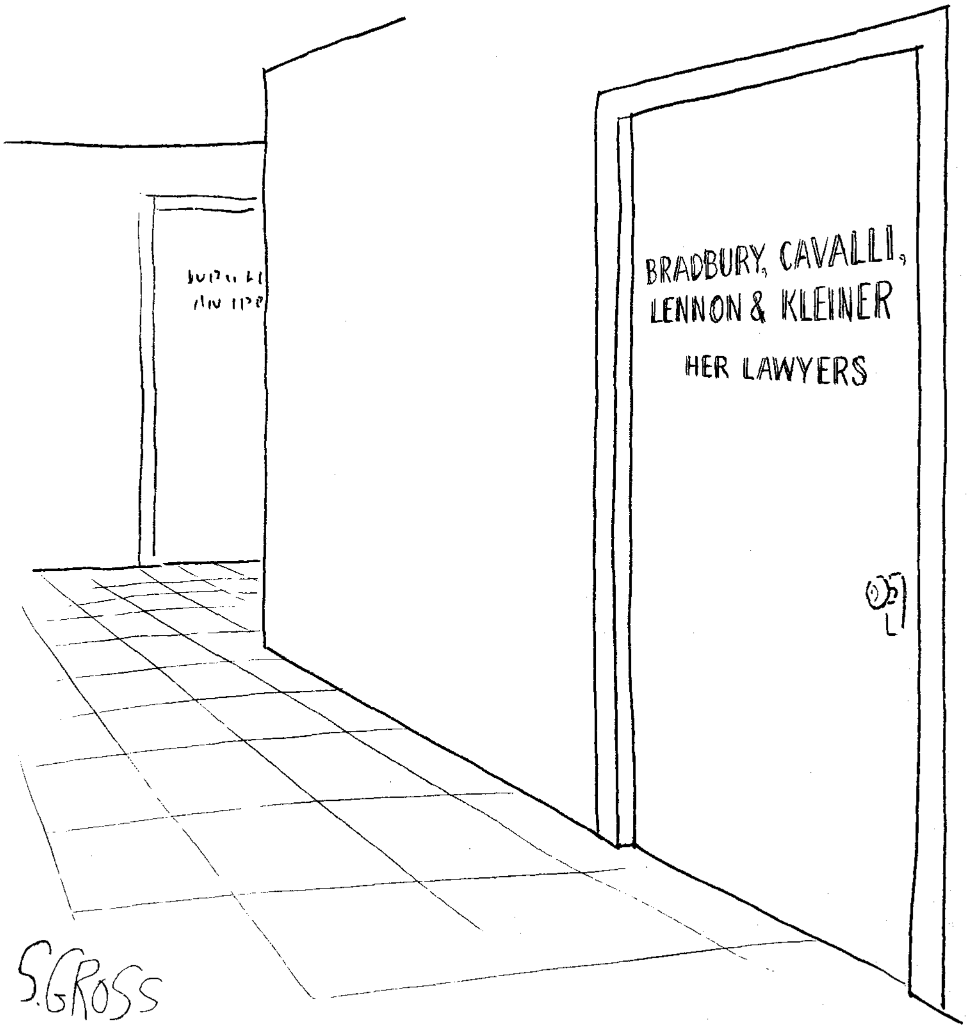
THE Boston Garden, which was built in 1928, stands above the city's North Station, across the Charles River from Charlestown and Bunker Hill. For the more than fifty-seven years of its existence, it has been the chief venue in New England of such sports as boxing, wrestling, indoor track-and-field meets, college basketball and hockey, and indoor professional tennis, as well as of rodeos and circuses, but it is identified chiefly as the home of the Boston Bruins, of the National Hockey League, and the Boston Celtics, of the National Basketball Association. The N.H.L. and the N.B.A. are the top professional leagues in what are essentially wintertime games, although in recent years it has usually been mid-May before the N.H.L.'s Stanley Cup playoffs have been concluded, and, as often as not, the playoffs in the N.B.A. Championship Series have not ended until June.

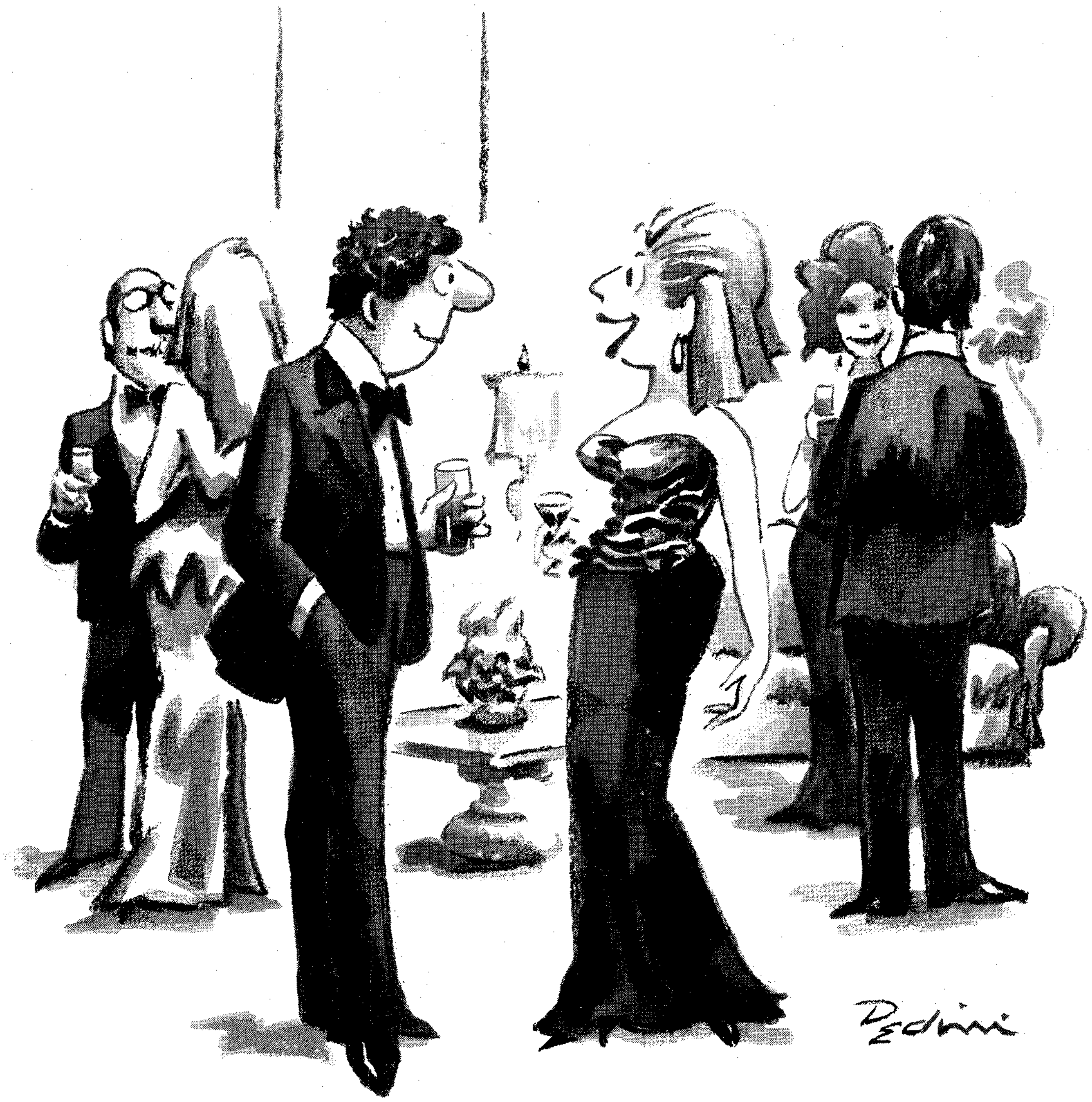
Both the Bruins and the Celtics have been extremely successful franchises. The Bruins were admitted to the N.H.L. in 1924, becoming the first American team to join the four Canadian teams that were the backbone of the league: the Montreal Canadiens, the Montreal Maroons, the Ottawa Senators, and the Toronto St. Pats (subsequently renamed the Maple Leafs). In 1926, three more American teams—the New York Rangers, the Detroit Cougars (later the Red Wings), and the Chicago Black Hawks—were added to the N.H.L. By 1942, following a lengthy period during which some old and some new franchises were moved to other cities and eventually expired, the N.H.L. consisted of the four American teams, along with the Canadiens and Maple Leafs. These six survived the war years without strain, and in the years that followed they prospered handsomely. Though the National Football League expanded across the Rockies to the West Coast in the middle nineteen-forties, and major-league baseball and basketball followed its example and transformed themselves into coast-to-coast leagues in the late fifties and early sixties, the N.H.L. did not budge from its six-team format until 1967. That year, in a feverish burst of activity, brought on mainly by a tardy awareness that the television networks would probably be more interested in scheduling the games of a hockey league that extended from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the league awarded six new franchises, in Los Angeles, Oakland, Minnesota (Bloomington, precisely), St. Louis, Pittsburgh, and Philadelphia. The league continued to expand for the next twelve years. After shifting franchises around, it added the ten teams that today represent Buffalo, Vancouver, Calgary, New York (the Islanders), Washington, New Jersey (where the team called the Devils plays its games in East Rutherford, across the Hudson from mid-Manhattan), Hartford, Quebec, Winnipeg, and Edmonton. (The last four had been members of the World Hockey Association, which existed only from 1972 to 1979.) At present, the league comprises twenty-one teams, aligned in four divisions and two conferences. Surprisingly, no major American television network covers the league, and the hockey fan has to turn to cable and local stations, whose interest in hockey generally begins to build with the start of the playoffs.

The Boston Garden, having been erected decades before the spacious buildings that are home to the new N.B.A. and N.H.L. teams, is one of the smallest roofed arenas in the land. For hockey, it has a capacity of 14,451 spectators, whereas the Memorial Auditorium, in Buffalo, for example, can seat 16,433; the Arena, in St. Louis, 17,666; and the Capital Centre, in Landover, Maryland, outside Washington, 18,130. The new Madison Square Garden, which was opened in 1968, seats 17,500 for hockey. (The Boston Garden's rink, which is a hundred and ninety-one feet long and eighty-three feet wide, is the narrowest in the league; most of the other rinks measure two hundred feet by eighty-five.) Many times since the Second World War, sports fans in the Boston area have made it piercingly clear that they think a new Boston Garden should be built or, at least, the rusting, odoriferous old Garden should be substantially renovated and enlarged. Like the other big-league Boston teams, the Bruins draw their fans not only from eastern Massachusetts but from every corner of New England, and their faithful followers have long made clear their displeasure at how difficult it has often been to get tickets for the games. (They expressed it vehemently as far back as the 1928-1929 season, when the Bruins first won the Stanley Cup, the emblem of the N.H.L. Championship: on November 20, 1928, in the inaugural game at the Garden, a crowd estimated at seventeen thousand people broke down the doors and surged in to stand and watch the home opener, against the Canadiens.) The cries for a new Garden came not only from hockey fans who felt that an arena with more seats was needed but also from a wide variety of people who felt that the Garden had been so poorly maintained that it had become a grim, shabby place, flagrantly lacking in the usual amenities. I remember a chat I had in 1971 with Douglas Orr, who was the father of Bobby Orr, the great star of the Bruins teams in the years between 1966 and 1976. Mr. Orr, who worked in an explosives-manufacturing plant in his home town of Parry Sound, Ontario, on Georgian Bay, off Lake Huron, was a modest man with no pretensions, but he told me that, having seen his son play in Maple Leaf Gardens, in Toronto, and other hockey arenas, when he later made his first trip to Boston to watch him perform on the Bruins' home ice he was shocked by the run-down condition of the Garden and couldn't understand why nothing had been done about it. I told him that just about every hockey fan felt the way he did.

BY 1929, hockey had made it in Boston, and had made it big. It had been a gamble earlier in the decade. Many of the high schools, the top prep schools, and the colleges in the northern stretches of the United States had ice-hockey teams, but the sport was not regarded as a major one. There were few indoor rinks at that time, for artificial ice-making had only recently been invented. Indeed, it had been questionable whether or not the professional game, in which the Bruins and the other American teams in the N.H.L. were made up almost entirely of Canadian players, would catch on in our country. During the Bruins' first four seasons, although the team played its games in the Boston Arena, which was considerably smaller than the Garden, there had been a good many empty seats. However, a number of colorful Bruins stars were beginning to emerge. Cecil (Tiny) Thompson, the goaltender, not only made extraordinary saves on wickedly hard shots but also controlled the rebounds in a fashion matched by few goalies who have ever played in the league. Lionel Hitchman, a coolheaded defenseman, was among the outstanding stick-checkers in N.H.L. history. When the players on the opposing team mounted an attack, he stopped them not by body-checking them off the puck but by stealing the puck off their sticks with a little flick of his stick. But the man who really converted Boston into a hockey town was the other starting defenseman, Eddie Shore. A rough, bruising customer who was a brilliant skater, Shore specialized in the rink-length rush in which, as he gathered speed after swinging behind the net, he wove his way past the forwards who were attempting to check him, and then, really flying, either swung around one of the opposing defensemen or tried to split the two of them, and then to fire a fast, low shot past the goalie from close quarters. Shore came to Boston from Edmonton, and so was naturally called the Edmonton Express. After the Bruins won the Stanley Cup in the 1928-29 season, there was no need to worry about their future. Nor did it hurt at all that one of the members of that championship team was George Owen, who had been a famed all-around athlete during his years at Harvard and had become one of the first Americans to demonstrate that they could play hockey on a par with the best Canadians. Just about a decade later, the Bruins produced another great team, which won the Stanley Cup in the 1938-39 and 1940-41 seasons. Among the most valuable players on this team were Frank Brimsek, a marvellous standup goalie; the veteran Aubrey (Dit) Clapper, a sturdy defenseman; and a high-scoring forward line on which Milt Schmidt centered for Bobby Bauer and Woody Dumart. They made up what was called the Kraut Line, because all three of them had grown up in Kitchener, Ontario, a town in which such a high proportion of the residents were of German descent that it had earlier been named Berlin. This well-balanced team—it had three sound forward lines—once went twenty-three games without a loss. Many hockey authorities consider it one of the finest sixteen-man teams of all time.

After the Second World War, the Bruins strained the patience of their demanding Boston fans, for it took them twenty-nine years to win the Stanley Cup again. This came about in the 1969-70 season. The player who led them to the championship was Orr, who had joined them three years before, at the age of eighteen. A defenseman and a very solid one, Orr had an altogether different approach to the game from that of Shore or any of the other offense-minded defensemen before him. After the Bruins had stopped an attack, Orr, a superlative skater, would very often bring the puck out of the defensive zone, and, as he moved swiftly up the middle of the rink or along the right-hand boards, he would make sure that by the time





"Young, rich, and restless—that's a *career?"*

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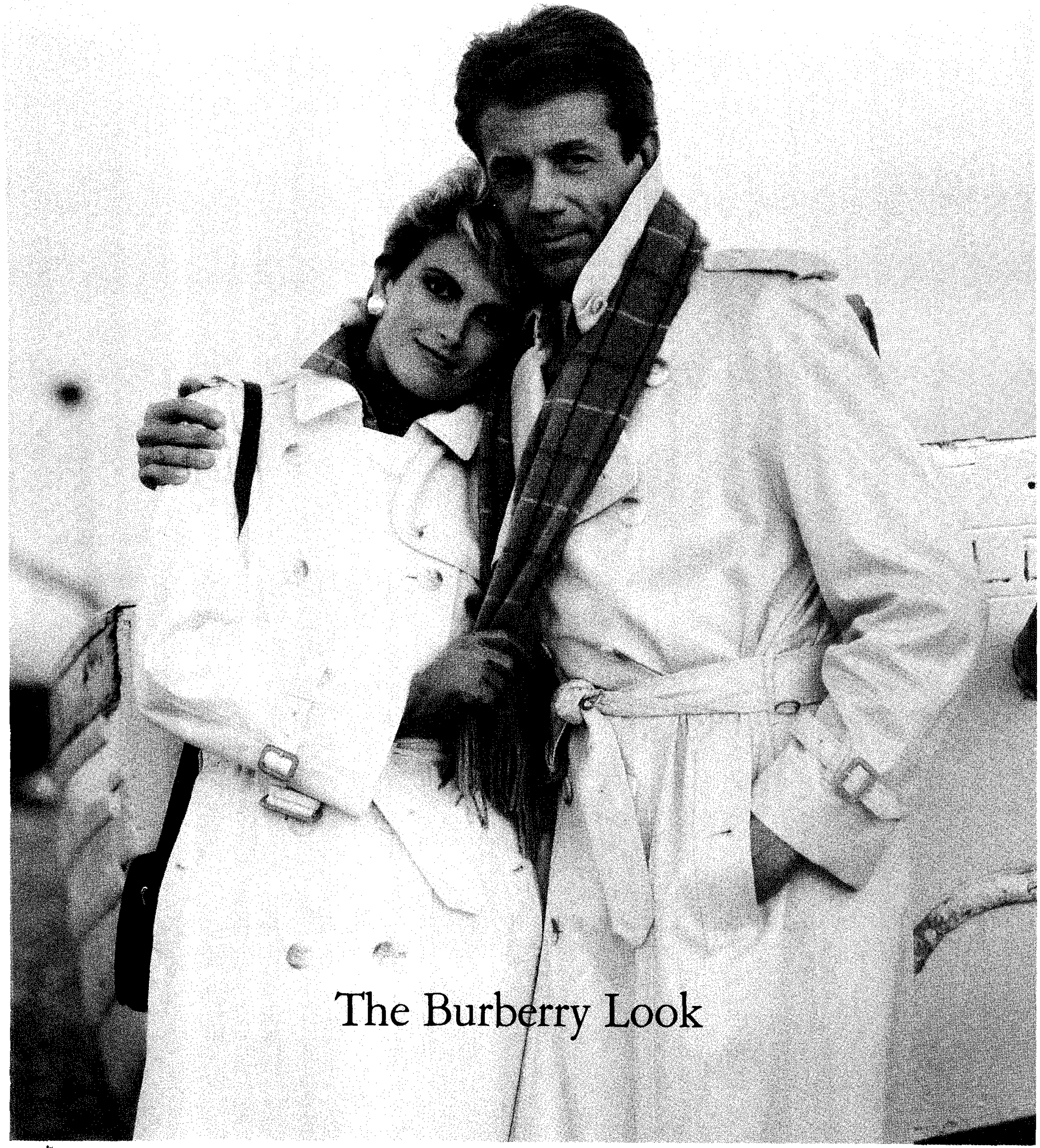
he crossed the blue line into the center, or neutral, zone he knew where the four other Boston skaters were positioned and also the alignment of the opposing players. Then, with a deceptive little shift or spurt, he would set a play in motion with a dexterous pass to a wing, say, who was just about to dart over the other blue line into the Bruins' offensive zone. Sometimes he would burst over the blue line himself and blast a whistling shot at the goalie, but more often, once he was in the Bruins' offensive zone, he would initiate the first of a series of passes that set up fine scoring opportunities. Orr was a first-rate defensive player, but it was the constant threat the Bruins posed when he was guiding their attack that set him apart from the other defensemen of his day. In 1970-1971, Orr set a new N.H.L. scoring record for a defenseman during the regular season: he scored thirty-seven goals and assisted on a hundred and two goals. In 1971-72, when the Bruins once more won the Stanley Cup, he set a new scoring record for a defenseman in Cup play: in fifteen playoff games, he scored five goals and assisted on nineteen. Orr's career covered only nine full seasons. He suffered severe knee injuries, and had to recuperate from six risky operations. Since his retirement, in 1978, there hasn't been a defenseman comparable to him, and the Bruins, for all their scrappiness and tenacity, have rarely been serious contenders in an era dominated first by the last of the great Canadiens teams, then by the well-drilled New York Islanders, and, in the last two years, by the surprising Edmonton Oilers, led by the beautifully slick Wayne Gretzky.

WHILE it had been anticipated that selling professional hockey to Boston and to New England in general would be hard work, most people thought from the outset that the Boston Celtics—the perfect name for a team based in that city—would be one of the strongest franchises in a new professional basketball league, the Basketball Association of America, which sought to establish itself in 1946. Basketball had been invented in 1891, by Dr. James Naismith, a Canadian, who at that time was serving as an instructor at the International Y.M.C.A. Training School in Springfield, Massachusetts (now Springfield College). By the early years of this century, the game had taken hold from coast to coast as a popular wintertime sport. It had certainly thrived in New England—especially in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut. During the nineteen-twenties and the ensuing decades, the high-school games in New England didn't draw the large and extremely vocal crowds that they did in Indiana, for instance, where the rampant enthusiasm for basketball came to be known as "Hoosier Hysteria." However, the games were well attended, and the standard of play was surprisingly advanced. In nearly every residential community, baskets and backboards above garage doors or attached to ten-foot poles or trees in the back yards were a common sight.

Despite the considerable regional interest in the game, the Boston franchise in the Basketball Association of America was not an immediate success. This was also true of many of the other B.A.A. franchises. One of the league's troubles was that in signing outstanding college players it had to compete with the National Basketball League, a far from imposing organization that had been formed in 1937. In the summer of 1949, the two leagues wisely merged and became the National Basketball Association. By its third year, the 1951-52 season,



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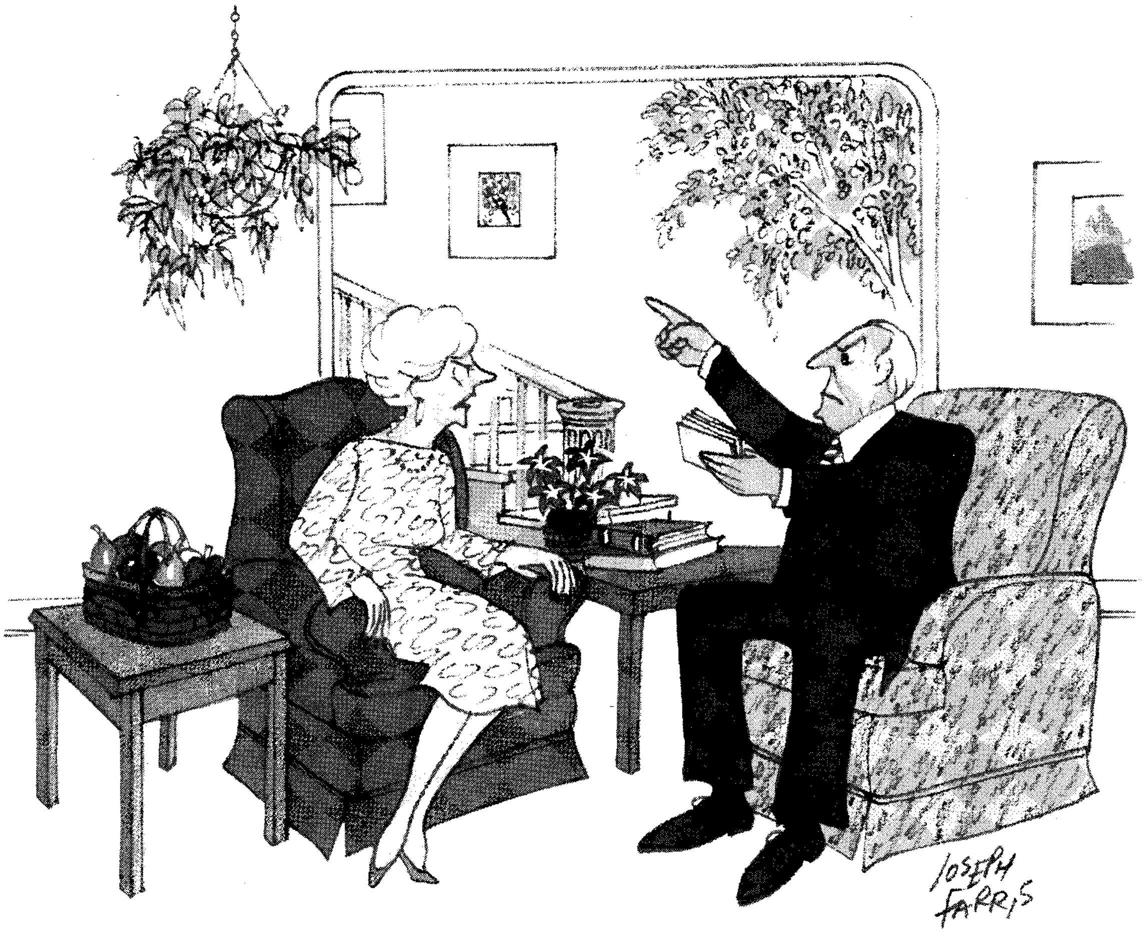
the N.B.A., having trimmed itself down to ten teams that were financially sound, was on the right road. As the individual teams began to draw more and more fans, the league gradually expanded, and by 1970 it consisted of seventeen teams. Today, the N.B.A. stretches from Boston to Seattle and is made up of twenty-three teams, constituting four divisions and two conferences.

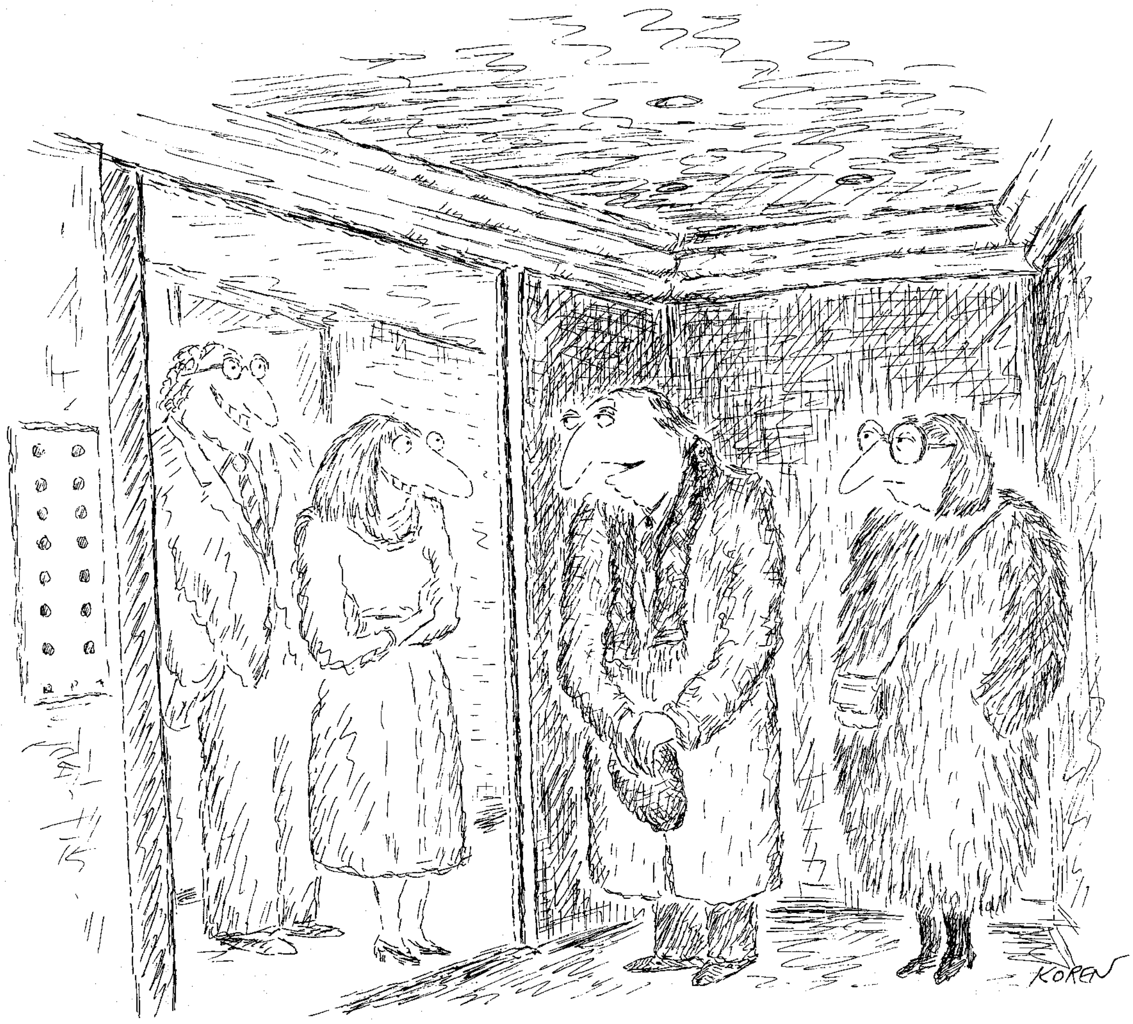


"Must you use those three-by-five cards every time we have a discussion?"

Why did it take the N.B.A. so long to gain a high number of devoted fans and authentic major-league status? Undoubtedly, the most important reason was that its teams had to demonstrate that the standard of basketball they played was distinctly superior to the game associated with semi-pro and pro teams before the Second World War. In those prewar years, the rules of the pro game had been variable, the action had frequently been roughhouse, and many of the games had been held in halls on the wrong side of town, sometimes as a preliminary attraction before dancing got under way. There had been a few exceptions. The New York Celtics, organized by a settlement house in 1914, quickly matured into an excellent team, but it was disbanded with the United States' entry into the First World War. When the war was over, a team that called itself the Original Celtics—two of the old New York Celtics became members of the Original Celtics—acquired many of the country's most talented players. They soon learned to play as a team. In an average year of barnstorming, they won a hundred and thirty out of the hundred and forty or so games they played. They were forced to join the American Basketball League in 1927, because their revenue had been sharply decreased when the teams that made up the league refused to play them. The Original Celtics proceeded to win nineteen of twenty games against the league teams that year, and went on to win the playoffs. The next year, they again dominated the league. The cry of "Break up the Celtics" began to be heard, and at the end of the 1928 season the A.B.L. did exactly that by parcelling out the best players to various teams in the league. Another memorable team of that era was, and remains, the Harlem Globetrotters, founded in 1927. It toured this country and, eventually, the world with immense success. From the start, the Globetrotters featured tricky ball-handling and showboat shooting that the players performed with such skill and infectious good humor that Globetrotter games evolved into a form of Esperanto.

As for the Boston Celtics, in 1950-1951, after four losing seasons, they turned the corner and became a winning team. They had a new coach that year—Arnold (Red) Auerbach, a shrewd and observant young man from Brooklyn who had played basketball for George Washington University, in Washington, D.C. In 1946, when the B.A.A. came into existence, Auerbach had coached the Washington Capitols during their first three seasons. The Capitols won no championships, but they played crisp basketball. In the 1949-50 season, when the league's administrators were still trying to sift out which franchises had a future and which ones didn't, Auerbach ended up coaching the Tri-Cities Blackhawks. (The three cities were Davenport, Iowa, and Moline and Rock Island, Illinois.) The next year, the Celtics' management hired him to coach its team. As it turned out, this was the season when Bob Cousy, who had gained national recognition during his years at Holy Cross College, made his début with the Celtics. Cousy stood only six feet one and a half, but he was a wonderfully creative passer and a reliable scorer, and the local fans hoped that he would be able to do a good deal more for the Celtics than the previous Holy Cross College stars, who had been part of very disappointing teams. Auerbach and Cousy made the Celtics into winners. In 1950-51, the Celtics won thirty-nine games and lost thirty. They went on to become not only one of the strongest teams in the N.B.A. but one of its best drawing cards. People wanted to see whether Cousy was as fantastic a player as they had heard. If anything, he surpassed their expectations. He was an incredible ball handler. He could dribble out the closing minute or more of a tight game despite the efforts of two and sometimes three opposing players to knock the ball away from him or at least tie him up and force a jump ball. (The league did not adopt the twenty-four-second clock until the 1954–55 season.) Cousy had extremely long arms and large hands. When he was dribbling toward the basket, he could slap the ball onto the floor behind his back with his right hand, collect the ball with his left hand, and continue his unbroken dribble in stride but moving in a different direction. He had found out that he could manage this sleight of hand during a tight college game in which his man was overplaying him to his right side. He had improvised the move instinctively, before he was conscious of what he was doing. It had enabled him to score the winning basket, a left-handed lay-up. During his early years with the Celtics, Cousy learned to shift the ball behind his back with his right hand as he leaped into the air just inside the foul line and to whip a fast, accurate pass to an unguarded teammate. He devised all sorts of variations of this maneuver. The most baroque was one called the "double transfer," in which he swung the ball twice behind his back while afloat before passing it off to a teammate. The best thing about Cousy's manipulations was that he never used them to show off. They were strictly functional, a new method of getting the ball to an open man or of scoring himself. Largely because of Cousy, basketball finally caught on in a big way in Boston, in the winter of 1953. Many people attribute the change to his performance in one particular game in the Garden—a game between the Celtics and the Syracuse Nationals in the first round of the playoffs. When the buzzer went off at the end of the fourth quarter, the teams were tied, 77–77. After a five-minute overtime period, they were still tied, 86–86. After a second overtime period, they were tied, 90–90, and after a third overtime period they were tied again, 99–99. In the fourth overtime period, Cousy, who was in dazzling form, finally got the Celtics in front, and they widened their lead when the Nationals kept fouling Cousy in their efforts to gain possession of the ball, and he kept sinking the foul shots. In this thrilling game—the final score was 111–105—Cousy scored a total of fifty points on ten field goals and thirty foul shots in thirty-two attempts.

IN the N.B.A.'s formative years, its star attraction had been George Mikan, the center of the Minneapolis Lakers. Mikan stood six feet ten, but, unlike most of the early giants, he was a coördinated athlete, who not only rebounded well but competed well. He sank a great many foul shots in the closing minutes of games when the outcome depended on it. Between 1948 and 1954, the Lakers won the N.B.A. Championship five times in six years, and the one year they failed to do so Mikan suffered a broken ankle early in the playoffs. When Mikan retired, in 1956, Cousy was his natural successor. For all the Celtics' speed and finesse, they had still not succeeded in winning the N.B.A. Championship, partly because they had always lacked an outstanding big man. In 1956, they at last landed one, thanks to Auerbach's ingenuity. That spring, before the annual draft of the best college players was held, Auerbach had arranged a deal with the St. Louis Hawks in which he traded Cliff Hagan and Ed Macauley, a big favorite when he had played for St. Louis University, in exchange for the Hawks' third pick in the first round of the draft. That pick enabled Auerbach to select Bill Russell, of the University of San Francisco, who proved to be one of the most valuable big men who have ever played basketball. Listed sometimes at six feet nine and other times at six feet ten, Russell was



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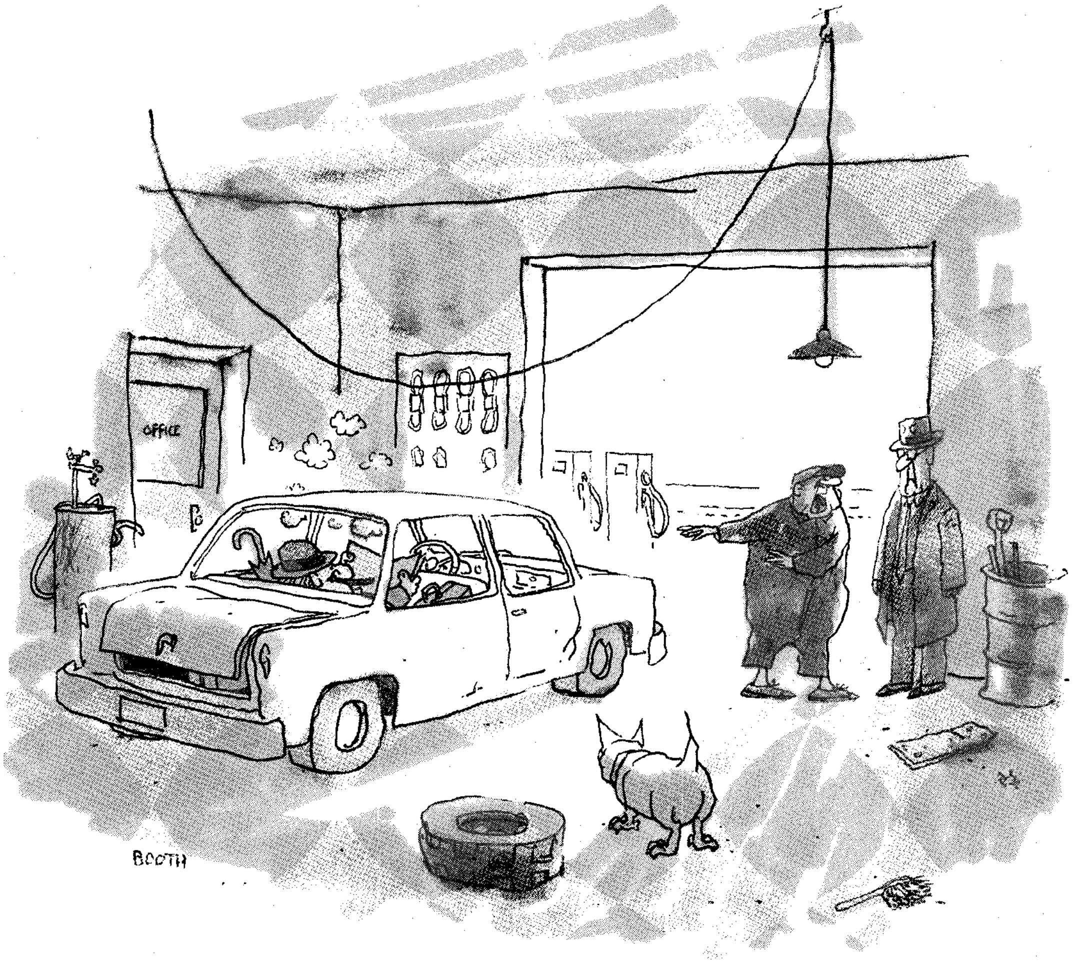


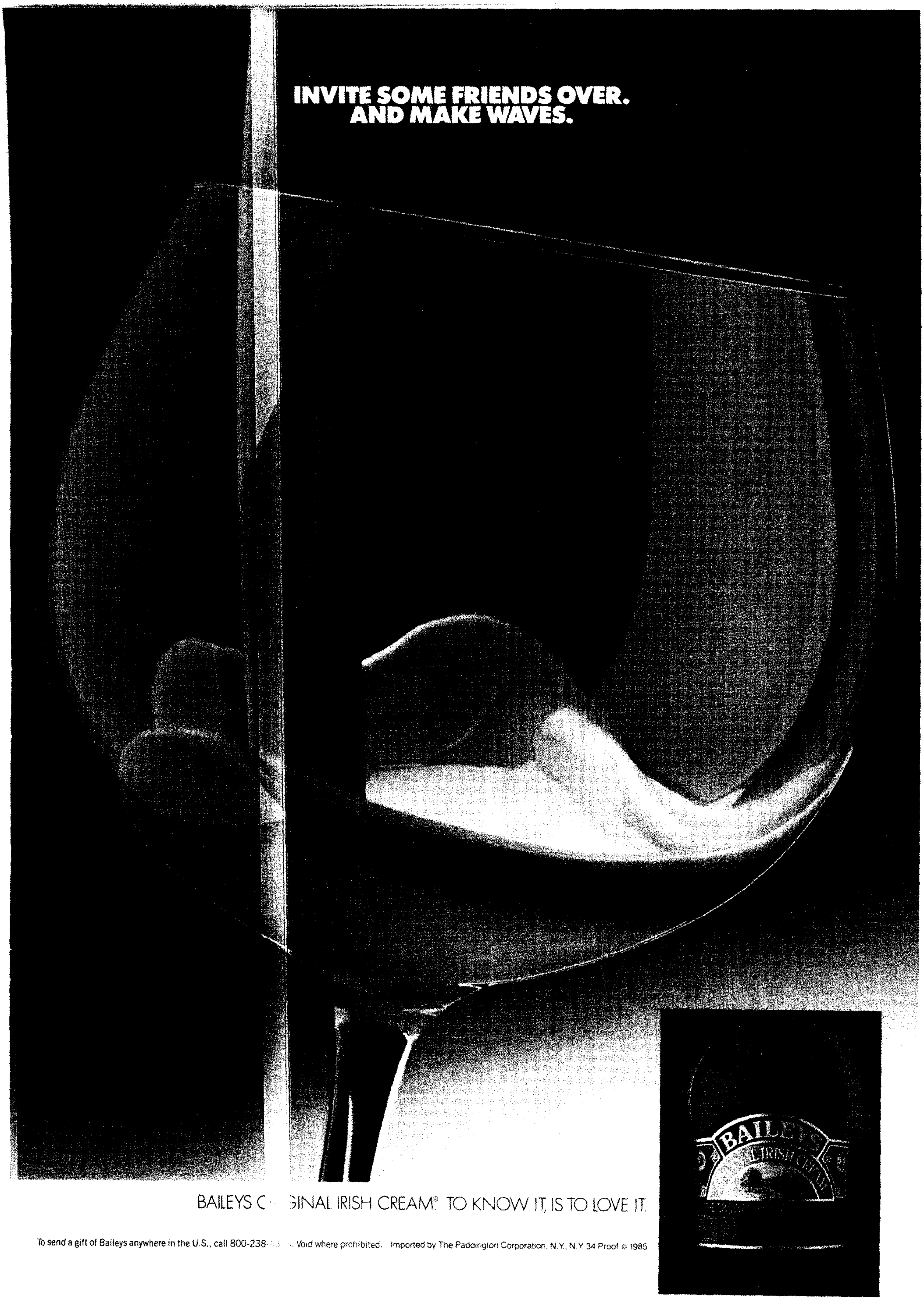
"That's Floyd Wheeler in the back of your car, Mr. Ferguson. He's going as far as the depot, if you would be so kind."

• •

not as tall as many of the N.B.A. centers, and he wasn't a particularly good shot, but he was an exceptional athlete. Defense was his forte. With his quick reflexes, he could regularly block the shots of bigger men. Before Russell arrived, the blocked shot had been a rarity. He made it a standard part of the game. When the other team was attacking, he also knew when he should leave the man he was guarding and switch to the man going to the basket. Russell was terrific off the defensive backboard. With his high leg spring and splendid timing, he could pluck the rebound off the basket or the backboard before taller men got to it, and in practically the same motion he would wheel and fire a perfect outlet pass to the man leading the Celtics' fast break—Cousy. Instant acceleration was one of Cousy's gifts, and he would be across the middle of the court in a flash and already in the act of hitting a free teammate with a nice lead pass. The Celtics were no slouches when they had to play a deliberate half-court offense, but it was their fast break that frequently allowed them to run off eight or ten points in a row and assume command of a game. Russell had other exceptional defensive abilities. He could hold his own with Wilt Chamberlain, the powerful seven-foot-one center who played for the Philadelphia Warriors and, later, for the Philadelphia 76ers and the Los Angeles Lakers. Few men could. Chamberlain once scored a hundred points in an N.B.A. game, and in four consecutive games he made thirty-five consecutive field goals—a notable feat even though most of his shots were lay-ups and dunks.

Russell had reported to the Celtics in December, 1956, after leading the University of San Francisco team to the National Collegiate Championship and figuring prominently in the United States basketball team's victory in the Olympic Games, in Melbourne. With Russell aboard, the Celtics finally won their first N.B.A. Championship. The next season, they were defeated by the St. Louis Hawks in the final round of the playoffs for the championship, but they bounced back in 1958-1959 and won the first of eight straight league championships. Just before and during this extraordinary streak, Auerbach bolstered the team with a series of astute draft picks, which included K. C. Jones, of the University of San Francisco; Sam Jones, of North Carolina Central College; Tom Sanders, of New York University; and John Havlicek, of Ohio State University. From the middle of the nineteen-fifties on, the Celtics had been known for the quality of their sixth man, their first substitute. When he entered the game, his presence more often than not strengthened the team. Frank Ramsey, who came from the University of Kentucky in 1954, was the first of the team's famous sixth men. Undoubtedly, the best was Havlicek, who joined the team in 1962 and played sixteen years of distinguished basketball for the Celtics. There was no phase of the game that Havlicek could not perform with marked capability, and he still stands alone when it comes to one subtle feature of basketball: the ability of a player to move without the ball, lose his man in the traffic, and work his way free to receive a pass for a good shot.

At the conclusion of the 1965-66 season, when the Celtics had won their ninth championship in ten years, Auerbach left the bench to become the team's general manager, and Russell replaced him as the coach. The Philadelphia 76ers stopped the Celtics' run the next season, but Russell then led the team to two more titles, in 1967-1968 and 1968-69. After that, he retired. This marked the end of the Celtics' hegemony. During the next decade, the team, coached by Tom Heinsohn, twice won the league championship, but it no longer inspired the awe that the earlier Celtics teams had. In the last two years of the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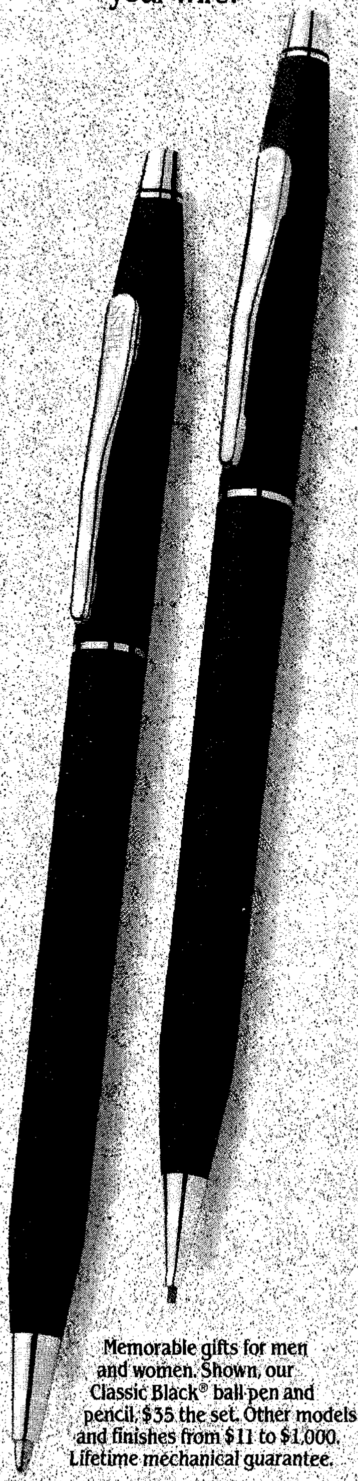

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nineteen-seventies, squabbles between the owners of the club affected the coaches and the players, and the Celtics sank to what was for them a new low. In the 1977-78 season, they won only thirty-two games and lost fifty, and the following season they won only twenty-nine games and lost fifty-three. In 1979, the disputes between the owners were worked out.

IN 1979-80, an experienced new coach, Bill Fitch, who had put in nine years with the Cleveland Cavaliers, helped the Celtics resume their winning ways, thanks in good measure to the arrival of Larry Bird. Bird had been Auerbach's first-round pick in the 1978 draft, when he was still a junior at Indiana State. He finished college and did not join the Celtics until the fall of 1979, but he was well worth waiting for. His play during his rookie season evoked comparisons not only with Cousy and Havlicek but also with Oscar Robertson, of the Cincinnati Royals, and later the Milwaukee Bucks, and with Jerry West, of the Los Angeles Lakers—two all-around performers whom many students of the game rate as the top two all-around players in the history of the league. In Bird's first season, 1979-80, the Celtics stopped floundering and became a poised, confident team. They finished in first place in the Eastern Conference, with a record of sixty-one victories and only twenty-one defeats. In the semifinals of the conference playoffs, the Celtics defeated the Houston Rockets in four straight games, but in the final round of those playoffs they were eliminated by the Philadelphia 76ers, four games to one. During the regular season, Bird had averaged 21.3 points, 4.5 assists, and 10.4 rebounds per game. These statistics told only a small part of his contribution to the team. None of the great all-around players had been big men, as basketball players go. Bird, who stood six feet nine and weighed two hundred and twenty pounds, was. In addition to being a strikingly imaginative passer and a high scorer who had all the shots, he was always in the midst of the action on defense, breaking up passes, stealing the ball, and fighting for the rebounds at both ends of the court. He wasn't particularly fast and he wasn't a high leaper, yet he seemed to be everywhere, influencing the course of the action.

In Bird's second season, 1980-81, his scoring average remained about the same, but he improved his statistics for assists and rebounds, and it began to be appreciated that he was the leader of the team and that his intensity was contagious. That season, the Celtics won the N.B.A. Championship. In the Eastern Conference semifinals, they swept the Chicago Bulls in four straight games. Then, in a memorable Eastern Conference final, against the formidable Julius Erving and the Philadelphia 76ers, they came back after being down three games to one and pulled out the series by winning three games in a row, the last 91–90. It was fitting that the game-winning basket was scored by Bird, the high scorer in the series, who scored twenty-three points and accounted for eleven rebounds in the deciding game. After that, the N.B.A. Championship Series was a letdown. The Celtics found it hard to rouse themselves to fighting pitch against the Houston Rockets. In the fourth quarter of the first game, when they were trailing by three points, a fantastic basket by Bird did arouse them, and moments later Bird scored after snaring an offensive rebound. This nailed down the game, 98–95. In the second game, which the Rockets won, 92–90, Bird scored nineteen points and had twenty-one rebounds, tying his career high. After the Celtics had won the third game, 94–71, the Rockets, with Moses Malone, their big center, leading the way, evened the series by winning the fourth game, 91–86. In each of those two games, Robert Reid held Bird to eight points. Then the Celtics got down to business and won the next two games handily, and, with them, the championship. Bird had twenty-seven points in the last game. Everyone who followed basketball was talking about him—how he was at his best in the clutch and how he showed you something new in every game. There was that crucial basket he made in the last quarter of the first game, for instance. He had taken a set shot from just to the right of the circle close to the foul line. The ball had hit the rim of the basket and bounced off it to the right. Reacting with his invariable hustle, Bird had rushed in and grabbed the rebound, but his impetus was carrying him past the backboard and over the baseline. At the last instant, he had shifted the ball from his right hand to his left and put up a soft little shot that swished through the net as he tumbled to the floor. At about this time, his home town, French Lick, Indiana, decided to rename one of its streets Larry Bird Boulevard and

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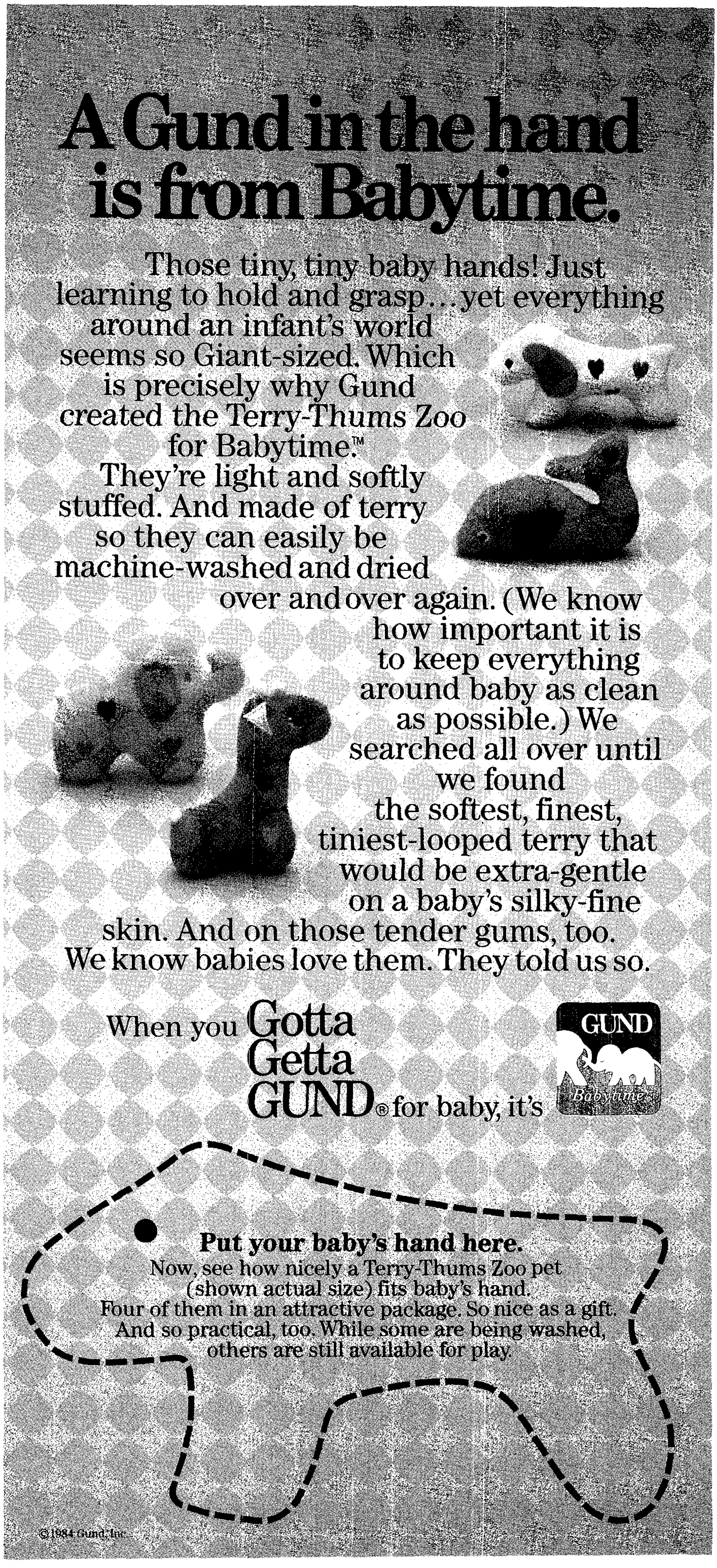

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to put up a street sign shaped like a basketball.

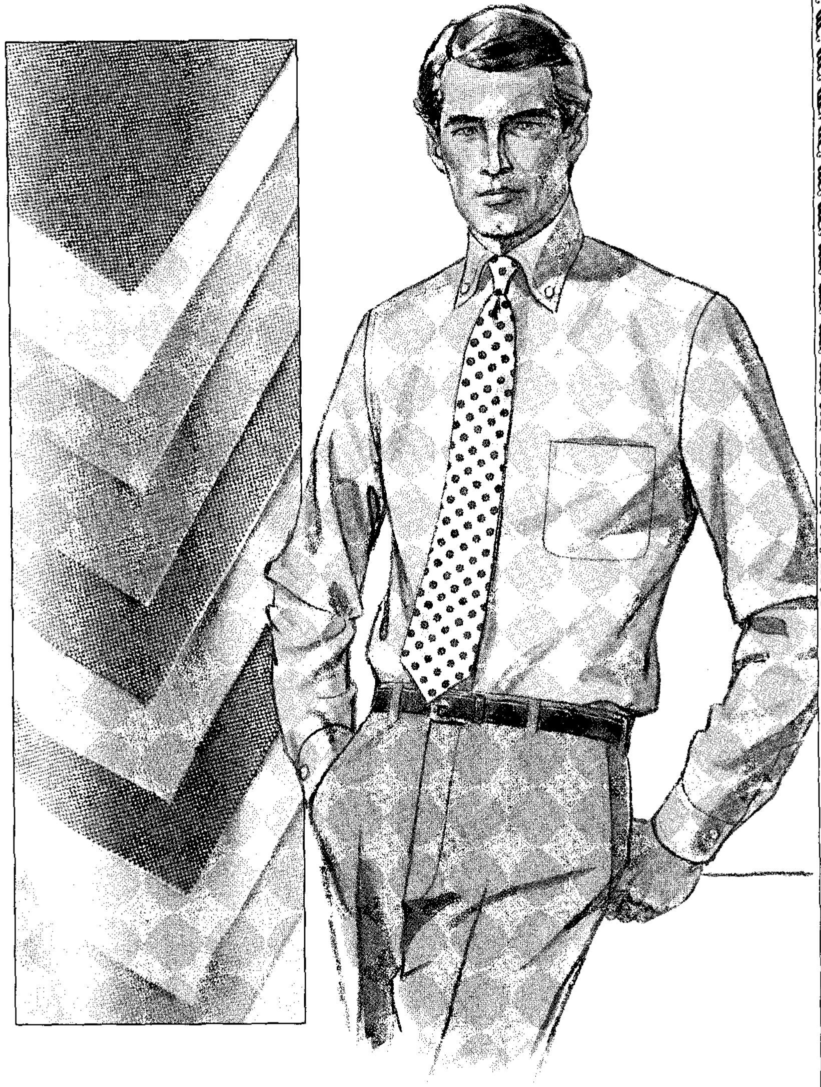
Larry Bird was actually born in the town of West Baden, which adjoins French Lick, in south-central Indiana, but French Lick, which has a population of about two thousand to West Baden's eight hundred, is much better known, because the French Lick Springs Golf and Tennis Resort has made advantageous use of mineral springs that abound in the region. (Walter Hagen won the 1924 P.G.A. Championship when it was held at one of the hotel's golf courses, defeating Jim Barnes 2 up.) Along with the hotel, the Kimball Piano & Organ Company was one of the principal employers in the area. Joe Bird, Larry's father, was a wood finisher in the Kimball plant, in West Baden. He and his wife, Georgia, had six children—Mike, Mark, Linda, Larry, Jeff, and Eddie, in that order. Providing for a family of eight wasn't easy, and, to raise money, Mrs. Bird did cooking in local restaurants.

When I talked with Bird early this basketball season, he told me that he thought he was about four when he got his first basketball, as a Christmas present. "I don't know if you've ever seen one of those old potbellied stoves, but they can get real red when you've got some wood or coal burning in them," he said. "My ball was one of those cheap rubber balls. I was so proud of it that I stayed up for hours bouncing it. I left it by the stove that night, and when I got up the next morning it had a great big knot on it. My parents got me another ball, and I remember that Mike, Mark, and I wore that one completely out. Basketball wasn't really my only love. We played lots of baseball, softball, rubber ball—we played ball all the time. When we were growing up, before we got a real basketball hoop, we used a coffee can and tried to shoot one of those small sponge-rubber balls through it."

The Springs Valley High School served both French Lick and West Baden. Each of the fellows who were on the high-school basketball team coached a team made up of fourth graders, fifth graders, or sixth graders. "They called it Biddy Ball, and it was my introduction to organized sports," Bird remembers. "The high-school fellows assigned the kids to certain teams. On Saturday mornings, they'd coach their teams for about an hour, and then you played a game against another team. They just taught us the fundamentals: you know, the proper way to shoot; the basic passes, like the two-handed chest pass and the baseball pass; how to box out on rebounds; the pick and roll; how to set a pick for another player. Just the fundamental things. Biddy Ball is still going on."

When Larry was thirteen, the family moved to French Lick. The young Birds were all extraordinarily tall. Mike, the eldest son, stood six feet two. He was on the Springs Valley varsity basketball team, but he wasn't a star. Mark was. He was six feet three, and he could play the game. In informal scrimmages with his brothers, he liked to make believe he was Bill Walton, the star center of the University of California at Los Angeles. Striving to be as good as Mark, who was three years older, made Larry a much better basketball player than he might otherwise have been, and a more competitive one, too. In his sophomore year of high school, he stood six feet one and had very smooth moves, but early that season he broke his left ankle. The ankle still wasn't a hundred per cent at the end of the season, but the Springs Valley coach, Jim Jones, used Larry in a sectional-tournament game. With about a minute and a half to go, Larry was fouled and made the two foul shots that won the game. His brother Mark had the reputation of never having missed a foul shot in a postseason game, and this had been very much on Larry's mind. In his junior year, Larry, a slim, blond young man who stood about six feet three, played guard, center, and forward on the Springs Valley team, which, in the state tournament, was eliminated by Orleans in the semifinals of the Paoli sectionals. He had worked hard on his game ever since he began high school, frequently getting up early and practicing shooting at six-thirty in the school gym. The two younger Bird boys also took to basketball. Jeff, who is six two, was just an average player, but Eddie, who is now a senior in high school, is six feet six and a half, and in Larry's opinion he is a very good player.

Between the beginning of the basketball season in Bird's junior year and the beginning of the basketball season in his senior year, something unexpected happened that changed the whole course of his future in basketball. As a junior, Bird was six feet three; by the time he was a senior, he had grown four inches. There are countless six-foot-three players in high



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school. A six-foot-seven player is quite a different commodity. The new Springs Valley coach, Gary Holland, made the most of his new big man, playing him at both center and forward. Bird finished the season with an average of 30.6 points and twenty rebounds a game. More than two hundred college coaches got in touch with him. He finally narrowed the field down to three colleges—Indiana University, Purdue University, and Indiana State University. Indiana's celebrated coach Bobby Knight personally came down several times to scout Bird, but this had very little to do with Bird's decision to go to Indiana. He chose it because Bloomington, where Indiana University was situated, was near home, about fifty miles away; he had liked the Indiana basketball players who visited him in French Lick; and he thought that Indiana would have one of the top teams in the country in the years ahead. Twenty-four days after Bird arrived in Bloomington in the fall of 1974, he returned to French Lick. He hadn't felt at all at home at Indiana University. The classes were extremely large. Most of the fellows he met looked at life differently from the way he did. He thought he had made a mistake. Not long after he returned home, his father died suddenly. His mother and her mother, Lizzie Kerns, were faced with the task of holding the family together. To bring in some money, Larry painted park benches for the sanitation department, drove a garbage truck, and worked for a construction company. In the fall of 1975, at the urging of his mother and grandmother, Bird entered Indiana State University, in Terre Haute. Bob King, the new director of athletics at I.S.U., was intent on building a winning basketball team, as he had previously done at the University of New Mexico, and one of King's assistants, Bill Hodges, had been particularly assiduous in his visits to French Lick.

Bird made a successful adjustment to Indiana State. In one respect, that wasn't easy. As a transfer student, he could practice with the team his first year but could not play in its games. He spent that year trying to build up his defensive skills in scrimmages against the varsity. The next year, he was eligible to play for the Sycamores, as the college's athletic teams are called. As a member of the Missouri Valley Conference, Indiana State lacked the glamour of Indiana, Purdue, and Notre Dame, the state's best-known colleges, but its student body and the people of Terre Haute were certain that if Bird lived up to what they had heard about him Indiana State would soon be known throughout the country. In the first game of the 1976-77 season, Indiana State defeated the Brazilian national team, and Bird made a successful début, scoring thirty-one points along with fifteen rebounds and eight assists. He rang up forty-two points against Butler, forty-seven against the University of Missouri at St. Louis, and forty-five against Loyola of Chicago, but it was his team consciousness and all-around play that led Indiana State to its best season ever—twenty-five wins and only two losses. In addition, Indiana State received for the first time a post-season bid to a major college tournament; it was asked to play in the National Invitation Tournament. It lost its first game to Houston, a perennial powerhouse, by a single point, but the Sycamores had established a national identity.

Although Indiana State had a disappointing season in 1977-78, Bird became the most publicized college

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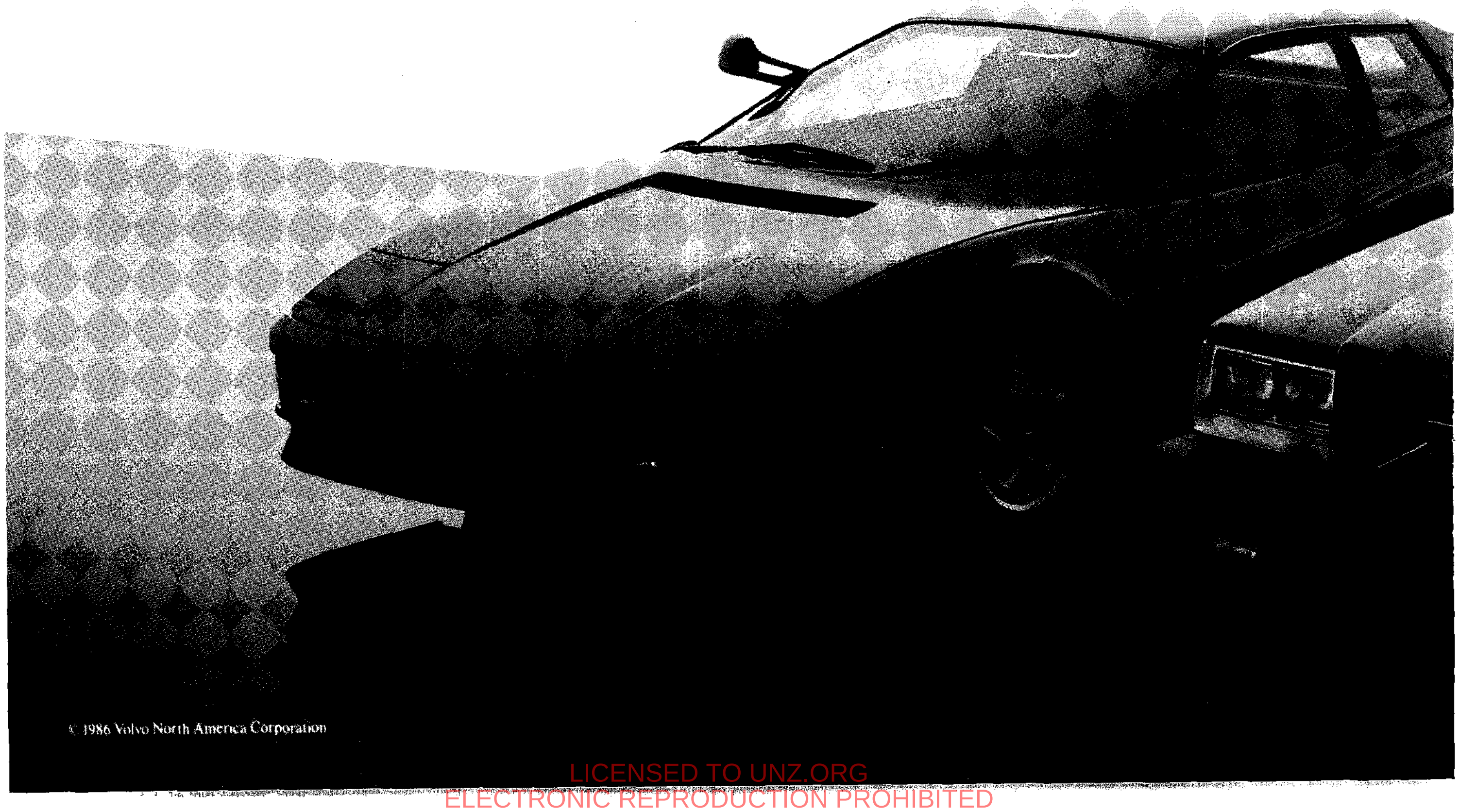

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player in the country. He scored an average of thirty points in thirty-two games, and his passing and defensive play had become even more impressive. Fame changed him little. On the campus, his usual outfit was a T-shirt, jeans, and sneakers, and a Caterpillar Tractor cap stuck over his straw-colored hair. The big fear at Indiana State was that Bird might decide to pass up his senior year. The students he had started with at Indiana University were now seniors, and, as such, the athletes in the class were eligible to be drafted by professional teams. When the Celtics drafted Bird in the first round, he made it clear that he wanted to finish college and get his degree. Auerbach told the press that the Celtics were well aware that Bird was in his junior year at Indiana State, and that they would gladly wait until he graduated before trying to sign him.

Bird made his senior year a banner one. Several times during its regular season, Indiana State, a well-balanced team, was in peril of losing, but it won all twenty-six of its games. It was ranked No. 1 in the country by the Associated Press and United Press International. After the regular season was over, Indiana State defeated New Mexico State in the Missouri Valley Conference title game, but in the heavy going in the second half Bird's left thumb was broken. He was ready to play, nevertheless, when Indiana State went to Lawrence, Kansas, and, in the University of Kansas's Allen Field House, defeated Virginia Tech 86–69, in the second round of the Midwest Regionals of the N.C.A.A. Championship. Four days later, in the next round of the Midwest Regionals, at the Riverfront Coliseum, in Cincinnati, Indiana State defeated Oklahoma 93–72. In the Sycamores' next test, again in the Riverfront Coliseum, against Arkansas, Sidney Moncrief held Bird fairly well in check, but they pulled out a tough one, 73–71. This win qualified them for the Final Four, the semifinal round of the N.C.A.A. Championship, in which they met the Blue Demons, of DePaul, in the University of Utah's Special Events Center, in Salt Lake City. With less than a minute to go, Indiana State was down 74–73, but it came through. Bobby Heaton scored on a pass from Carl Nicks, and Leroy Staley made good on a foul shot. Final score: Indiana State 76, DePaul 74. Bird had a terrific game. Bad thumb and all, he had made sixteen of nineteen shots from the floor and had grabbed sixteen rebounds. Indiana State was now in the finals. The team had won thirty-three straight games—something that no college team had ever done in a single season—but its opponent, Michigan State, was favored by six points. The fact that Bird's thumb was still bothering him had not escaped the insiders, and they figured that under the circumstances Michigan State's two stars, Greg Kelser and Earvin (Magic) Johnson, would be too much for Indiana State to handle. Kelser and Johnson covered Bird so tightly that it was difficult for his teammates to get the ball to him. At halftime, Michigan State was up by nine points. Indiana State managed to close the margin to six points, but then Michigan State took charge again. The final score was Michigan State 75, Indiana State 64. Kelser and Johnson had held Bird to two assists and seven field goals.

Over the long season, everyone connected with the Indiana State team had done a lot of growing up. Bird, who had stopped speaking to the press after he was badly misquoted in an

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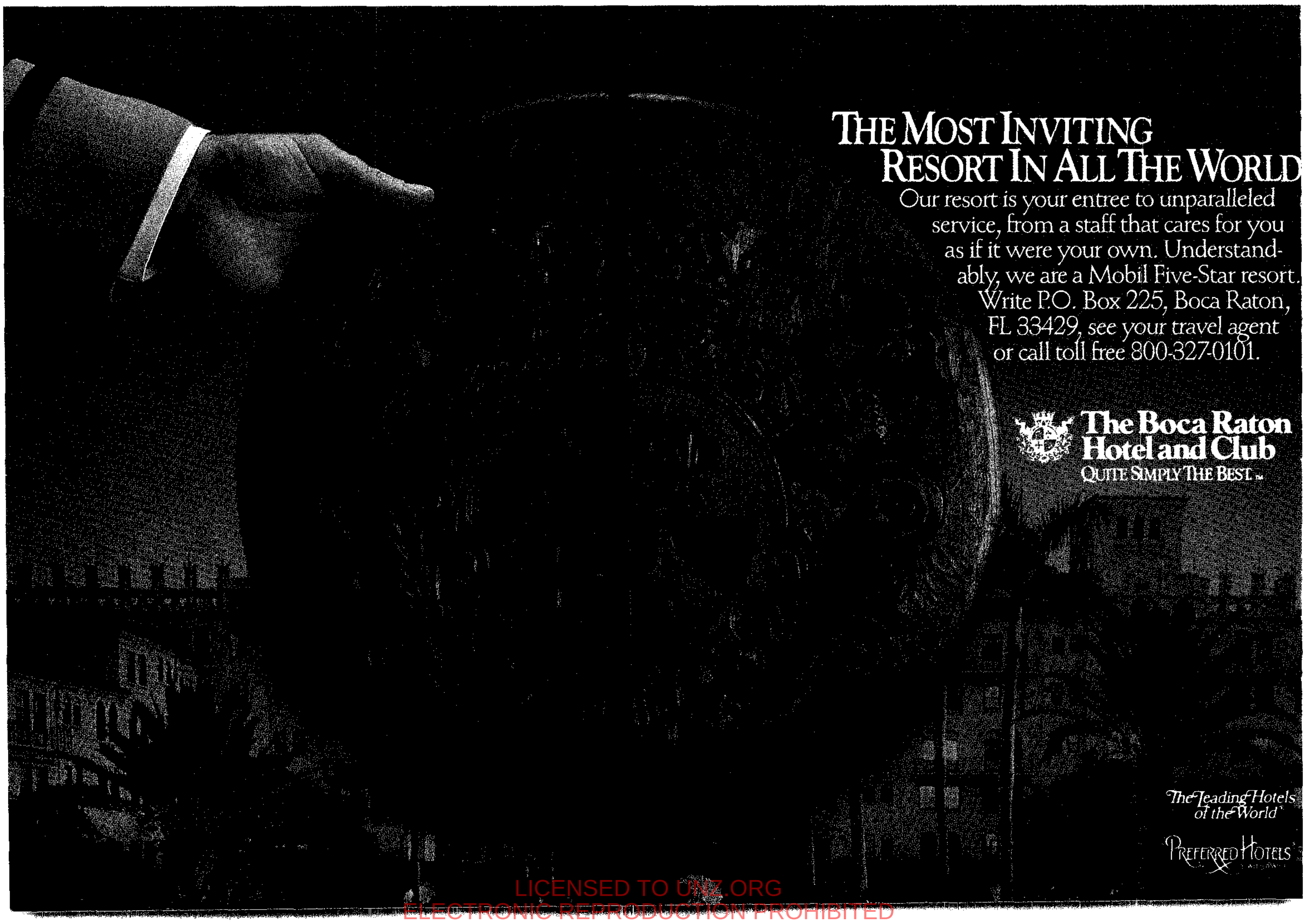
interview, had learned how to handle that situation and others much better. He did, however, insist on reminding the writers that there were many accomplished players on the Indiana State team. When the Sycamores returned to Terre Haute, five thousand fans were at the airport to meet them. After Bob King, the director of athletics, and Bill Hodges, his successor as the basketball coach, had spoken, Bird was introduced. He got off a couple of rather good one-liners, and as he raised the runners-up trophy he summed the situation up nicely: "I'd like to present this so-called second-place trophy to the community of Terre Haute, the student body, and anyone else who thought we'd be here."

The coming together of the townspeople of Terre Haute and the Indiana State basketball teams that had brought them three exultant winters had a heartwarming conclusion. King and Hodges wanted to be sure that Bird, the College Player of the Year in 1978–79 and twice an All-America choice, was rewarded with more than plaques and hurrahs. They formed a committee of Terre Haute's leading citizens to talk with each of sixty or so agents who wanted to handle Bird's negotiations with the Celtics. After interviewing all of them, the committee thought that Bird would be best served by Bob Woolf, a Boston lawyer who had represented such Boston sports heroes as Carl Yastrzemski, John Havlicek, and Jim Plunkett. On June 8, 1979, in the Celtics' offices, next to the Boston Garden, Bird signed a five-year contract for three and a quarter million dollars. This made him the highest-paid rookie in the history of the N.B.A. Bird and Woolf became close friends. Bird arranged to buy a house next door to Woolf's in the suburb of Brookline. Later on, he bought a summer home on Cape Cod next to Woolf's place. What sort of fellow is Bird, essentially? Well, after he mows his own lawn he then goes over and mows Woolf's.

IN the autumn of 1981, when Bird returned to Boston for his third year with the Celtics, the defending champions of the N.B.A., every one of the seats in the Boston Garden—15,320, including those behind pillars—was sold out for the opening game. More to the point, every seat for every home game that year was sold out. Indeed, there hasn't been a Celtics game at the Boston Garden in the last five years that hasn't been sold out. Most observers attribute this long run of sold-out games to Bird's astonishing virtuosity and the leading role he has played in making the Celtics once again a spirited, exciting team, which has been in contention for the championship just about every year since he came to Boston. Some observers view the matter differently. As they see it, during the nineteen-seventies and the first half of the nineteen-eighties just about all the top stars that emerged in the N.B.A. were black athletes. These observers regard the remarkable attendance at the Celtics games since 1980 as stemming from the fact that the fans can identify with Bird, the first white superstar to arrive since the early nineteen-seventies. (They also point out that, whereas some N.B.A. teams have only one white player and many have only two or three, the Celtics, with Bird, Kevin McHale, Danny Ainge, Scott Wedman, Greg Kite, and Rick Carlisle on their roster in



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recent years, are the only team in the N.B.A. that has been made up of such a high percentage of white players. This year, the Celtics have added two more whites—Bill Walton, the old U.C.L.A. star center, and Jerry Sichting, a guard obtained from the Indiana Pacers.) This viewpoint may have a certain validity, but I do not believe that it is the underlying reason Bird and the Celtics have set attendance records at home and on the road. As I see it, the explanation is that Bird's arresting over-all concept of basketball and his sturdy execution of it have made the Celtics games tremendously exciting to watch. The recent Celtics teams, which were coached through the 1982-83 season by Bill Fitch and have since been coached by K. C. Jones, have been a fairly direct reflection of Bird's approach to basketball. Bird thinks that a team that expects to win must be able to work the ball patiently on the offense but must also take advantage of every possible opening to whip the ball fast up the court and score. It must be opportunistic. When it has the ball, it must also see to it that it gives the opposing team few chances to turn mistakes into interceptions, steals, long lead passes, or offensive rebounds that can result in quick baskets and, sometimes, command of the game. With his extraordinary sense of basketball, Bird is all over the court, helping to double-team opposing players; stealing the ball, because he can anticipate an individual's moves and has very fast hands; and flinging himself onto the floor to recover loose balls. Few stars have deigned to bruise their bodies the way Bird has. He does this because he thinks that in basketball all-out continuous effort wins games.

Bird gives a good deal of attention to learning the abilities and the moves of the man he is guarding. For example, he is extremely active when he is playing a man who during his team's half-court pattern of offense frequently positions himself so that he is able to take a shot from just beyond the foul line—that is, from just beyond the last two inches of the painted area. (The painted area—"the paint," as it is generally referred to—is a rectangle that is sixteen feet wide and extends nineteen feet into the court. It was devised to prevent players from clogging this important zone. Unless a player is scrambling for a free ball in that area, it is a rule violation for any player with or without the ball to remain in the painted area for longer than three seconds. When the referee blows his whistle to signal a violation, the other team gets possession of the ball and puts it in play from the sideline.) If you watch Bird when he is guarding a player who sometimes likes to shoot from just beyond the paint, you will see him often dart into the paint for a second or two, because if the shot is taken despite his having covered the player he is in an excellent position to get the rebound. There are times, though, when the referee, believing that Bird has been in the paint too long when no shot has been taken, blows his whistle for a violation by the Celtics for illegal defense.

At six feet nine, Bird isn't exceptionally tall as rebounders go, but then rebounding is largely instinctive. When Joe DiMaggio played center field for the Yankees, after a pitch was hit by the batter all that DiMaggio needed to do was to take in twenty or thirty feet of the arc of the ball before turning his back to the plate and running to the exact spot where, on turning around, he would be perfectly positioned to catch the ball. On a smaller scale, Bird has the same knack for reading where a rebound will go. All he has to see is a couple of yards of the ball's parabola to have a good idea of where the ball will strike the backboard, the rim of the basket, or both, and where it is likely to come down. This accounts for the high number of defensive rebounds he gets in every game, even though there are taller players and more remarkable jumpers: he just knows where he should go, he beats other players to that spot, and his timing in going up for the ball is exceptional. Bird is not notably fast, either, but when the situation demands it he can burst for five or six yards as swiftly as any man his size.

Bird's offensive skills are superior to most players' because, though he is naturally right-handed, he has made himself ambidextrous. He can, after years of practice, dribble and shoot, both on the run and in close, as well with his left hand as with his right. He has all the shots: the basic jump shot, the set shot from relatively far out, the little two-handed shovel shot from twelve feet out, the conventional lay-up and the reverse lay-up, the twenty-four-foot or longer three-point shot from the corners and from far out (which he makes as frequently as anyone in the league), and the fall-away jumper on which he steps back and leans farther back as he shoots. On most of his set shots and jumpers, he shoots right-handed. In pressureful situations, he has been a very accurate shooter from the field and from the foul line as well.

d. ehrenberg

However, what sets Bird apart from any other contemporary player is his natural bent for building plays and finding the open man. When he comes dribbling up the court with either his left or right hand, or when, as the right forward, he has gone deep into the Celtics' offensive zone and, after the guards have brought the ball up the court, he has rotated toward the right-center of the court and received the ball there, he takes in almost instantly the position of the nine other men on the court. He knows from experience the moves his teammates will be making. Seconds later, he can spot whether teammate A, B, C, or D is the likeliest to gain a step on the man guarding him. Let us say that teammate C, for example, looks as if he would be breaking free in a second or two. In this case, Bird may change the direction of his dribble so that he will be in the best position to be able to hit that teammate—who may be behind him or far across the court—with a good pass that is easy to handle. Quite often, since he may throw in a head fake in the act of passing, the ball will go not to the man he seems to have in mind but to a teammate whom he apparently hasn't even seen. These blind passes often result in close-in field goals, because Bird is often able to get the ball to a teammate just when that player wants it. A high percentage of his passes to Kevin McHale and Robert Parish, the two tallest men in the usual starting five, are made when they wheel from the left into the paint toward the basket with their arms upraised, and these passes come at the perfect speed and angle to be easily handled by the two beanpoles, who like to put the ball up with their right hand. The true reason there have been so many full houses in the Boston Garden, I believe, is Bird's whole approach to the game, and especially the fascinating way he sets up scoring plays, as Cousy and Orr did before him. His magnificent understanding of basketball and his execution both on offense and defense are thrilling to the fan who knows the game and has seen it degenerate in the big-man era into repetitive pick plays, solo drives toward the basket undertaken intentionally to draw fouls, man-on-man skirmishes, long-distance shooting, and players running out of control into other players out of control. It should, of course, be added that Bird is equally effective in carrying out the moves he is supposed to make on plays called by either of the two guards. He knows when to shoot, when to ad lib until an opening appears, and when to pass the ball to a player who isn't guarded as closely as he is.

FROM his first season on, Bird, because of his spirit and the quality of his play, was looked up to as one of the leaders of the Celtics, and when Dave Cowens, the team's veteran center, retired at the beginning of the following season Bird's role as the team leader was defined more sharply. Aside from Cowens, the Celtics' only other legitimate star at that time was Nate (Tiny) Archibald, whose penetrating drives to the basket constituted an invaluable part of the Celtics' offense. The acquisition of Bird had been the second in a series of astute trades and draft selections by Auerbach—still very active as the Celtics' general manager—as he quickly rebuilt the aging team into a vigorous challenger. His first move of consequence had been selecting Cedric Maxwell, a tall, rugged forward from the University of North Carolina at Charlotte, as his first-round pick in the 1977 draft. A somewhat limited player but a dogged rebounder and a dependable foul shooter, Maxwell fitted in well with the team that Auerbach was putting together. Auerbach's key move, of course, was drafting Bird in 1978 for delivery in 1979. Then, in the spring of 1980, he used his first-round draft pick to select McHale, an agile six-foot-ten center from the University of Minnesota. During McHale's first five years with the Celtics, he was a superb sixth man for the team; he usually replaced Maxwell at forward.

In June, 1980, when Cowens' retirement seemed imminent, Auerbach somehow managed to get from the Golden State Warriors the big center he needed—Robert Parish, an agile seven-footer. In exchange, the Warriors received a couple of first-round draft picks. In 1981, Auerbach used a second-round pick to draft Danny Ainge. This was a risky move, inasmuch as Ainge had played professional baseball, with the Toronto Blue Jays, during his summer vacations from college. After Ainge had decided that he could not hit big-league pitching, he joined the Celtics in the fall of 1981, and gradually blossomed into a valuable guard. Early in 1983, Archibald's last year with the Celtics, Auerbach acquired Scott Wedman, a six-foot-seven forward with a great jump shot, in a trade that sent Darren Tillis and an undisclosed amount of cash to the Cleveland Cavaliers. In June of that year, Auerbach got a talented and experienced starting guard, Dennis Johnson, from the Phoenix Suns in exchange for Rick Robey, a back-up center. A deeper bench would have been desirable, but Auerbach's artful series of moves had made the Celtics once again a team to be respected.

Last September, in an effort to strengthen his bench, Auerbach came up with Bill Walton, the U.C.L.A. star, in a deal with the Los Angeles Clippers that sent Maxwell, a first-round draft pick, and an undisclosed amount of cash to the Clippers. As a matter of fact, it was Walton who approached Auerbach. He had been a Celtics fan as a boy growing up in San Diego, and he still was. When he first asked Auerbach, in the summer of 1984, about the possibilities of his joining the Celtics, he still figured in the Clippers' plans, and there was nothing that could be done. In the summer of 1985, however, Walton had become a free agent, and when he again got in touch with Auerbach, that skillful trader went right to work. By this time, Auerbach, like everyone else, knew that the broken bone in Walton's left foot, which at one time had kept him out of action for three full seasons and parts of others, had healed well and that he could still play very effectively. (By this time, Walton had also recovered from an infatuation with the American counter-culture. After arriving in Boston, he decided to make his home in Cambridge, the only Celtic in recent years to opt for that university town.) If Walton could even approximate his old form, this

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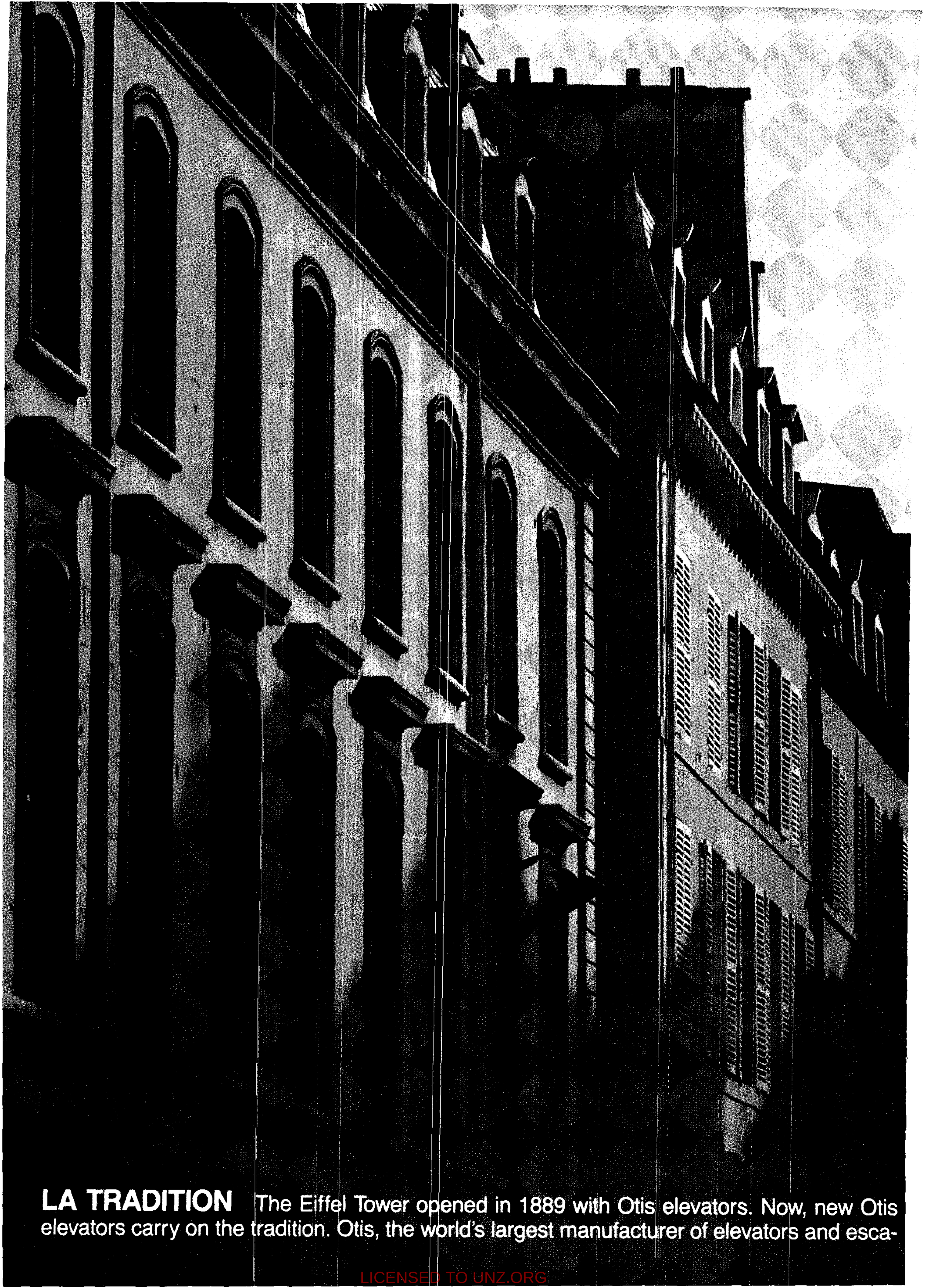

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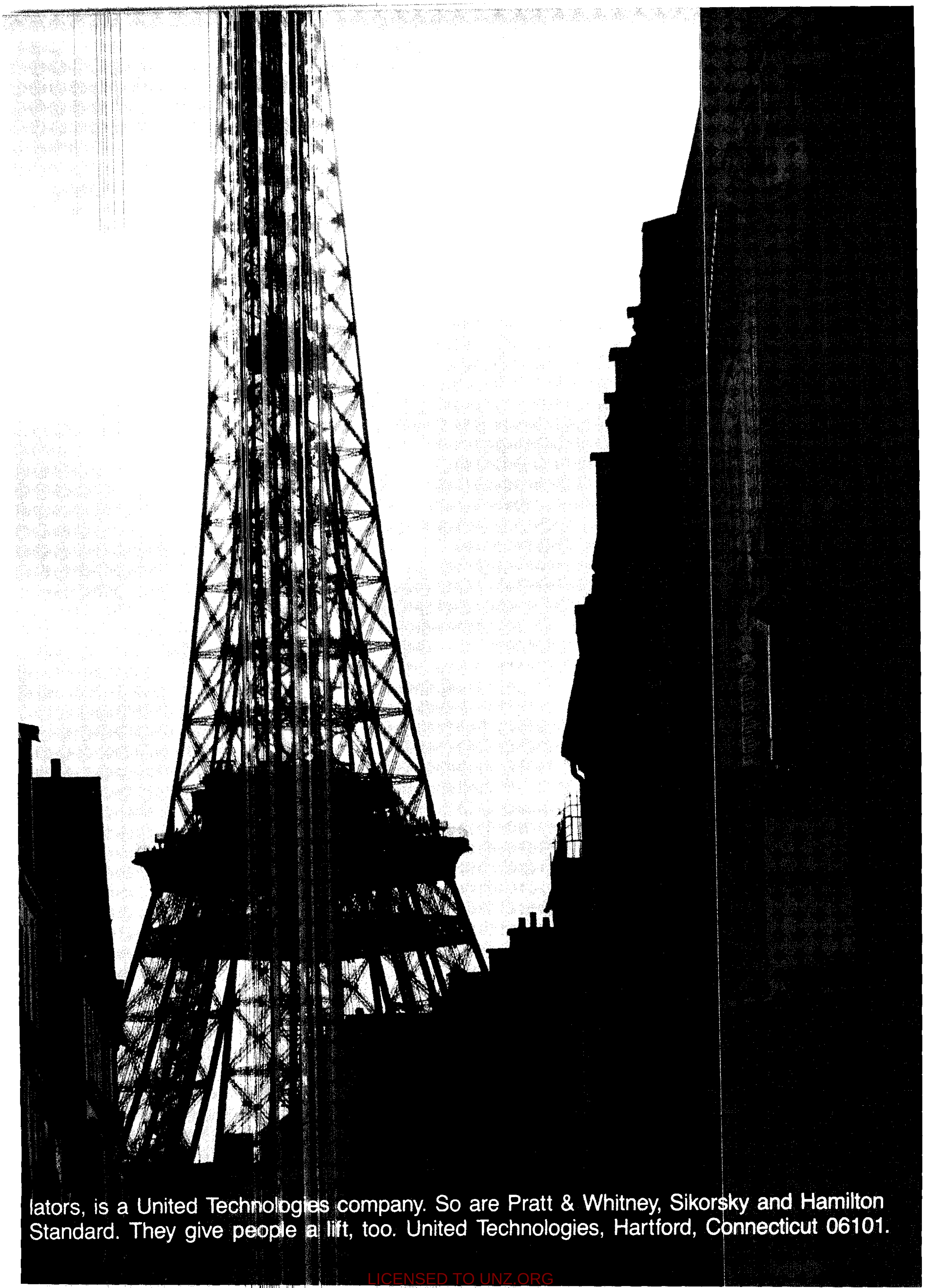

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would help the Celtics no end. Although the rest of the team's bench were not playing as well as hoped for, the general feeling was that in time they would and that the Celtics would be able to remain competitive with the two teams that have continually given them trouble—the Philadelphia 76ers, of the Atlantic Division of the Eastern Conference, and the Los Angeles Lakers, of the Pacific Division of the Western Conference. The Sixers had been built around Julius (Dr. J.) Erving, a spectacular forward, whom they purchased in 1976 from the New York Nets (later, the New Jersey Nets), which joined the N.B.A. upon the dissolution of the American Basketball Association. Erving is supported by Maurice Cheeks and Bobby Jones, two able veterans; by the dangerous Andrew Toney and Charles Barkley; and, most notably, by Moses Malone, a burly giant of a center, whom they obtained from Houston in 1982. The Lakers count primarily on their old war-horse Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, now in his seventeenth year in the N.B.A., and on Earvin (Magic) Johnson, James Worthy, Byron Scott, and Michael Cooper, who run the fastest fast-break offense the game has ever seen.

IN 1981-82, Bird's third season with the Celtics, he again kept reminding the fans who filled the Boston Garden and the league's other arenas—not to mention the increasing thousands who caught him on television—how imaginative and enthralling a well-played basketball game can be. He was always improvising something new and unexpected. For example, there was his drive to the basket in heavy traffic when he did not lay the ball up off the backboard with his right hand but swerved to his left under the basket and cradled the ball up backward with his left hand, directly into the basket. Or there was Bird bringing up a defensive rebound, spotting McHale moving unguarded past mid-court, and instantly flinging a bee-line pass that McHale pulled in just a step before he could go up and drop the ball into the basket. People began to realize how unselfish a player Bird was. Many times when he could have scored, he passed the ball to a teammate close by. During the regular season, the Celtics won sixty-three games and lost only nineteen. In the playoffs, they eliminated the Washington Bullets with little trouble in the semifinals of the Eastern Conference, winning four out of five games. The conference final, against the Philadelphia Sixers, was a different story. The Sixers won three of the first four games, two of them by wide margins. The Celtics, physically outmanned, fought back and managed to win the next two games. However, the Sixers took the decisive seventh game, 120–106. They were full of confidence as they faced the Lakers once again in the N.B.A. Championship Series, but the Lakers—put together by the team's general manager, Bill Sharman, who had been Cousy's old running mate, and ably coached by Pat Riley—defeated the Sixers soundly, four games to two.

The following season, 1982-83, the Celtics were a discernibly weaker team. Their record during the regular season, fifty-six wins against twenty-six losses, wasn't especially bad, but the playoffs showed how fragile the team really was. In the Eastern Conference quarterfinals, the Celtics ousted the Atlanta Hawks by winning two games out of three, but this was hardly a notable achievement. They then met the Milwaukee Bucks, coached by Don Nelson, a former Celtics sixth man, in the semifinals of the Eastern Conference playoffs. The Bucks blew them out in four straight games. In the Eastern Conference final, the Bucks were beaten by the Sixers, and the Sixers, who in the previous three years had twice been repulsed by the Lakers in the N.B.A. Championship Series, at last defeated them, to give Philadelphia its first league title in sixteen years.

The Celtics' mediocre regular season in 1982-83 and their collapse in the playoffs could be traced primarily to internal troubles in the front office. These were at length straightened out, but in the meantime Fitch, who had done a very good job during his four seasons as the team's coach, decided to resign. He was replaced by the steady, soft-spoken former Celtics back-court star K. C. Jones, who had been an assistant coach under Fitch and Fitch's immediate predecessors.

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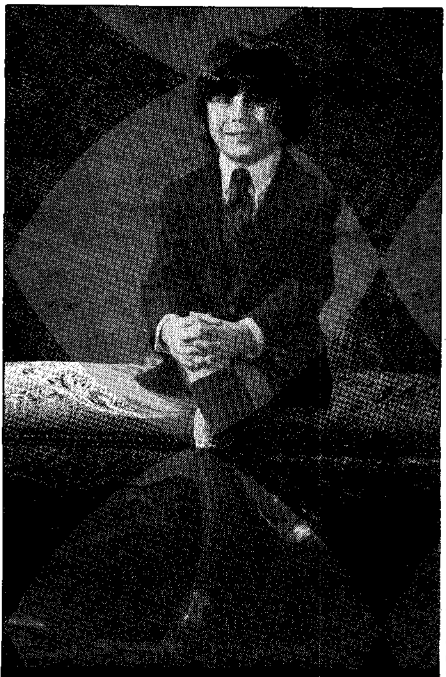
The quality of Bird's play had been one of the few bright spots in the 1982-83 season. He increased his scoring average to 23.6 points a game during the regular season, and was picked for the All-N.B.A. first team for the fourth consecutive year. It was typical of Bird that he took the Celtics' breakdown very much to heart. That summer, back in French Lick, he worked harder than he ever had before to get himself into the best physical condition possible. He was up at six in the morning and went on long runs. He had earlier had an asphalt basketball court constructed not far from a house he had built for his mother, and now he worked out on it as much as five hours a day. He was determined to do his part in helping turn the Celtics around. Winning isn't everything, but it is better than losing when you have the sort of job in which the constant travel and the unrelieved attention of the media can fray your patience. Not only is Boston a rabid sports town but all of New England often behaves like a province unto itself—like Quebec, say—and can be exceedingly emotional and possessive about its athletic heroes. In the process, the fans unwittingly deprive their heroes of the privacy they need.

In the 1983-84 season, strengthened by the addition of Dennis Johnson and Scott Wedman, the Celtics bounced back and finished first in the Eastern Conference, with a record of sixty-two victories and twenty losses. They went on to eliminate Washington in the quarterfinal round of the conference playoffs, and then outlasted the New York Knickerbockers in a tough conference semifinal series, which went the full seven games. They squared accounts with the Milwaukee Bucks by beating them four times in five games in the conference final, and then they regained the N.B.A. Championship by defeating the Lakers four games to three in a taut, dramatic series. In the end, Bird was the difference. He was voted both the league's Most Valuable Player during the regular season, and the M.V.P. of the playoffs. He averaged 27.5 points a game during the final four rounds, but, more to the point, when some-



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thing had to be done in the final series to stabilize the Celtics, he made the big defensive play, he sank the critical free throws from the foul line, he hampered the Lakers' fast break by stealing the outlet pass or harassing the man who was supposed to receive it, or he patiently directed the Boston offense. The harder the going, the more he contributed. He was undoubtedly the best all-around player in the game, but this didn't satisfy some people. They thought he was nothing less than the best player in the game's history. The previous autumn, the Celtics had signed him to a new six-year contract, which would pay him in the vicinity of two million dollars a year. "Money has never really bothered me," Bird told the press at the time. "You've still got to go out and produce. Just because I got the big contract, I'm not going to lie down and say, 'O.K., guys, go to work.' Something like this just makes me want to try harder than ever. . . . I hope I don't change. I wasn't poor before I signed this contract. Just because I got a few more dollars in my pocket doesn't mean I'm better than anyone else."

Judith Shahn

During the summer before the 1984-85 season, Bird had worked on his shooting, and it showed: he had what many old basketball hands regard as the best season that any N.B.A. player has ever had. One should remember when studying his statistics that they were achieved by a player who was continually being double-teamed and occasionally triple-teamed, for the Celtics' opponents knew that the surest way to stop them was to gang up on Bird, so that when he had the ball he would not be in a position to shoot, drive, or pass off in a telling way to a teammate. Briefly, here are some of the wonders he was still able to accomplish in 1984-85: On January 27th, against the Portland Trail Blazers, in Boston, he won a seemingly lost game by sinking a field goal on a circus shot from so deep in the left-hand corner that he had to arch the ball over a corner of the backboard. It went in just as the buzzer sounded, and made the final score 128–127. Two nights later, when the Celtics played the Detroit Pistons, at the Hartford Civic Center, Bird won the game, 131–130, by sinking a running right-hander that he banked off the backboard with two seconds left to play. During the season, he had eight triple-double games. What is a triple-double? A new term, coined by the addicts of basketball, it derives from the ancient recognition that if a player scores ten or more points he is in double figures. A triple-double signifies that a player has scored ten or more points, made ten or more assists, and accounted for ten or more rebounds in a game. On February 18th, in the Salt Palace, in Salt Lake City, Bird was in a position to record a quadruple-double. At the end of the third quarter of the game, against the Utah Jazz, he had scored thirty points, assisted on ten baskets, pulled down twelve rebounds, and made nine steals. (In 1974, Nate Thurmond, of the Chicago Bulls, had posted the first quadruple-double in N.B.A. history, but his fourth category was blocked shots instead of steals. This year, Alvin Robertson, of the San Antonio Spurs, registered the second quadruple-double; his fourth category was steals.) With the game wrapped up, Coach Jones rested his regulars, but asked Bird if he wanted to go back in, so that he could set a personal record by stealing the ball one more time, but Bird, typically, waved off this opportunity. During the 1984-1985 season, he scored forty or more points in nine games. On March 12th, against the Atlanta Hawks, in the University of New Orleans' Lakefront Arena, he registered his highest N.B.A. single-game scoring total, sixty points, on twenty-two field goals (including one three-pointer) and fifteen foul shots in sixteen attempts. His points-per-game average during the regular season was 28.7—a new high for him.

Near the end of the long season, unfortunately, his physical condition became less than perfect. He had bursitis in his right elbow, the index finger of his right hand was sprained, and he was bothered on and off by a back injury. All this slowed him down a little in the playoffs. The Celtics, after edging past the Cleveland Cavaliers and the Detroit Pistons in the quarter-final and semifinal rounds of the Eastern Conference playoffs, beat the redoubtable Sixers, four games to one, in the conference final. The fifth game had gone right down to the wire: with the Celtics leading, 102–100, and five seconds to go, Bird stole the ball from Toney as he was collecting himself for a shot from the left corner of the court. In the N.B.A. Championship

Series, against the Lakers, the Celtics took the opening game with some hot shooting, but they were outraced and outplayed in four of the next five games, and had to relinquish the championship to the Lakers. Despite his injuries, Bird played a strong all-around series. The Lakers were simply the better team.

IT is always a temptation to try to indicate the effectiveness of a basketball player by emphasizing the points he scores. In Bird's case, this militates against him, for his greatness lies in his team play. There is no question that the outré passes he invents are both the most valuable and the most entrancing part of his game. Whenever Bird had a particularly shining hour at the Boston Garden, the local newspapermen vied with one another in expressing their appreciation of his play, and the writers travelling with the invading team sent home exhilarated accounts of Bird's play on his home court. For example, in mid-March last year, under the heading of "Nobody Plays the Game Better," George White, a columnist for the Houston *Chronicle*, wrote a rave review. Here is a segment from it which typifies the kind of admiration Bird elicits from all over the country:

> As much as anything, though, one play typified the difference in the way Boston plays this game, as opposed to the rest of the N.B.A.
>
> Bird was dribbling the ball near the free-throw line late in the third quarter. Reid was guarding him tightly, expecting Bird to launch himself for a quick jumper.
>
> All the while, though, Bird was watching the traffic around him. Out of the corner of his eye he saw Parish make a move toward the basket, and he saw that Akeem Olajuwon didn't have his eye on the ball.
>
> Bird deftly bounced a little pass right through Olajuwon's legs, Parish clasping it a foot from the basket. It was a thing of beauty, Parish ending the play with an easy lay-up.

OVER the last six years, I have gone to Madison Square Garden four times to see the Celtics and have watched them innumerable times on television. Early this basketball season, I decided that it certainly was time to take in a Celtics game at the Boston Garden and to have a talk with Bird.

At that point in the year, mid-November, the Celtics had a very good record, but they had yet to make their first protracted road trip and to meet some of the more talented teams in the league. This situation was reflected in the team's businesslike but assured at-

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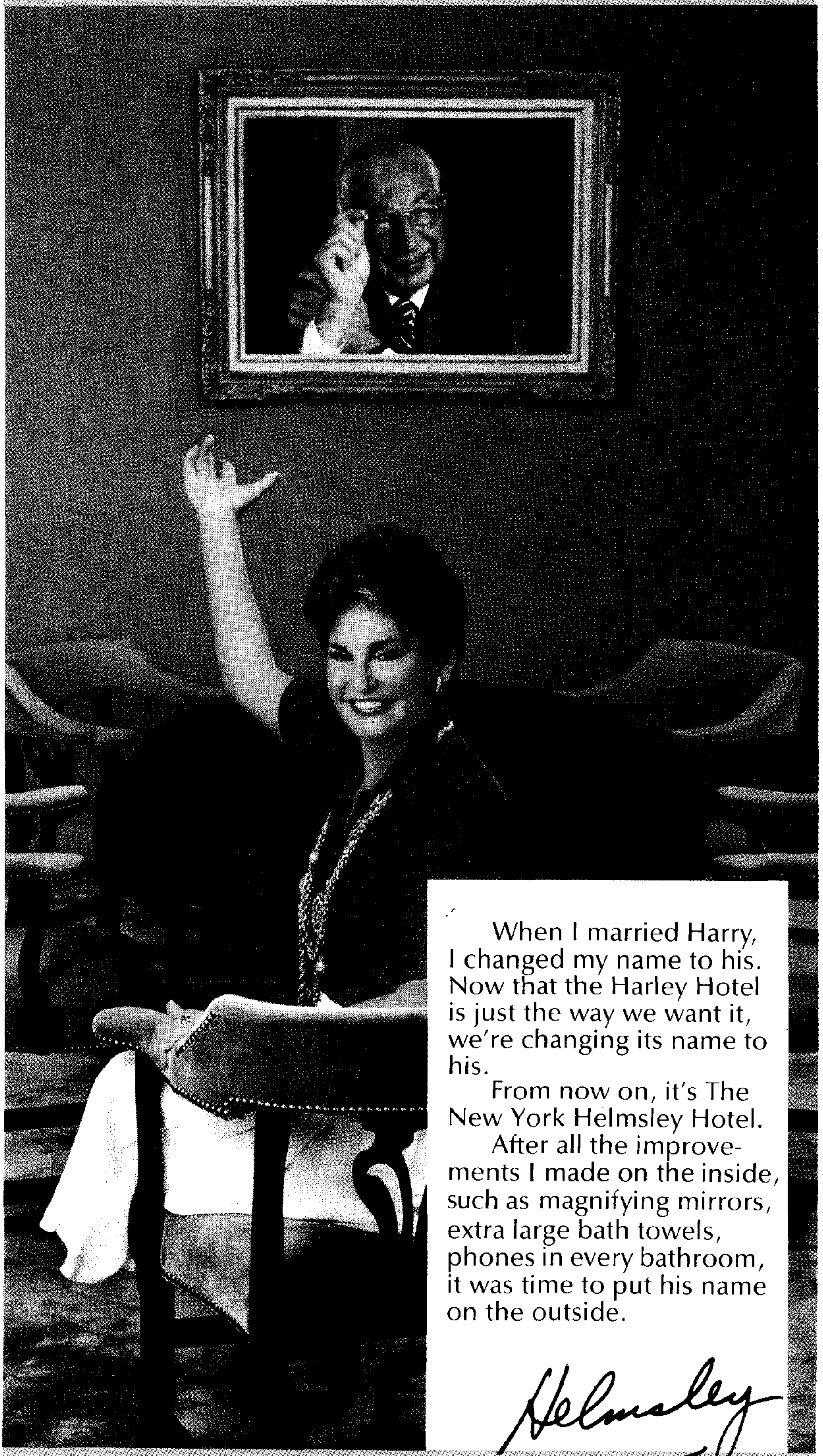

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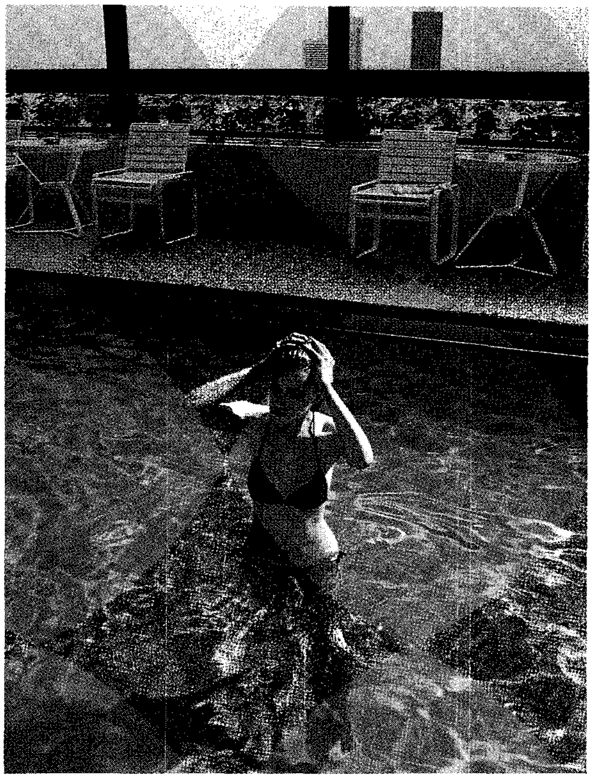

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titude when I watched a practice session the day before they were scheduled to meet the Indiana Pacers in the Garden. The last few years, the Celtics have held their practices in the gym of Hellenic College, a Greek Orthodox school that prepares most of its students for the priesthood, which is situated in Brookline, near the Fenway section of Boston, and is easier for the players to get to than the Garden. Besides, it is a beautiful gym, clean and light, with the lines and the painted area of the court gleaming a bright Aegean blue. Since this was the day before a game, the practice session was a short one—about an hour and a half. When it was finished, I had a pleasant chat with Bird. For a man of his size, he is well proportioned but not particularly muscular—a physique that seems to be characteristic of basketball players. Along with pinky-white skin and straw-colored hair, he has a light mustache, as he has had ever since college. He retains his Midwest country-boy accent and speech rhythms, has an easy manner, and reveals himself to be intelligent and worldly. He has gained a good deal of poise in his six and a half years with the Celtics. Back in 1979, in order to make it clear to people that they shouldn't expect him to be anything but himself, he used to say he was "the hick from French Lick." Our conversation was strictly about basketball, but I could easily understand a report from a friend of Bird's that when he is in the company of people he knows well he has a sense of humor in the vein of Will Rogers, another country boy. I think that probably the best way to convey the substance of our conversation is to present Bird's answers to some questions I asked him.

On passing the ball: "My high-school coach told me that a pass is no good unless the player you pass it to can receive it in shooting position. If I'm making a bounce pass, say, I try to get the ball to bounce up real smooth, so that the player can go right into the flow of his shot."

On sitting out his first year at Indiana State because he was a transfer student: "That was one of the best things that ever happened to me. My game matured a lot. I worked on my passing, my shooting, my dribbling—my over-all game. I was ready to play my sophomore year."

On the transition from college basketball to professional basketball: "I could do more things in high school and college than in the pros, because the players had weaknesses. Once you get to the pros, you've got to slow down a bit. There are other players out there who can play the game just as well as you or better. In the pros, everyone can play defense, everyone can shoot. That's the difference from college basketball."

On being able to pass the ball accurately to teammates who don't even seem to be in the play: "I think that most of those behind-the-back passes and other things I do on the court are just reactions to situations. I just read the situation. I don't think about some of the things I'm trying to do. That's where a lot of players get into trouble. When they make up their mind to do something and then the defense cuts them off, they can't adjust quick enough to do something else. That's one thing I've been good at—being able to go in there and do something without thinking about it. A lot of times, I've passed the basketball and not realized I've passed it until a moment or so later. I trust my instincts. It's just that, having played so much basketball learning the game, I can get away with a lot."

On why he is such a good rebounder: "In high school, I rebounded very well. I went after the basketball the way I do now. I was taught to box my man out way back in Biddy Basketball. A lot of players, simply because they can jump high, think they can get by without boxing out. In our league now, a great many players are not sound rebounders, because they don't know the fundamentals of the game. On rebounds, I just watch the ball when someone on the opposing team shoots. For instance, if I think it's going to be short I move to where I think the ball will come down off the rim, and most of the time I'm right. Many players do only one thing at a time. They'll come down to the basket and box out one time, and the next time they come down they'll just try to follow the ball. You've got to learn to put it all together, in quick motion."

On taking what can be the crucial shot in a game: "I think that's the most fun in basketball, because making a shot when you have to means a good deal. Lots of players can take the shot when there's one second on the clock and their team is tied. They know that if they miss it they're going into overtime anyway. But when you're down by a point in the closing seconds you can count on one hand the guys in the whole building who would take that

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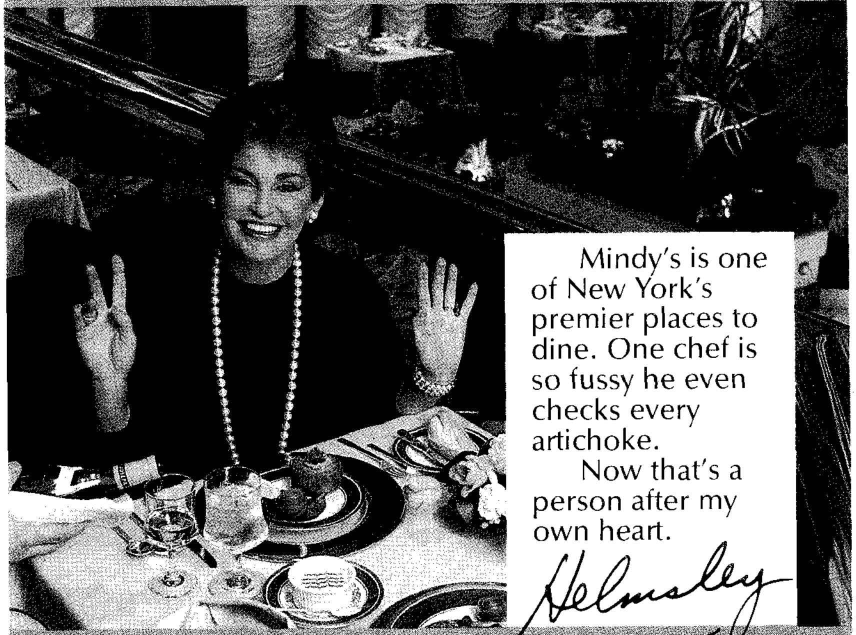

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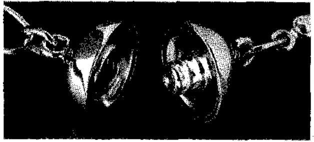

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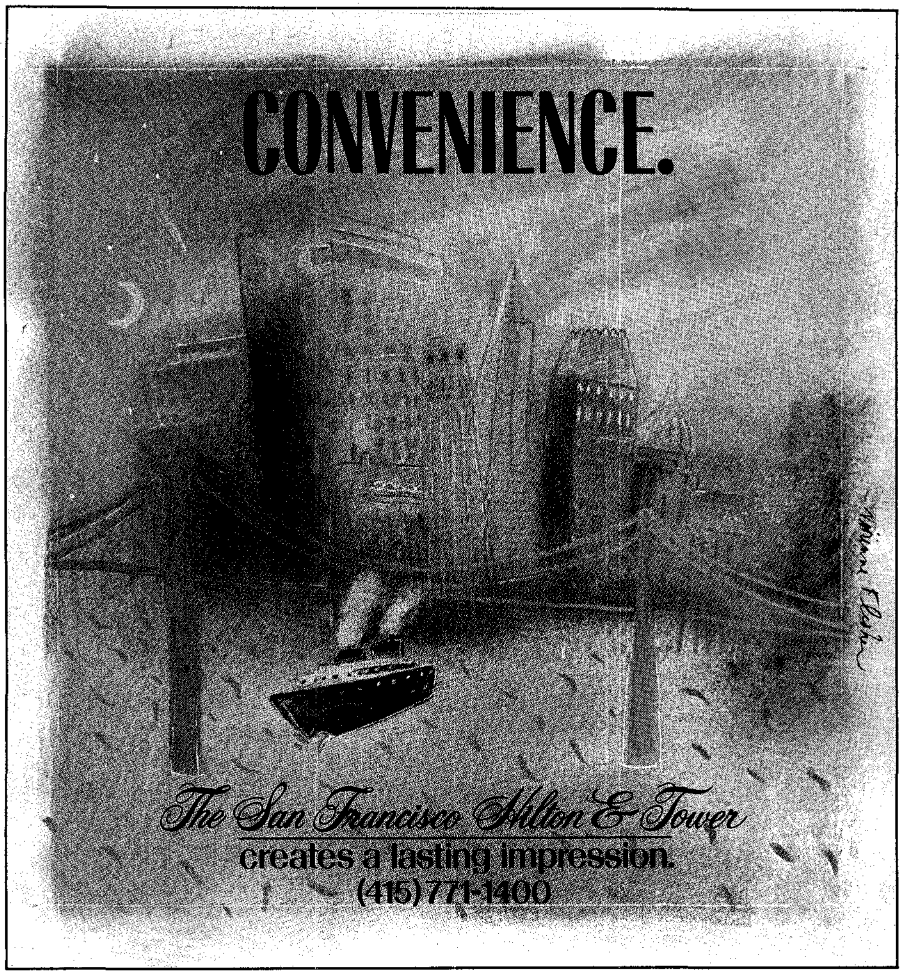
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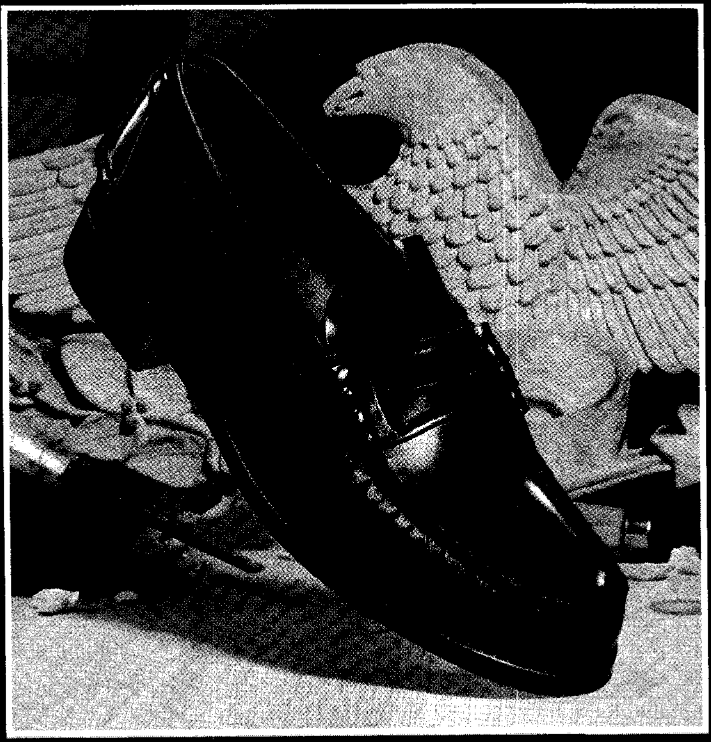
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shot, and that's a shot I like to take."

On how he manages to steal the ball so often: "On defense, you watch certain players you guard very closely, and you try to get to know some of the moves they make. Then you can play them better, and even anticipate what they're going to try to do. Even in this league, there are players who can't dribble with their left hand. Then you can take chances when you're guarding them."

On when he learned how to dribble with his left hand: "I started to experiment with it when I was five turning six, in the first grade. When I played Biddy Ball in the fourth grade, everybody learned to dribble with his left hand. It was always something among the fellows I grew up with to see who could dribble the best with his left hand. It makes you more of a threat if you can dribble the ball with both hands. If you can dribble with only one hand, it cuts the court in half."

On the two Celtics coaches he has played for: "I really respected Bill Fitch. He did a lot of good things, and he helped us win a championship. He had one of the best basketball minds of anyone who coached a team I was on. He worked harder than I did, and I appreciated that. I like K.C. He's been around the game for a long time. He's been a player. He knows what's going on. He tells us what he wants done, and we try to do it. K.C. lets the players have some input, and I'm all for that. He also led us to a championship."

On the offense in general: "We try to do what our coach wants us to do. If K.C. calls this or that play, we run it the way he wants it. We come off the pick he wants. If I get the ball when a play breaks down, I sort of make up my own mind what I'll do. It's pretty much what the defense gives me. If the guy playing me doesn't want me to go left, I'm not going to go left, I'm going right. If he gives me a jump shot, I'm going to take it. If he gives me the drive, I've got to take it. If someone's open underneath, I've got to make that pass. Basketball's a very simple game. When you start to think about what you're going to do out there, that's when you start getting in trouble."

On whether or not he has a pictorial memory: "On a basketball court, I do. I can play in a game and when we watch it later I can tell you throughout the rerun everything that's going to happen next. If we run the film of the game a week later, I can still tell you what's going to happen. But a year after the game I wouldn't be able to."

On his back injury: "I hurt it in a game near the end of the regular season last year. I didn't have the time to let it heal. This past summer, when I was jogging on a golf course, I hurt it again, and I didn't have any treatment for it. Everyone started saying that my career was over. You're the best player they've seen until you come down with an injury, and then they keep saying, 'Bird is getting too old.' My back is starting to feel great. My attitude is fine. I want to see if I can develop into a better basketball player."

On his reputation for being the first player to arrive for practice and the last to leave: "I try to get to practice before anyone else does. There's a difference between being the first player to get to the locker room and the first one who gets out on the floor and starts practicing. We've had some players who'd arrive here two hours before practice starts, and they'd be the last ones to leave the locker room for practice. I'm the kind of guy who gets here an hour before practice because I want to warm up and practice my shooting before anyone else is out on the court. When we have a night game up here, I like to get to the Garden two hours before the game starts. I go out on the floor by myself and shoot a lot. I practice shooting foul shots, three-point shots from the corners and from out in front, my fallaway shot, and whatever else I feel I should spend some time on."

On what a superior player has to be able to do: "You've got to be able to read defenses, to make quick moves, to go off reaction. You've got to work hard. The bottom line is hard work. There are plenty of guys with a lot of talent. I've seen one fellow who used to be a great player in this league. Right now, he's on his way out, and he's a very young man. It's all because he puts so little effort into practicing. He'll work hard while the coach is conducting practice. After the practice, he's gone. He never works on his free throws, his jump shot, his dribble, or his moves, and he's paying for it now."

On how he feels after playing a good game or a stretch of good games: "It makes you feel great. It gives you a sense of gratification. It makes you aware that you must keep on practicing hard. Once you're labelled the best, you want to stay the best. Once you've got yourself on that plateau,

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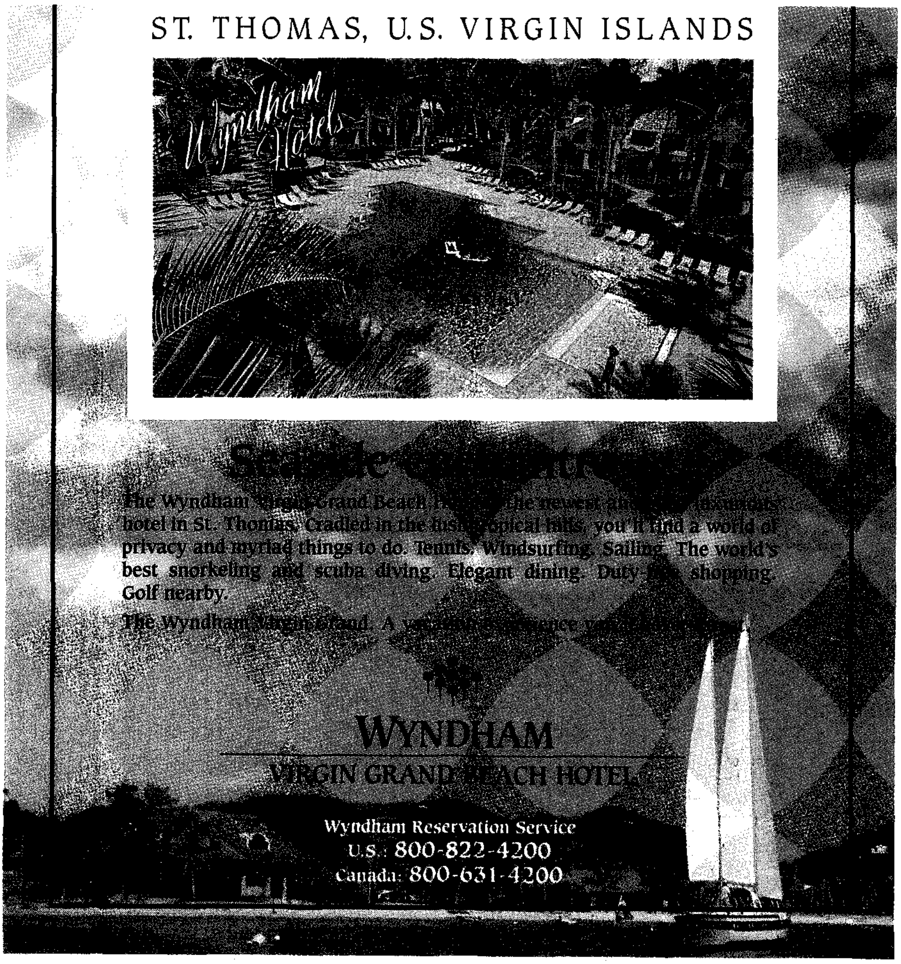

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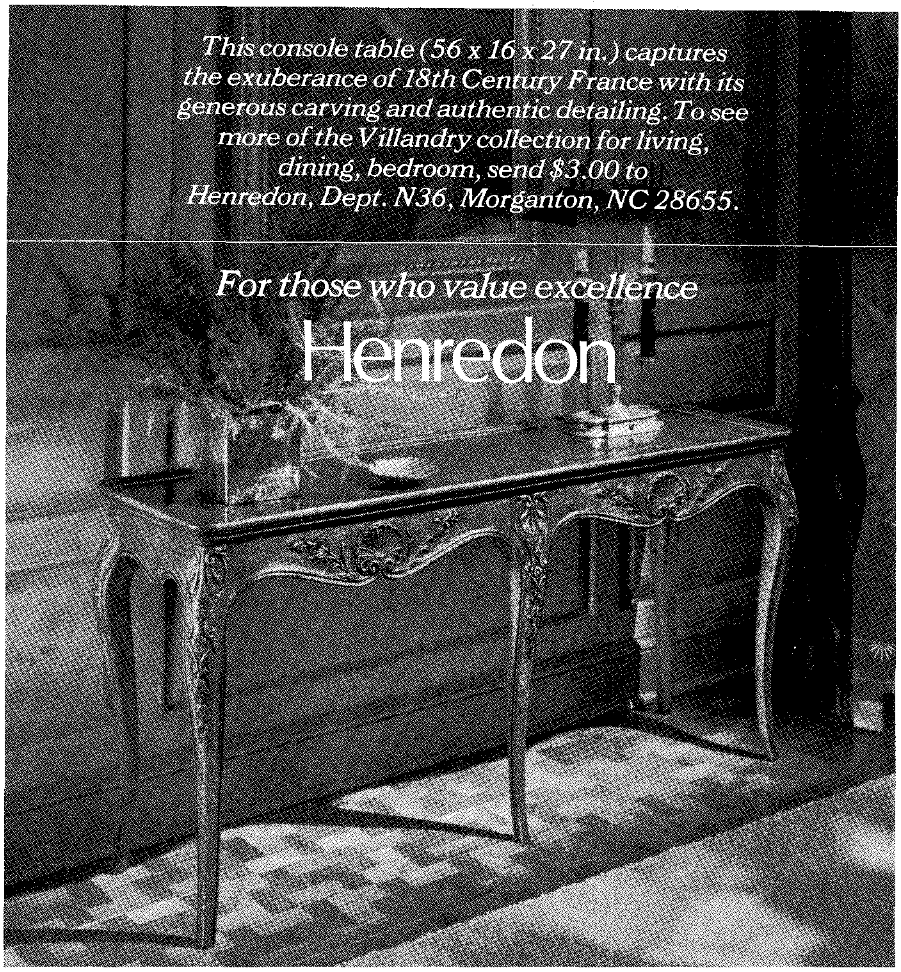
you don't want to get knocked down. You want to stay up there, and you can't do it by loafing around."

THE next day, the Celtics were scheduled to play the Indiana Pacers, a very young team that may possibly develop into quite a good team. I got over to the Boston Garden around six-fifteen, an hour and a quarter before game time. The distinctive parquet floor was empty. Bird, I was told, had already finished his warmup session. This was my first visit to the Garden in about a dozen years, and I started to look around. I was bowled over. I would never have believed that the dark, decrepit, scarred old arena could be transformed into something that would look so smashing. The walls and the aisles were as clean as a whistle. They had been repainted white and beige. The seats had also been repainted. Some were a very bright yellow, the others a sort of light apricot-orange. The colors went well together. The old black ceiling had been repainted white, and this made everything sparkle. It also gave one a lift to see all the banners hanging from the rafters commemorating champion Bruins and Celtics teams. I had certainly not expected to find the grimy old Garden looking so splendid, and my immediate reaction was fury at all the periodic reports, including a very recent one, that plans were under way to build a new, more commodious, more modern Boston Garden. The situation made me think of the days of my youth, when many of us growing up outside Boston didn't regard Fenway Park as anything special. As a matter of fact, we wondered why the Red Sox management didn't do something about the left-field wall, which distorted the playing field. It was thirty-seven feet high and only three hundred and fifteen feet from home plate. A batter could double off the wall by hitting an ordinary fly ball that would have been an easy out in most big-league parks, and it didn't take a real clout to clear the wall for a home run. After the Second World War, when practically all the new stadiums that went up were more or less circular in design and were built to hold much larger crowds, we began to appreciate Fenway Park. It held fewer than thirty-five thousand people, but every seat was a good one. You could even see what the players looked like when they came to bat. It was a singular ballpark, but an able pitcher could spot his pitches so that the left-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field wall came into play infrequently, and could even be an ally—the right-handed batters were so concerned with pulling the ball to left that they went after bad pitches and popped them up. Fenway Park, we realized tardily, was a jewel.

In much the same way, returning to the refurbished Boston Garden, I could appreciate more keenly than I had before that it is a wonderful place to watch a basketball game or a hockey game. The rows of seats are steeply inclined, and each seat, except for the ones behind the pillars, gives you an excellent view of the action. The Boston Garden has it all over the new Madison Square Garden, for example. There the rows slope back at so mild an angle that the sight lines are bad, and the spectator feels he is much too far away from the court or the rink. I certainly hope that they don't build a new Boston Garden simply because it will hold more spectators. Something important would be lost.

In the game that evening, the Celtics defeated the Pacers, 118–114, before a sold-out house eager to applaud every good play the Celtics made. Some old Celtics stars were on hand. Cousy, who does the color on the telecasts of the Celtics road games, was seated, with his wife, in the loge section. Former coach Tom Heinsohn, who does the color on the Celtics home-game telecasts, was in a press booth in the first balcony. (Auerbach, who usually is on hand for every home game, was conspicuously absent. He was out on a tour of the big cities flogging his newest book, "Red Auerbach: On and off the Court.") Bird had an only fair game. One could see that he wanted to get going with an early basket—it would make everything easier. In the opening minute, he got free for a twenty-footer and put up a shot with perfect line and rotation which kicked off the back of the basket. About thirty seconds later, after the Celtics had moved the ball well, Bird, crossing underneath the basket, whirled and put up a pretty shot over his left shoulder, but the ball rimmed the basket and fell off. During the first few minutes, he set up Parish and McHale with precise passes in close. About three minutes and a half into the quarter, he missed a somewhat hurried jump shot, and not long after that he was off the mark with a long set shot. At this point in the game, Bird stopped shooting and began to work harder on defense—breaking up the Pacers' passes, boxing out and get-

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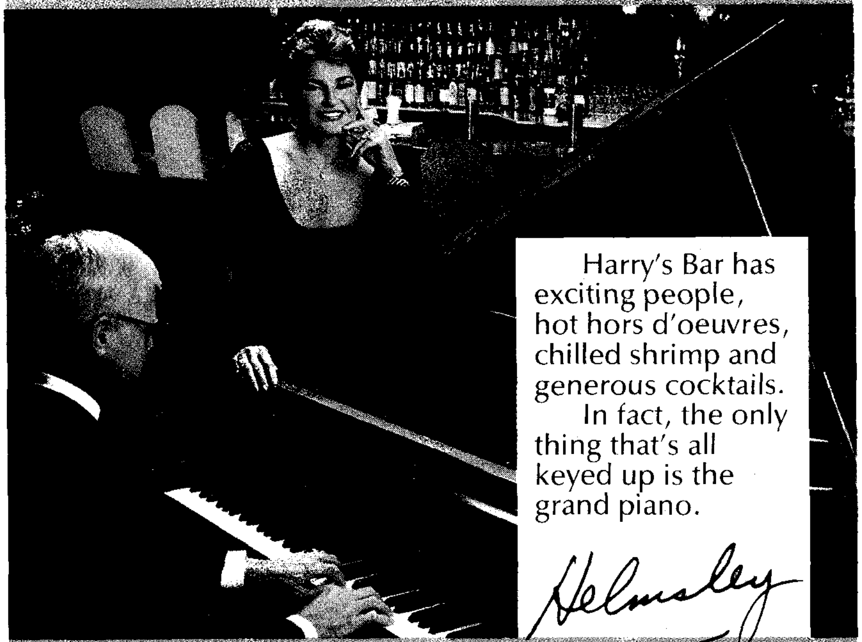

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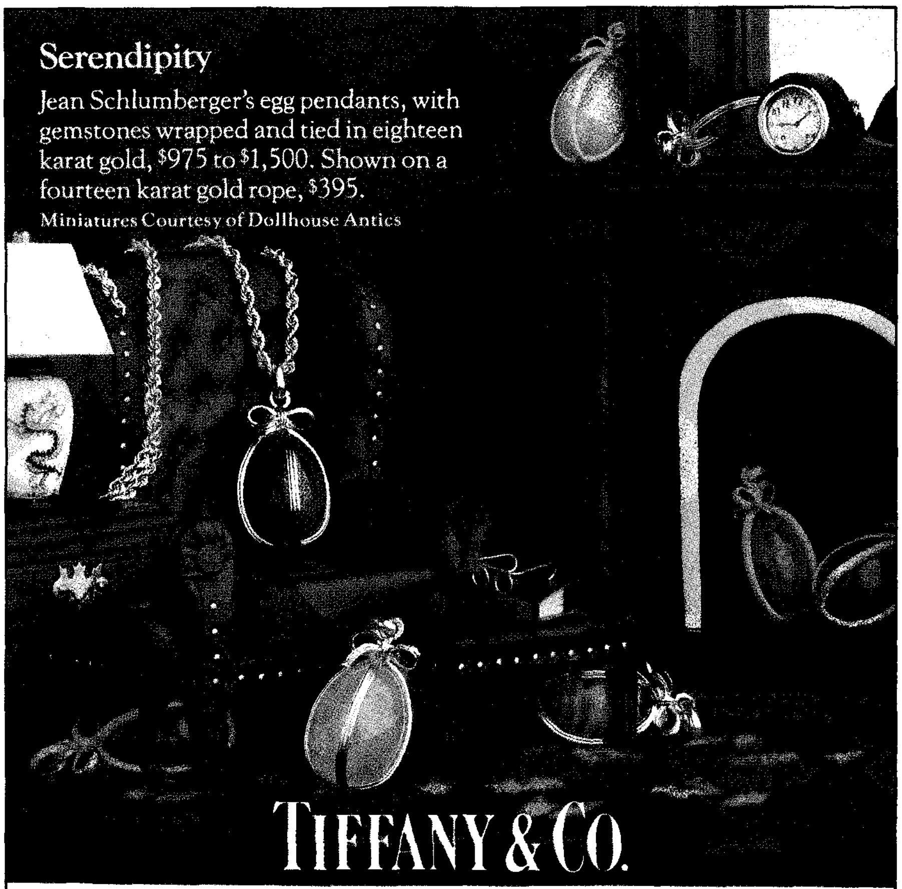

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ting defensive rebounds, and whipping quick outlet passes that sometimes enabled the Celtics to beat the Pacers up the court for easy baskets. This was typical of Bird's play in the early games this season: when he hit a cold shooting streak, he would put more emphasis on his defensive play and on setting up shots for his teammates. At about six and a half minutes into the period, Bird made his first basket, a lay-up at the end of a fast break. He was fouled and made the foul shot. With about two and a half minutes left in the quarter, he dribbled to the hoop after a head fake and put in a right-handed lay-up; again, he was fouled on the play and made the foul shot. At the end of the quarter, Boston held a comfortable lead. In the second period, Jones started to insert his second five. They did not play well, and Indiana was able to come back and tie the score at halftime, 58–58. In the second quarter, Bird had put in a smooth jumper and made two foul shots, and so at halftime he had scored ten points.

In the second half, the Pacers began to drive to the basket more successfully and to get more offensive rebounds. They also battled the Celtics off the Celtics' offensive board, and they might have moved into the lead if Dennis Johnson, who had played a fine first half, had not continued to have a sparkling evening. He ended up with thirty points, and played an excellent floor game. In the second half, Bird made three field goals and two foul shots, for an evening's total of eighteen points. Concentrating on his customary procedure of making other contributions in a dullish game, he ended up with seven assists and fifteen rebounds. One of his baskets in the second half was a beauty. As Danny Ainge was driving to the basket, he was just past the foul line when he saw Bird bursting along the baseline from the right side. Ainge hit him with a perfect pass, and Bird caught it under the basket and flipped the ball in with an artful left-handed reverse lay-up. The victory gave the Celtics a record of seven wins and one loss for the young season.

After the game, I went to the Celtics' dressing room. It is partitioned into two sections—a room in which the players change their clothes, and a room in which they shower. The shower room also has a bench on which players can sit and rest before going into the dressing room to get into their street clothes and simultaneously talk to the throng of reporters assembled there. Bird, as is his habit, was the last person out of the shower room that night. He leaves last for two reasons. The first is diplomatic: his remaining in the shower room allows the other players on the team the time to receive the attention due them from the press. The second is in his own self-interest: by coming out when just about all the other players have left, he is able to answer the many questions from the reporters just once, instead of having to go over details time and time again, for those reporters who could not be on hand earlier because they were tied up talking to other players.

The following day, I went out to the Hellenic College gym again to watch the Celtics' practice. After it was over, I talked with K. C. Jones, in his office. The gist of his remarks was that the team was extremely fortunate in having a leader like Bird, who hits both backboards, plays the other team's passing lanes, doubles up on defense on the man with the ball, gets out on the wing on a fast break, dives for loose balls, and, all in all, makes such an energy-draining effort in every game. Jones could recall few players with comparable discipline and built-in work habits.

I went back to the court. Off to one side, Walton, smiling and relaxed, was chatting with a group of reporters. On the court, a few players were practicing their shooting at the south basket. The rest of the players had left, except for Bird. He had the north basket to himself. At that moment, he was practicing set shots along the baseline from both sides of the basket—twenty-footers, sixteen-footers, twelve-footers, nine-footers, and so on. They are known as "tweenies," because they are the shots in between the corner shot and the lay-up. They demand a lot of touch. Bird's deadpan expression never changed as he popped up shots that were neither too deliberate nor too rushed. He seemed to be concentrating on not allowing himself to get really set for each shot but also on not hurrying it, either. In effect, he was trying to simulate game conditions. He was in a world of his own as he took a shot, moved to the ball, dribbled it to another spot along the baseline, put up another shot, and continued to repeat the routine. He was the last man to leave the court.

In the middle of December, thanks to a forty-seven-point game near the end of November and some other highly productive evenings, Bird was up among the league leaders in scoring with an average of about twenty-four points a game. He was also up among the leaders in assists and rebounds. The Celtics had played few glittering games, despite amassing a rather respectable record: twenty wins against four losses. (The Lakers, who had lost only three of their first twenty-three games, were the only team in the N.B.A. with a better record.) There were all sorts of explanations by old basketball hands of why the Celtics were not playing the cohesive basketball they had played a year earlier: the starting five were running just about the same half-court plays they had the year before, and the movement of the ball and the players was too predictable; Bird was missing too many outside shots he ordinarily makes; this year, with Maxwell gone and McHale starting, the Celtics were without a reliable sixth man to come in and give them a lift; the bench were not playing well or contributing many points, and the coach had also found it difficult to work substitutes into the lineup without the team's losing momentum.

On Christmas Day, the Celtics, with a record of twenty-one victories and six defeats, came to New York to meet the Knickerbockers, the team with the poorest record in their division. At one point during this game, the Celtics held a twenty-five-point lead, but the Knicks, led by their bruising young center, Patrick Ewing, who scored eighteen points in eight and a half minutes in the fourth quarter, came back to tie the game and force it into a five-minute overtime period. The Knicks fell behind by five points, but, chiefly through Ewing's efforts, they again caught the Celtics, and forced a second overtime, in which they walked all over them. When his team had fallen eleven points behind in the second overtime, Coach Jones sent replacements in for Bird and the other tired regulars still on the court. It had been one of those games in which the opposing team did everything right in the second half and two overtime periods and his own team did just about everything wrong. The sensible step now, Jones felt, was not to dwell on the Celtics' collapse but to let the players get the game behind them, and to prepare for the games ahead.

For the Celtics, their humiliation in that game on Christmas Day proved to be a blessing in disguise. Because of the team's unrivalled history of success

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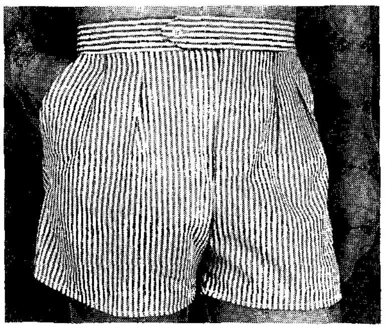

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in the N.B.A., there is such a thing as Celtic pride. This year's team proceeded to manifest it by winning seventeen of its next eighteen games. This included a run of thirteen straight victories between January 8th and February 5th, just before the pause for the All-Star Game between the East and the West, in Dallas, on February 9th. During this stretch, the Celtics' starting five—Johnson, Ainge, Parish, McHale, and Bird—played steady, determined basketball. So did Walton. The hope at the beginning of the season was that he would be able to spell Parish for fourteen or fifteen minutes a game. He far exceeded that. More often than not, when he came into a game he picked the team up not only by his rebounding and shot-blocking but also by his spurts of scoring and his over-all assertiveness. (Early in the season, Bird had let Walton know what a tremendous lift his spirited play was giving the team, and they had become close.) Until the middle of January, however, there was continuing doubt whether the six other men on the Celtics' bench would be able to provide the team with the depth it needed. Coach Jones had experimented with various substitution procedures, sometimes filtering in just one or two men, and at other times getting five backup players on the court and seeing whether they could hold on to a lead that the starters had built up. In January, Jones began to get better performances from his bench. Along with Walton, it consists of the veteran Wedman; Jerry Sichting, a sound all-around guard with a good jump shot, who was acquired from the Pacers before the season began; Rick Carlisle, from the University of Virginia, a guard, in his second year with the team; Greg Kite, from Brigham Young University, a muscular center, in his third year with the team; David Thirdkill, a strong, somewhat unconventional player, in his fourth year in the N.B.A.; and Sam Vincent, from Michigan State, the Celtics' first-round selection in the 1985 college draft.

All twelve of the men on the team contributed to the run of thirteen straight victories, which began with two at home, over the Cleveland Cavaliers and the Atlanta Hawks, on the eighth and tenth of January. On January 15th, against the Denver Nuggets, again in the Garden, McHale, who is very mobile and has extremely long arms, scored thirty-three points, and on January 17th against the Pacers, in Indianapolis, he scored twenty-eight. On the following night, against the Atlanta Hawks in Atlanta, Bird had a very hot hand in a game that the Celtics won, 125–122, in overtime. He made fifteen field goals, including two from three-point range, and added nine of eleven foul shots, for a total of forty-one points. The next game, on January 22nd, was a big one: the Celtics met the Lakers in Boston. During the regular season, in which each team plays eighty-two games, the Celtics and the Lakers, being in different conferences, get to play each other only twice—once in Boston, and once in Los Angeles. At this stage in the schedule, the Lakers had gradually opened up a comfortable lead in the Western Conference, much as the Celtics had in the Eastern Conference. Each team respects the other, but there is little love lost between them. The Celtics, playing aggressively and well in the second half, won this first meeting, 110–95. Dennis Johnson had twenty-two points, and Walton pitched in with eleven. The Celtics' victory gave them a record of thirty-one victories and eight defeats. Except for the Lakers, who had a record of thirty-two victories and eight defeats, no other team was travelling at anything like that pace.

On January 24th, the Celtics played the Golden State Warriors at the Garden before a full house that was tirelessly clamorous, although the game was one-sided—the final score was 135–114—and one would have expected part of the crowd's emotions to be held in reserve for Super Bowl Sunday, two days later, when the surprising New England Patriots would be meeting the Chicago Bears. In this game against Golden State, Wedman, starting at forward in place of McHale, who had injured the Achilles tendon of his left leg, filled in handsomely. He scored twenty-one points on nine field goals, including one three-pointer, and two foul shots. He also had thirteen rebounds. It was one of those games that do a coach's heart good. Sichting went five for five from the floor and two for two from the foul line. Thirdkill, with eight field goals, accounted for twenty points. Two days later, on January 26th, still at home, and in a game that was more than just another game, since it was against the Sixers, the Celtics, after trailing by a large margin in the third quarter, rallied and pulled it out, 105–103. After beating the Chicago Bulls in Chicago, the Celtics, continuing the vigilant defense that marked this winning streak, extended it to ten straight games on January 31st by defeating the Washington Bullets, 97–88, in the Capital Centre. Wedman, who had continued to fill in for McHale, had eleven field goals and twenty-four points. Ainge, who had not been hitting his outside shots consistently, continued his spotty shooting but had nine assists. Parish had fourteen rebounds. For the first time in weeks and weeks, Bird failed to score at least twenty points, but it made little difference.

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The next month, the Celtics started off on the right foot by defeating the Seattle SuperSonics on February 2nd in the Boston Garden, 114–101, outscoring them 32–24 in the last quarter. Johnson played a fine game. He scored on ten of his fifteen field-goal attempts and had seven assists. Carlisle went two for two from the field, Ainge three for four, and Sichting five for eight. Two nights later, the team defeated the formidable Milwaukee Bucks, in Milwaukee, to run its streak to twelve games. The Celtics got a heap of points from their two centers—twenty from Parish and twelve from Walton. Ainge made four of five shots from the floor, and McHale, appearing in his old sixth-man role, took six shots and made all of them. Bird had twenty-four points, but no one paid much attention to this. He was averaging a little over twenty-four points a game, and that meant much more. The Celtics then returned to the Boston Garden for another defensive battle with the Washington Bullets, and won their thirteenth straight game, 103–88, outscoring the Bullets 54–40 in the second half. Again, the difference may well have been the play of the two Boston centers: Parish scored twenty-five points and Walton thirteen. Then, after the Celtics' first forty-six games, came the All-Star break, which meant a bit of a breather except for the players chosen to represent the Eastern Conference at Dallas. K. C. Jones was there as the coach of the East team, which included Bird and McHale. The East won the game, 139–132, by taking charge in the last four minutes. (The day before the game, in which a dunking contest and a three-point field-goal contest were held, Bird won the latter easily. During the sixty seconds that each entrant was given, Bird, shooting almost as soon as he picked up a new ball, made eighteen of twenty-five shots, including a run of eleven in a row.)

THEN it was time to resume the gruelling schedule, with its constant travel and the other difficulty that few of the players avoid: learning to play with injuries. (McHale, for example, had thought that his left leg felt well enough for him to play in the All-Star Game, and he played brilliantly, but he later discovered that his Achilles tendon had stiffened up again.) The Celtics' record at this stage of the season was thirty-eight victories and eight losses. The Lakers' was thirty-seven and eleven. Both teams were almost certain to win their divisions and their conferences. Although the Sixers, with a record of thirty-two victories and eighteen defeats, were far off the Celtics' pace, they were practically assured of finish-

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ing second in the Atlantic Division and then possibly meeting the Celtics in some round of the intricate schedule of the playoffs. That would be tough. Andrew Toney could possibly be over his injury any time now, and the Sixers had picked up an expensive but valuable utility man in the well-travelled Bob McAdoo, three years the N.B.A. scoring champion. (This season, the Lakers had not wanted to re-sign McAdoo, and he had become a free agent.) Looking ahead to the playoffs, which start in mid-April and often constitute a virtual second season in themselves, it was a good bet that the Milwaukee Bucks would win the Central Division of the Eastern Conference. The Houston Rockets and the Denver Nuggets would probably be fighting it out in the Midwest Division of the Western Conference.

In the first game of an arduous road trip through the Far West, the Celtics' thirteen-game winning streak came to an abrupt halt. On February 11th, the Sacramento Kings, a team recently shifted from Kansas City, outscored them 33–12 in the third period and held on to win, 105–100. On to Seattle, where, two nights later, the Celtics won, 107–98, with a good team effort. Parish had nineteen points, Walton had seventeen, and Wedman, again replacing the injured McHale in the starting lineup, added sixteen. On top of that, Bird had one of his triple-double nights: thirty-one points, thirteen rebounds, and eleven assists. In Portland, on February 14th, the Celtics, playing their third game in four nights, edged the Trail Blazers, 120–119, in overtime. Johnson had twenty-nine points, Ainge had twelve assists, and Bird had one of his most significant games of the season: he had forty-seven points, which included twenty-one field goals, three of them three-pointers that helped to keep Boston in the game, and he also made the basket that sent the game into overtime and the basket that won the game in overtime. Two days later, the Celtics had to get themselves up to meet the challenge of playing the Lakers on the Lakers' home court, the Forum. For much of the game, the dominant man was James Worthy, the tall, lean Laker forward, who, like that earlier Laker hero Elgin Baylor, can hang in the air a stunningly long time when he goes up to climax a fast break with a sweeping dunk shot. The Celtics scraped through, 105–99, however, helped greatly when, with time running out, the Lakers, feeling the pressure, missed seven straight shots from the floor, several of them for three-point baskets. Johnson had twenty-three points, Bird had twenty-two, and Kite did quite a job guarding Abdul-Jabbar in the waning minutes of the game. On February 17th, playing their fifth game in seven days, the Celtics lost to the Phoenix Suns, 108–101. With nine minutes left to play in the fourth quarter, Coach Jones and Bird were assessed two technical fouls for disputing the officials' calls too vehemently, and were ejected from the game. The Celtics defeated Golden State, 115–110, two days later, and Bird had another of his triple-double games, with thirty-six points, twelve rebounds, and eleven assists. The Celtics rounded out this rough road trip by losing to Denver, 102–100, defeating the Pacers, 113–98, in a "home" game that was actually played in Hartford, and looking somewhat better in Madison Square Garden than they had on Christmas Day, outplaying the Knicks 91–74.

This seems a good place to leave the game-by-game recapitulation of how the Celtics fared during a particularly taxing twenty-two-game stretch of their schedule. It calls attention to some basic points. No team can hope to win a large majority of its games in the N.B.A. unless it has a capable bench to support its starting five. As the staunchness of the performances of Johnson, Wedman, Parish, and Walton show, when a basketball player is over thirty, and possibly past his athletic peak, he can still be a considerable force in the game—especially when he is part of an outfit as team-spirited as the Celtics. And, last, when one delves deeper into what took place not only during those twenty-two games but throughout the 1985-86 season, one comes away wondering if any player before Bird can have approached him in his breadth of understanding of basketball and his ability to produce when it counts the most. In a way, it is odd to be making such a statement this year, when Bird has been averaging twenty-five or so points a game, compared with his average of 28.7 during the regular season in 1984-85. However, at the end of February, Bird ranked among the top ten N.B.A. players in five departments of the game: average points scored per game, three-point-field-goal percentage, foul-shot percentage, rebounds, and steals. He also led all forwards in assists. And although numbers serve as a good guide to Bird's genius for basketball, there are many other factors that go into the assessment of a player.

Some of the things that Bird does for the Celtics are unmistakably evident. For example, even when he is not at his best he somehow manages to be a critical factor in the Celtics' big games, and particularly those against the Lakers and the Sixers, the two teams that most vehemently dispute the Celtics' preëminence and certainly have at least as much talent on their rosters. In the Lakers-Celtics game in Boston, the one that the Celtics carried off 110–95, Bird scored only twenty-one points and missed a number of shots, but, among other things, he had twelve rebounds. I can't recall another forward who has had the skill for rebounding that Bird manifests in game after game. In the Celtics' second meeting with the Lakers, in Los Angeles, Bird's shooting was again off. He made only seven of seventeen shots from the field and only eight of twelve shots from the foul line. Yet, since he plays baseline-to-baseline basketball like few players before him—indeed, he makes use of every inch of the court—he had eighteen rebounds and seven assists, and many of them came at timely moments. In the Celtics-Sixers clash in Boston on January 26th, the one time that these old rivals met during the mid-winter run of games, Bird again did not have his shooting eye, and made only nine of the twenty-five shots he took from the floor. However, three of the shots he hit were three-pointers; all three of them were clustered dramatically in the third period; and the last, from forty feet, came only seconds before the clock ran out. This barrage rallied a sluggish Boston team, and got it back in the game. Bird also made all seven of his foul tries, assisted on six baskets, and had fourteen rebounds.

Bird's part in this year's victory by the East team in the All-Star Game offers an excellent example of how the

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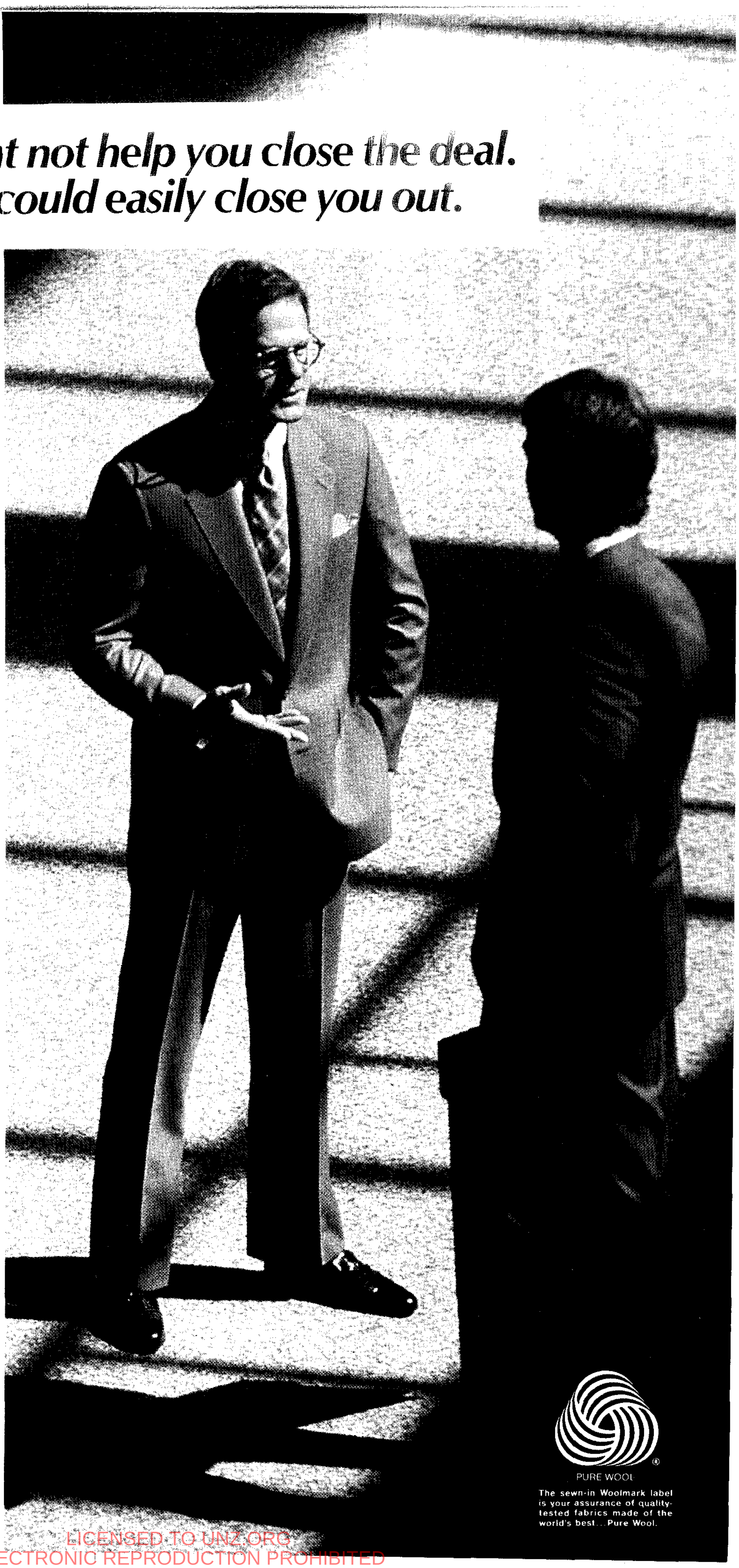

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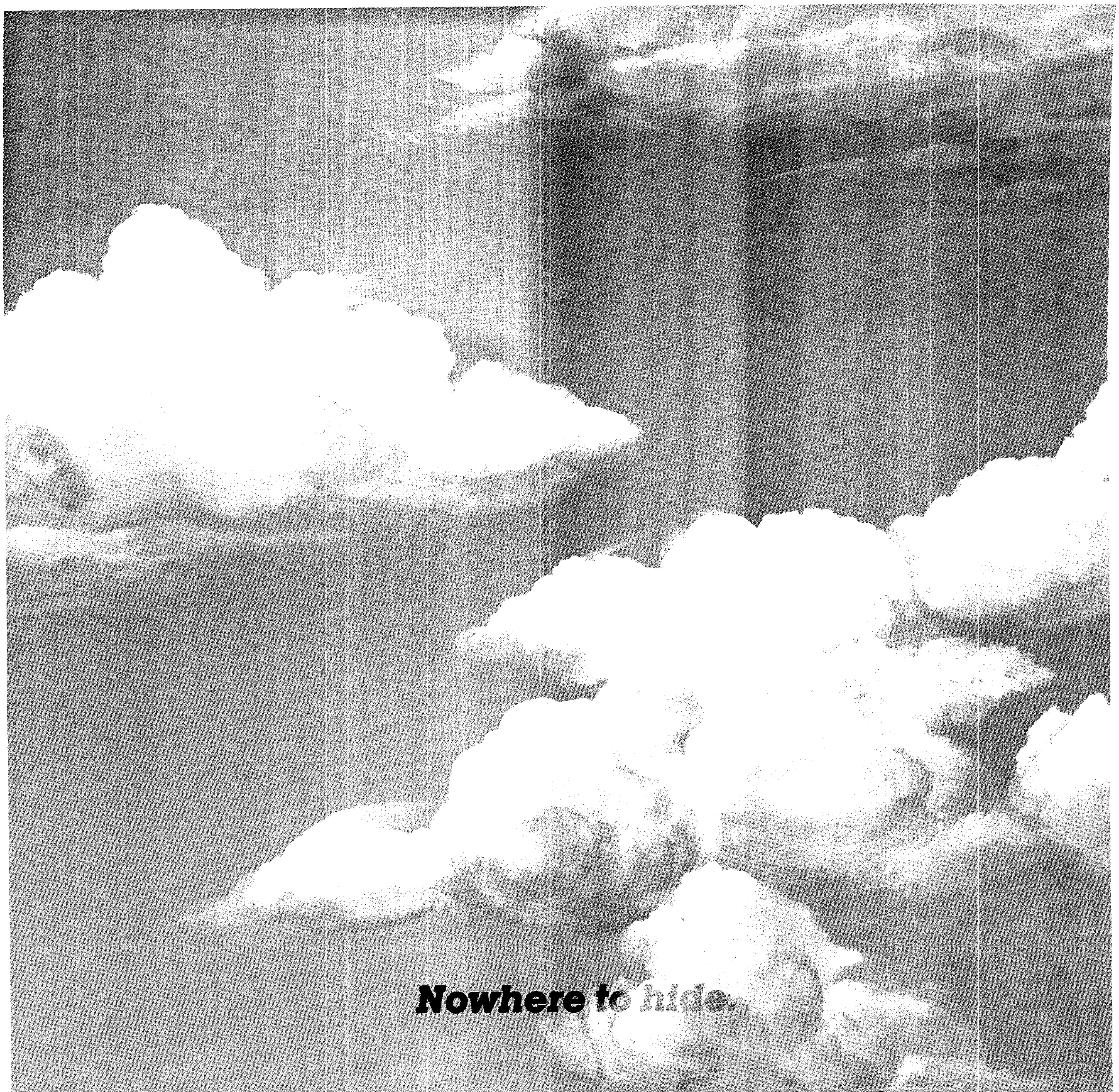

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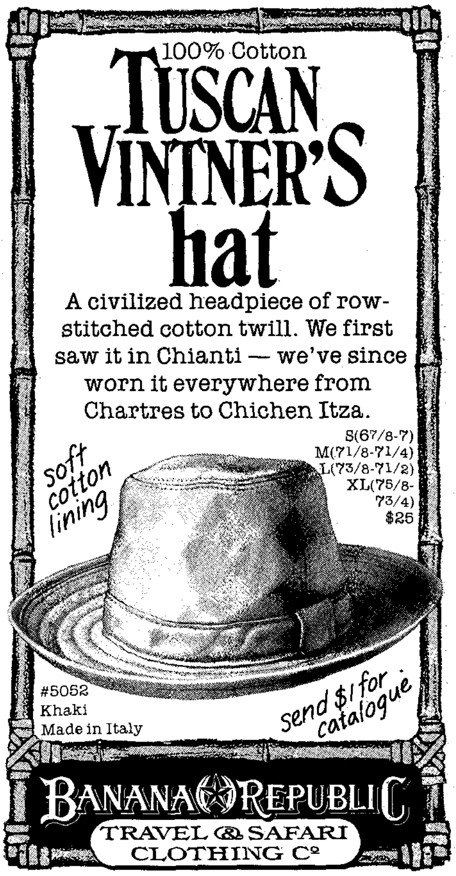
unshowy things he does can help to win basketball games. A victory by the West team seemed imminent when, after some authoritative offensive forays, it led the East 126–121 with four minutes and two seconds remaining in the game. At this point, Coach Jones made one substitution, replacing Sidney Moncrief, of the Milwaukee Bucks, with Buck Williams, the New Jersey Nets' power forward, whose forte is the offensive rebound. He decided to go with the four other men on the court: Isiah Thomas, the lightning-fast guard of the Detroit Pistons, who was in top form; Moses Malone, the Sixers' whale of a center; and two Celtics, McHale and Bird. The five players quickly turned the game around by zealously executing the fundamentals of basketball. They guarded the West's players so tightly that those players made few of their hurried shots. They dominated the backboards at both ends of the court and, what with the passes they deflected or stole, gained almost constant control of the ball. They made a high percentage of their shots, hitting from the outside and also from the inside when Thomas flashed down the middle to the basket. In those four minutes, the East limited the West to six points while scoring eighteen, eight of them on foul shots. Some Bird fans felt that he set the tempo and style of the East's winning burst, but that may be going too far. The collective performance of the East's five players provided a primer on how to play team basketball.

It would be wrong, I think, to say that Bird is a better basketball player than Cousy, Russell, Robertson, West, or Havlicek was in his heyday. Each of them greatly extended the vocabulary of the game. Bird is, however, undoubtedly the closest anyone in the history of basketball has come to being the complete player, and this is because of an unusual combination of circumstances. He learned the game at a very early age in Indiana, that hotbed of basketball, and he did this as an average-size boy who had to be agile and also develop a good mind for the game or be left behind. By his junior year, he had sprouted to six feet three. It surprised everyone when he grew four more inches before the next basketball season began. He later grew two more inches. At six nine, he was an altogether different commodity—a comparatively big man who could challenge the seven-footers at rebounding and in other phases of the game, because he was well built, had exceptional coördination for a man his size, and knew how to utilize the advantages his height gave him. There are, I think, only two other players in the N.B.A. today who have the size and athleticism to make many of the moves that Bird can. The first is Julius Erving, the six-foot-seven star of the Sixers, who probably reached the peak of his long career in 1980-81, his fifth year in the N.B.A. He was then thirty turning thirty-one and was still the amazing leaper and high-hanging, long-distance jump-shooter who had earlier electrified the American Basketball Association, but he had also refined and polished many aspects of his game after coming to the N.B.A. The second player is Magic Johnson, the gifted playmaker of the Lakers, who is twenty-six and in his seventh year in the N.B.A. Johnson is six feet eight, solidly built, and fast. He plays guard but moves all over the court. On one of his hot nights, when he stands bouncing the ball just back of the top of the three-point line behind the foul line and is looking for an open man, he is able to shift his position slightly and whip the ball through the melee in front of him to a teammate whom no one spotted until he caught the ball and banked it in off the backboard in the same motion. Johnson, with his quick comprehension of situations, is an expert at engineering the Lakers' famous fast break. I can see Magic and the younger Dr. J. coming up with a fairly high number of double-double games and quite a few triple-doubles, but in my judgment neither is nearly as accomplished a player as Bird.

What sets Bird apart is his unapproached concept of the complexities of basketball. He knows through instinct and experience when to gamble on heaving a long outlet pass; how to guard two men at the same time; how, when the Celtics are in transition from defense to offense, to occasionally appear to be as flat-footed as a polar bear and yet find a way to break loose from double coverage; how to fill the passing lanes on defense by anticipating the direction of a pass and reflexively batting down the ball with the flip of an arm, or sometimes even intercepting it; how to avoid a block of a lay-up shot by shifting the ball from the left hand to the right (and vice versa) and by delaying an instant before putting it up, and how, if the shot has been hurried, to go up after the ball immediately in the chance of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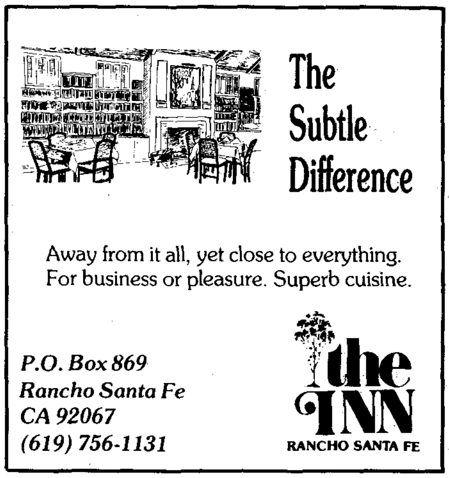
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tapping the rebound in; how, when driving the baseline and spotting traffic ahead, to stop short and settle for a tweenie; how to recognize these and the innumerable other situations that are part of the game he has played practically non-stop since he was four. When it comes to basketball, this country boy is perhaps the most sophisticated player in history. He plays far more basketball in a game than any other player, past or present.

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Bird is a modest man, but he takes considerable pride in playing good, sound, imaginative basketball. He hates to see his team lose if it can possibly win. He has almost unlimited determination. Before the start of every game, he is eager to establish as swiftly as possible the right pace and patterns for the team and to go all out all the way. A man has to love a game deeply to work so hard to play it well day after day and night after night.

—HERBERT WARREN WIND

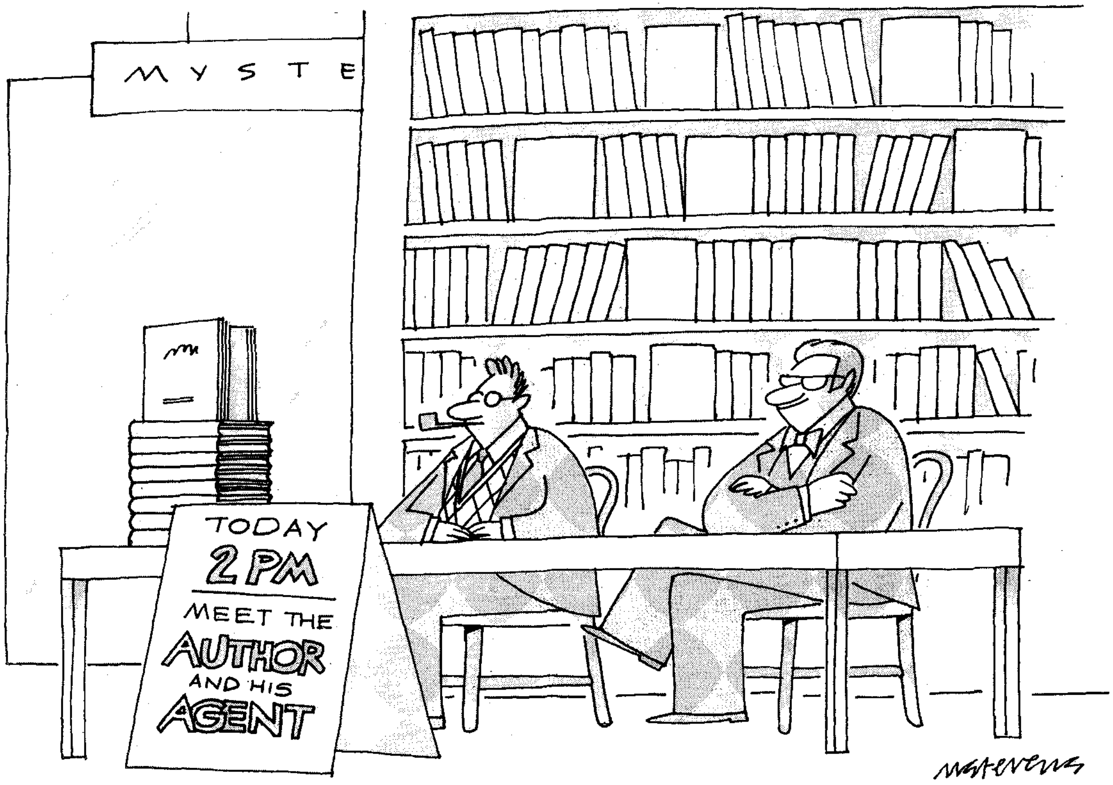
A REPORTER AT LARGE

AMAZONS

THE Nhamundá River rises in the mountainous terra incognita of northern Brazil below the Guyana border and, flowing southeast, enters the Amazon River about three-quarters of the way down its four-thousand-mile length. Compared with some of the Amazon's other tributaries, seven of which are over a thousand miles long, the Nhamundá is minor-league—only around four hundred miles long. Because there is no abundance of gold, bauxite, iron, uranium, rubber, or commercial hardwoods to attract people to the Nhamundá Valley, it is virtually uninhabited. You can paddle for days in its watery wilderness without meeting a soul. There are three towns on the river's lower reaches—Terra Santa, Nhamundá, and Faro—but the only way to get to them is by boat; no airstrips or roads link them to the outside world. Many of the scientists working in the Amazon Basin today can't exactly place the Nhamundá. But the river does have a claim to fame: it is thought to have been the home of the legendary Indian tribe that consisted only of women and children—the Amazons.

The first Europeans to travel the length of the Amazon River maintained that they had been attacked by female warriors. An account of the engagement appears in the chronicles of the Dominican friar Gaspar de Carvajal, who on December 26, 1541, with the Spanish conquistador Francisco de Orellana and about sixty countrymen, set out in a jerry-built brigantine down the Napo, an Ecuadoran tributary of the Amazon. None of the travellers knew where they were going or what awaited them. They had separated from a large expedition led by the recently appointed governor of Quito, Gonzalo Pizarro (a half brother of the more famous Francisco). Pizarro's plan had been to explore the unknown lands to the east—El Dorado and La Canela, the Land of Cinnamon. By the time the expedition had crossed the mountains east of Quito and descended into the jungle, all two thousand hogs brought along for food had been eaten, most of the four thousand bearers had died of fever and maltreatment, and weakness and despair had set in. Pizarro sent Orellana and his party on ahead to find food, with orders to return within twelve days. But, floating down the Napo, they did not find any food. As Carvajal relates, the men were reduced to eating "leather, belts, and soles of shoes cooked with certain herbs." Several went mad after eating some unidentified roots. Unable to return because of the strength of the Napo's current—or so he later claimed—Orellana kept on going, figuring that eventually he would reach the Atlantic. On February 11, 1542, he came out into the Amazon.

After travelling five months and some fifteen hundred miles, fighting Indians and falling on their food stores along the way, the Spaniards, still nine hundred miles from the Atlantic coast, passed the mouth of a large, dark river. They named it the Río Negro. Three days later, on June 5th, they met some Indians who said (Orellana, according to Carvajal, was a gifted linguist and was able to understand what they were saying) that they were "subjects and tributaries of the Amazons" and that "the only service they rendered them consisted of supplying them with plumes of parrots and macaws for the lining of the roofs of the buildings that constitute their places of worship." As the expedition moved downstream, the villages became more numerous. On the twenty-fourth of June, Carvajal recorded, "We came suddenly upon the excellent land and dominion of the Amazons. These said villages had been forewarned and knew of our coming, in consequence whereof they came out on the water to meet us, in no friendly mood. . . . Orellana gave orders to shoot at them with the crossbows and arquebuses, so that they might reflect and become aware that we had wherewith to assail them." Then the Spaniards continued on. But they had not gone half a league before they encountered, "along the edge of the water, at intervals, many squadrons of Indians." They debarked, and a "very serious and hazardous battle" ensued. Among the Indians, "there came as many as ten or twelve" Amazons, "fighting in front of all the Indian men as women captains, and these latter fought so courageously



Handelsman

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that the Indian men did not dare to turn their backs, and anyone who did turn his back they killed with clubs right there before us." The women were "very white and tall, and have hair very long and braided and wound about the head, and they are very robust and go about naked, with their privy parts covered, with their bows and arrows in their hands." (Carvajal doesn't say whether the women had cut off their right breasts, to make it easier to draw their bows, as did the female warriors who are said to have fought the Greeks during heroic times. The popular etymology of the Greek *amazon* traces the word to *a-mazos*, "without a breast.") It was only after seven or eight of the women were killed that "the Indians lost heart, and they were defeated and routed with considerable damage to their persons."

A few days later, Orellana was able to communicate, "by means of a list of words that he had made," with the chief of his assailants, named Couynco, who had been captured in the battle. Couynco told him that the Amazons lived "a seven-day journey from the shore," in seventy villages whose houses were made of stone. Though unmarried, they "consorted with Indian men at times," and had children by male captives. The boys were killed or sent to their fathers, the females raised "with great solemnity" and instructed in the arts of war. Their queen was named Coñori. They worshipped the sun and had in their temples "many gold and silver idols in the form of women." They dressed in "clothing of very fine wool," from "sheep of the same sort as those of Peru." They rode "camels" and had "other animals, which we did not succeed in understanding about, which were as big as horses and which had cloven hooves and hair as long as the spread of the thumb and forefinger." The women held in subjection the tribes living on their borders, made war on others to get male captives, and were visited by the men of yet other tribes, from hundreds of leagues up the Amazon. Couynco warned that "anyone who should take it into his head to go down to the country of these women was destined to go a boy and return an old man."

SCHOLARS who have tried to reconstruct the journey of the Spaniards from Carvajal's account have placed the engagement with Couynco's tribe on the left bank of the Amazon, most likely in the delta of the Nhamundá. But how much of this extraordinary story is true? Like El Dorado and the Fountain of Youth, the Land of the Amazons was a definite, if undiscovered, place on the Europeans' still largely blank map of the New World. The women were out there somewhere, and every explorer versed in the classical myth of female warriors, or in the medieval romances that retold or embellished the myth, was on the lookout for them. In February of 1493, Columbus, eager to find proof that he had arrived in the Orient, and wondering if he had sailed near the Island of the Female, which Marco Polo had reported was in the Indian Ocean, wrote to Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain that he had heard that on the island of Matremonio—present-day Martinique—there were women who lived without men, wore copper armor, and took cannibals as lovers. Then, in 1502, Amerigo Vespucci's expedition supposedly encountered cannibalistic women on an island in the Caribbean; two members of the expedition disappeared, and a third was clubbed to death. In 1524, Hernán Cortés sent his cousin Francisco to explore the Pacific coast of Mexico. One of his instructions was to keep an eye out for the Amazons, who were rumored to be in that neck of the woods. When it came time to name the peninsula the Spaniards found (present-day Baja), Hernán Cortés named it California, after an island "on the right hand of the Indies," where, according to Garci Rodríguez de Montalvo's popular romance "Las Sergas de Esplandián," black women ruled by a queen named Califia "live in the fashion of Amazons."

It is reasonable to assume, then, that when Orellana and his companions separated from Pizarro they, too, had Amazons on their mind; and, sure enough, two weeks after sailing out of the Napo and into the Amazon they were told by an Indian named Aparia "of the Amazons and of the wealth farther down the river." One can't help wondering, especially in view of the immense linguistic and cultural gulf that existed between the Spaniards and their Indian informants, whether there wasn't a strong element of projection in Carvajal's report, and later ones, about warrior women. Even trained anthropologists have been guilty of unconscious projection—of clothing the subjects of their research in theories brought with them into the field. So it is probably unfair to conclude that Carvajal deliberately made up his report. It would be surprising if the members of Orellana's expedition, passing through natural and cultural landscapes in which so little was familiar, didn't to some extent cling to preconceived notions of what was supposed to be there, however fantastic those notions were.

And it could be that the Indians simply told the Spaniards what they wanted to hear. This problem was encountered by the British naturalist Alfred Russel Wallace, who spent the years from 1848 to 1852 in Amazonia. He wrote, "In my communications and inquiries among the Indians on various matters, I have always found the greatest caution necessary, to prevent one's arriving at wrong conclusions. They are always apt to affirm that which they see you wish to believe, and, when they do not at all comprehend your question will unhesitatingly answer, 'Yes.' I have often in this manner obtained, as I thought, information, which persons better acquainted with the facts have assured me was quite erroneous." As for the origin of the myth, Wallace said he could "easily imagine it entirely to have arisen from the suggestions and inquiries of Europeans themselves. When the story of the Amazons was first made known, it became of course a point with all future travellers to verify it, or if possible get a glimpse of these warlike ladies. The Indians must no doubt have been overwhelmed with questions and suggestions about them, and they, thinking that the white men must know best, would transmit to their descendants and families the idea that such a nation did exist in some distant part of the country. Succeeding travellers, finding traces of this idea among the Indians, would take it as a proof of the existence of the Amazons; instead of being merely the effect of a mistake at the first, which had been unknowingly spread among them by preceding travellers, seeking to obtain some evidence on the subject."

There are other possible explanations for the prevalence of the myth among the early explorers of the New World. It may be that Couynco's description of the Amazons is a mangled, thirdhand account of real contact with the Incas or one of the other central Andean civilizations. Certain features of the description—the woollen clothing, the stone houses, the cloven-hoofed animals, which sound like llamas, the sun worship, the gold and silver—strongly suggest a mountain people. The sun is much less important in the forest cultures of South America than it is in the highland cultures. The Incas even believed that their emperor was descended from the sun. Some scholars contend that the Amazon legend stemmed from cloistered communities of women that the Incas maintained. These women, called *mamaconas*, were sacred. They belonged to the emperor and the sun. They devoted themselves to weaving. Some took vows of chastity. There may have been a lot of these nunlike women at Machu Picchu, to judge from the ratio of female to male skeletons found there—three to one.

Another possibility is that the "ten or twelve Amazons" who joined the fight against Orellana's forces were in fact men. Wallace proposed this explanation in the course of a description of the Uaupés Indians, of the upper Río Negro:

> The men . . . have the hair carefully parted and combed on each side, and tied in a queue behind. In the young men, it hangs in long locks down their necks, and, with the comb, which is invariably carried stuck in the top of the head, gives to them a most feminine appearance: this is increased by the large necklaces and bracelets of beads, and the careful extirpation of every symptom of beard. Taking these circumstances into consideration, I am strongly of the opinion that the story of the Amazons has arisen from these feminine-looking warriors encountered by the early voyager. I am inclined to this opinion, from the effect they first produced on myself, when it was only by close examination I saw that they were men; and, were the front parts of their bodies and their breasts covered with shields, such as they always use, I am convinced any person seeing them for the first time would conclude they were women. We have only therefore to suppose that tribes having similar customs to those now living on the river Uaupés, inhabited the regions where the Amazons were reported to have been seen,

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> and we have a rational explanation of what has so much puzzled all geographers.

A final, albeit remote, possibility is, of course, that a tribe of women without men did live on the Nhamundá.

NEWS of a clash with Amazons in the unknown country east of Quito reached Europe in 1543, when Orellana had to defend himself against Pizarro's charge of desertion before the Council of the Indies. The more discriminating analysts of Orellana's account were skeptical. Denouncing it as "full of lies," the historian Francisco López de Gómara wrote in 1552:

> Among the extravagant statements that [Orellana] made was his claim that there were Amazons along this river with whom he and his companions had fought. That the women there should take up arms and fight is no novelty, for in Paria [a peninsula on the Venezuelan coast], which is not very far off, and in many other parts of the Indies, they used to do that; I do not believe, either, that any woman burns and cuts off her right breast in order to be able to shoot with the bow, because with it they shoot very well; or that they kill or exile their own sons; or that they live without husbands, being as they are very voluptuous. Others besides Orellana have proclaimed this same yarn about the Amazons ever since the Indies have been discovered, and never has such a thing been seen, and never will it be seen, either, along this river.

Some accused Orellana of inventing the encounter as a cover-up for his desertion of Pizarro and his discovery of no gold and very little cinnamon. But the vast majority of the Europeans who heard about the Amazons wanted to believe in them. Since 1512, the river that Orellana descended had borne two names, both given by explorers sailing along the coast of Pará, who had encountered its torrent of café-au-lait-colored water flooding the ocean many miles from shore: Mar Dulce, or Freshwater Sea, and Marañón (a name that one of its main source tributaries in Peru still bears). By 1552, these names had been superseded by two new ones: the Orellana River and the Amazons' River. The former never caught on; it was the latter, the leap of faith—or "imposture," as López de Gómara called it—that took.

Once the door had been opened, it was impossible to close it again, and the centuries that followed were full of sightings of the women. The next Amazons to be heard about sound almost like characters in Spenser's "Faerie Queene." In 1595, a cacique, or Indian chief, who claimed to have personally visited the Amazons "not far from Guiana," described them to Sir Walter Raleigh, who also was in search of the elusive El Dorado. The Amazons, Raleigh wrote,

> doe accompany with men but once in a yere, and for the time of one month, which I gather by their relation, to be in April: and that time all kings of the borders assemble, and queenes of the Amazones; and after the queenes have chosen, the rest cast lots for their Valentines. This one month, they feast, dance, and drinke of their wines in abundance; and the Moone being done, they all depart to their owne provinces. If they conceive, and be delivered of a sonne, they returne him to the father; if of a daughter they nourish it, and retaine it: and as many as have daughters send unto the begetters a present; all being desirous to increase their owne sex and kinde: but that they cut off the right dug of the brest, I do not find to be true.

In 1620, six months before the Pilgrims put ashore at Plymouth Rock, a hundred and twenty less famous colonists, English and Irish, led by one of Raleigh's captains, Roger North, sailed a hundred leagues up the Amazon, with the intention of growing tobacco and harvesting spices and rare woods. The local Indians were extremely hospitable—they helped clear the colonists' plantations, brought them food, told them about the Amazons—and all "for a small reward and price, either of some Iron worke or glasse beades and such like contemtible things." One of North's men, Bernard O'Brien, whom the historian John Hemming, in his 1978 book "Red Gold: The Conquest of the Brazilian Indians, 1500-1760," describes as "a charming young Irishman," canoed, with five musketeers and fifty Indians, hundreds of miles deeper into the valley and "finally reached a land where he claimed, with perhaps a touch of blarney, to have contacted the Amazons." Their queen was named Cuña Muchu (the Inca for "great lady," and highly suggestive of Carvajal's Coñori). These women, O'Brien reported, "had their right breasts small like men's, artificially stunted in order to shoot arrows; but the left breasts are broad like other women's."

Eve Olitsky

In 1639, a Portuguese expedition under the conquistador Pedro Teixeira repeated Orellana's descent of the Napo and the Amazon. The voyage took ten months. No female warriors were encountered this time, but the chronicler of the expedition, a Jesuit priest named Cristóbal de Acuña, picked up many stories about the Amazons and enthusiastically bought them all. "The proofs of the existence of the province of the Amazons on this river are so numerous, and so strong, that it would be a want of common faith not to give them credit," he contended. "There is no saying more common than that these women inhabit a province on the river, and it is not credible that a lie could have spread throughout so many languages, and so many nations, with such an appearance of truth." The Indians told of "manlike women" who lived in "great forests" and on "lofty hills" high up the Cuñuris River, as the Nhamundá was then called. "Cuñuris" also sounds like Carvajal's Coñori, but the Portuguese were told that it was the name of the first tribe that lived up the river. Beyond the Cuñuris were the Guacaràs, who, for a few days at a certain time of the year, were received by the women and invited to share their hammocks. Beyond the Guacaràs were the women themselves.

In 1735, the French scientist Charles Marie de La Condamine was sent to South America by the Académie des Sciences to measure the meridian of an arc of a degree of latitude at the equator, as part of a project to determine the shape of the earth; the scientific community was divided over whether the earth was an oblate spheroid or a prolate one. La Condamine's nine years on the continent were climaxed by a rather brisk descent of the Amazon, starting from the Peruvian Andes, during which—it goes without saying—he asked about the celebrated tribe of women. "We questioned everywhere Indians of diverse nations," he wrote in his "Relation Abrégée d'un Voyage Fait dans l'Intérieur de l'Amérique Méridionale," "and we informed ourselves with great care if they had knowledge of the bellicose women Orellana claimed to have seen and combatted, and if it was true that they lived far from the commerce of men and received them but once a year, as Acuña reports. They all told us the women had withdrawn deep into the interior to the north." Observing the "unhappy condition" of many of the Indian wives he met, La Condamine decided that the community had probably been started by a group of women who had run away. "The vagabond lives of the women, who often follow their husbands to the wars, and are not a lot happier when at home with their families, might naturally put it into their minds, and at the same time afford them frequent opportunities to escape from the hard yoke of their tyrants, by endeavoring to provide themselves a settlement, where they might live independently, and, at least, not be reduced to the wretched condition of slaves, and beasts of burden," he reasoned. He compared their defection to that of the "maltreated or malcontented slaves" in the European colonies who "went in bands to the woods and sometimes alone, when they found nobody to go with them, and there passed several years and sometimes their whole lives in solitude."

On August 28, 1743, the La Condamine party passed "on the left hand the river Jamundas, which Father Acuña called Cuñuris and maintained was where the Amazons lived." This seems to be the first appearance in print of the name Jamundas, which eventually became Nhamundá. According to one source, La Condamine got the name from some missionaries who lived up the river, among a tribe of Indians whose chief's name was Jamundá. La Condamine doesn't tell us where he heard the name, or whether it was in general use. At any rate, it appears on maps from then on, and the name Cuñuris disappears.

La Condamine continued downstream and, around the mouth of the Tapajós, he encountered the few Tapajó Indians who still lived there. (The rest had fled into the forest, or had been enslaved or herded into missions or killed by diseases introduced by the Portuguese.) They showed him their most precious possessions: green stones carved in the form of animals, which they said they had inherited from their fathers, who, in turn, had got them from none other than the *cougnantainsecouima*—the Tapajó word for "women without husbands." Many of the chiefs' wives whom Raleigh met in Guyana a century and a half earlier had been wearing green stones that "they esteem as great jewels," and that Raleigh understood to have been acquired in trade from the Amazons. The stones that the Tapajó brought out were "no different in colour or hardness from Oriental jade," La Condamine reported. "One can't imagine by what artifice the ancient Americans could have cut and shaped them."

The prestige of green stones in the eighteenth century was, in fact, almost global. Tribal peoples in Asia and in North and Central America had long prized them as fetishes and ornaments. Some tribes in Amazonia traded them for women. According to La Condamine, in Europe they were called *pierreries divines* and were worn around the neck as a treatment for colic, epilepsy, and "nephritic pains." (One kind of jade, in fact, is called nephrite, from the Greek for "kidney.") The green stones of Amazonia are often carved into frogs. While their origin is still unknown, these amulets, which are called *muiraquitãs*, have so far been found mainly in the Nhamundá-Trombetas-Tapajós region. (The Trombetas is the next large left-bank tributary of the Amazon below the Nhamundá.) Today, *muiraquitãs* can be seen in museums and in private collections, although it is sometimes hard to see the ones in private collections, because of a superstition that showing them brings bad luck. They are probably the most highly prized archeological objects in Brazil, and are an important element of the story about the women without husbands that is told in Amazonia today. The story has many versions but is basically this: The women live on a sacred body of water called the Lake of the Mirror of the Moon. Once a year, at a certain phase of the moon, men from a neighboring tribe travel to the lake by canoe. When the visit is over, the women present their lovers with the male offspring born of the previous year's visit, and with *muiraquitãs*, which they have obtained—by diving into the lake—from an aquatic spirit called the Mother of the Muiraquitãs. The stones bring the men good luck in hunting.

THE myths about tribes of women are very ancient. In classical Greek mythology, the Amazons were formidable warriors. "Battle with them is considered a severe test of the hero's valour and . . . as warriors they are ranked with the monstrous chimaera, the fierce Solymi, and picked men of Lycia," the classicist Florence Mary Bennett writes in a 1912 monograph called "Religious Cults Associated with the Amazons." The ninth labor of Hercules was to capture the girdle of their queen, Hippolyta. The Amazons were linked to primitive fertility and war rites that involved orgies and the sacrifice of male victims. They may have been votaries or priestesses of the moon goddess, and they may have possessed the powers of enchantment attributed to the moon. They may have worshipped the mother goddess Rhea. They were superb horsewomen and are credited with being the first warriors to ride horses. They were considered beautiful, as surviving statues of them attest. They lived at the edges of the known world: in Scythia near the Black Sea, and in Libya. A population of Amazons at the foot of the Caucasus Mountains was visited once a year by men from a neighboring people. Robert Graves, in his compendium of the Greek myths, wrote, "On an appointed day every spring, parties of young Amazons and young Gargarensians meet at the summit of the mountain which separates their territories and, after performing a joint sacrifice, spend two months together, enjoying promiscuous intercourse under the cover of night. As soon as an Amazon finds herself pregnant, she returns home. Whatever girl-children are born become Amazons, and the boys are sent to the Gargarensians who, because they have no means of ascertaining their paternity, distribute them by lot among their huts." The Amazons met their defeat when they attacked Athens, whose king, Theseus, had abducted and married Antiope, their queen. A festival, known as the Greater Eleusinian Mysteries, was held every year to commemorate Theseus' victory and his destruction of the matriarchal system.

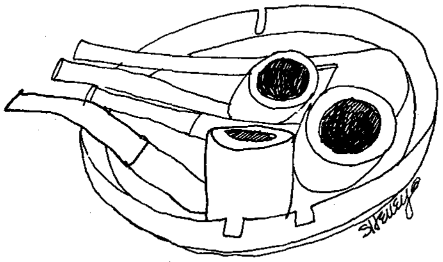
The medieval romances about the Amazons, from which the conquistadores' idea of them was derived, focussed primarily on their warlike and "voluptuous" aspects. Always in the next valley, always just beyond reach, the Amazons became a symbol of the conquest. The hope of finding them, vanquishing them, and taking them to bed was one of the fantasies that drove the conquistadores on. "The Amazon is a dream that men created . . . to flatter themselves," the feminist Abby Wettan Kleinbaum argues in her recent book "The War Against the Amazons." "The conquest of an Amazon is an act of transcendence, a rejection of the ordinary, of death, of mediocrity—and a reach for immortality. . . . Men told of battling Amazons to enhance their sense of their own worth and historical significance."

Like their Greek counterparts, the women without husbands of Amazonia were thought to live at the edge of the known world, in faraway mountains at the headwaters of cataract-filled rivers. They got together with men from neighboring tribes. They were associated with the moon and with water. They were seductively beautiful but, unlike the Greek Amazons, were not warriors (except for the women who allegedly attacked the Orellana expedition), nor did they remove their right breasts to enhance their skill as archers. These variations, where they occur, are almost certainly European injections. At least two Amazon-women motifs seem to be native to the Amazon Basin, however. According to a myth that occurs sporadically among some Amazonian tribes, like the Uaupés and the Mundurucú, which possess flutes they believe to be sacred, the women of the tribe once had control of the flutes. They sat around playing the flutes, and it was the men who had to carry the firewood and fetch the water, cook, and submit to sexual demands. This period of female supremacy ended, however, when the men tricked the women into surrendering the flutes. Today, in some tribes of the Upper Xingu region, in southern Amazonia, women who even look at the flutes are gang-raped. In another myth, quite widespread in the basin, women lived with men but also had animal lovers—caimans, tapirs, or perhaps porpoises. The men found out and killed the animals, and the bereaved women left the men and went off to live by themselves in the forest, where they practiced male infanticide. In some versions, they killed the men before leaving.

Many societies have a story about a time when women were dominant. Then something happened, the matriarchy was overthrown, and the women were repressed. Early anthropologists tended to accept the stories about an original matriarchy as historical fact. The nineteenth-century Swiss philosopher Johann Jakob Bachofen wove an entire theory of cultural evolution around it. He hypothesized that the first human societies were promiscuous hordes that evolved into matriarchies, but after the women introduced the institution of marriage as a "mother-right" the men became concerned about the paternity of their children and took over the descent system and, eventually, everything else. Few modern scholars take the stories about an original matriarchy literally—no self-perpetuating matriarchy or exclusively female community has ever been authenticated—but there is still disagreement about what the stories mean. Female scholars' interpretations tend to differ from those of male scholars; for example, Anna Roosevelt, an archeologist who digs in the Amazon and Orinoco Basins, sees the myth as "a rationalization of male-supremacist society," while Robert Murphy, the ethnologist of the Mundurucú, taking a more Freudian view, says, "It is a parable, a statement in mythic form about the current relations between men and women. Men issue forth from women and for several years are dependent on their milk." He adds, "To become a man, a man must overcome his dependency on his mother."

Perhaps there is a more straightforward interpretation. Myths are attempts to explain how things got to be the way they are, and one way to do this—a common and effective storytelling device—is to say that things were not always so, that once, in fact, the opposite was the case. What this myth seems to explain is a basic truth that exists today not only in Amazonia but in every known society: that men are politically and economically dominant.

IF, as all the evidence suggests, the Amazons, or women without husbands, never existed except in the various guises of a universal myth, a few questions remain: Why do so many of the stories about them in Amazonia say that the women live on the Nhamundá? What could be up there? Could the stories have an undiscovered basis of truth? My curiosity about the myth and the river was originally piqued by a book called "The Lure of the Amazon," published in English in 1959 by an Amazonian explorer named Eduardo Barros Prado, who claimed to have landed in a pontoon plane on the Lake of the Mirror of the Moon, "at the foot of some hills, lying parallel to the course of the Nhamundá." The women there handed him a "fiery" love potion, and he spent several days with them, studying their habits and resisting their advances. A close look at Prado's geographical and ethnographic information revealed that his account belonged to the blarney tradition started by O'Brien—that it was nothing more than a pastiche of stories that had been circulating about the Amazons since Carvajal, with convincing details about the daily routine of Indian women throughout the Amazon region thrown in. What also emerged from the close look, however, was that there existed almost no information of any kind on the Nhamundá, although a populous and rather advanced culture seems to have been occupying its lower reaches when the first Europeans blundered into the region. That a river longer than the Hudson should still be wild and unexplored seemed astonishing. (Actually, I have since learned, dozens of rivers in the Amazon system remain in this category.) Maybe the women without husbands were no more "real" than the bearded gnomes in "Rip Van Winkle," whose ninepins games were responsible for thunder in the lower Hudson Valley, but there was only one way to find out.



One afternoon in the spring of 1984, not long after I had decided to go up the Nhamundá, a good friend of mine, the Belgian ethnomusicologist Benoit Quersin, looked me up in New York. He was between planes, on the way from a daughter's wedding in Phoenix to Kinshasa, Zaire, where he heads the oral-traditions section of that country's Institut des Musées Nationaux. We had met two years earlier in Zaire, while I was doing some ethnological research. A slender, deeply tanned man with short gray-blond hair (he was now fifty-six), a large Gallic nose, and half-framed glasses hanging from a chain around his neck, he was cultivated but cool; fifteen years earlier, he had been touring Africa with a jazz band (he plays bass and once backed up Lena Horne) when an anthropologist introduced him to tribal music and persuaded him that it should be recorded. UNICEF came through with funding for an anthology of Zairian tribal music, and he was now nearing the end of the project: he had got to and recorded most of the country's tribes. I told him that I was going to the Amazon in the summer to chase a legend up a river called the Nhamundá. Then it occurred to me how nice it would be to have Quersin along; with his understanding of rain forests and their people, he would be the perfect companion. He wouldn't be put out by the inevitable foul-ups and delays, and his African perspective would be stimulating. I asked him if he would like to join me, and, to my delight, he said that he had always wanted to see the Amazon and had been waiting for an opportunity, and sure, he'd love to. We both had about a month to spend. I suggested that he take care of the audiovisual end of the expedition—the tape-recording and picture-taking. This would be my fourth trip to the Amazon, so it made sense for me to handle the negotiating and get us from place to place. He was only too happy not to have to worry about logistics for the first time in years.

On June 30th, Quersin flew west from Africa, I flew south from New York, and we met in Rio de Janeiro. Quersin picked up Portuguese with amazing rapidity, improvising, when necessary, with an entertaining repertoire of sound effects and gestures he had perfected in the field for communicating with people he couldn't converse with. We went to a money changer in the Centro and exchanged two thousand dollars for four bricks of crisp, mint five-thousand-cruzeiro notes—three million four hundred thousand cruzeiros in all. In the Museu Nacional, we saw some fine green jade *muiraquitãs*, carved into frogs and other creatures; one seemed to represent a cicada. The pieces had been acquired long ago, and the only information about them was that they were from the Trombetas Valley. We flew to Brasília and spoke with anthropologists at FUNAI, the National Indian Foundation, about the tribes of lower-middle Amazonia—the Mundurucú, the Sateré-Maué, the Hixkaryâna, the Wai-Wai, and the Tirió. The anthropologists told us that, as far as they knew, none of these tribes had green amulets or a myth about Amazon women, or had ever had either. They said that the Hixkaryâna, who live on the Upper Nhamundá, above the rapids, had been thoroughly worked over by missionaries and had forgotten many of their legends. In the anthropologists' opinion, chartering a bush plane to visit them wouldn't be worth the effort and expense. The Sateré-Maué Indians, who live up the Andirá River, across the Amazon from the mouth of the Nhamundá, were the most traditional Indians in the vicinity, and were accessible by boat; if anybody knew anything, they would. We were given permission to visit the tribe for a month (Brazil's tribal Indians, who number roughly two hundred thousand, are legally wards of the state, and permission to visit them must be obtained from FUNAI), to ask them about the women and the stones.

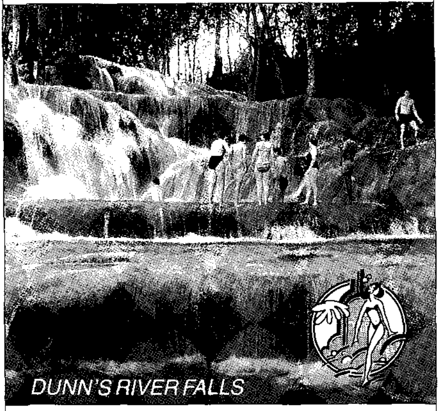
◆

From Brasília, we flew to Manaus, twelve hundred miles northwest, and from there took a plane east to Santarém, the largest city between Manaus and Belém, at the mouth of the Tapajós River. We were now a hundred and fifty miles downriver from the Nhamundá. In Santarém, we discovered that a duffelbag containing ninety per cent of our gear, which we had checked through at Brasília, hadn't been put on the second plane. The dispatcher assured us that the bag would come tomorrow, on the next plane from Manaus—or, if not tomorrow, maybe the day after. We did our best to impress on the dispatcher how badly we needed it, then took a taxi into the city, with the driver blaming the potholes on the mayor—as Brazilian taxi-drivers always do.

Santarém, with a population of around two hundred thousand, had become a lot more modern since my last visit, seven years earlier. A luxurious tourist compound, the Hotel Tropical, had sprung up outside the city, but instead of going there we checked into a cozy two-story wooden affair, with slowly turning overhead fans, called the Camino Hotel, overlooking the market and, beyond, the Tapajós, which just above its confluence with the Amazon seems as vast as an ocean. By seven the next morning, a Sunday, the square below us was seething with life. Stalls brimmed with fruit; a Baptist with an accordion was singing hymns into a microphone. We bought machetes and cotton hammocks, which are probably the two most useful pieces of gear for travelling in the Amazon. Quersin didn't see why he needed a hammock—he never used one in Africa—but by the end of the trip he would be raving about its virtues. A hammock is like a portable cocoon—it can be set up and settled into anywhere. It can serve as a chair, a bed, and a burial shroud.

I wanted to revisit a village called

Fall For Jamaica



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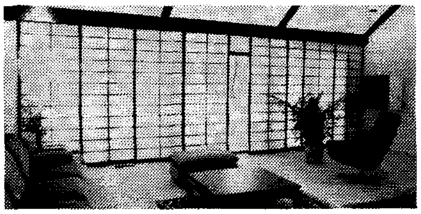

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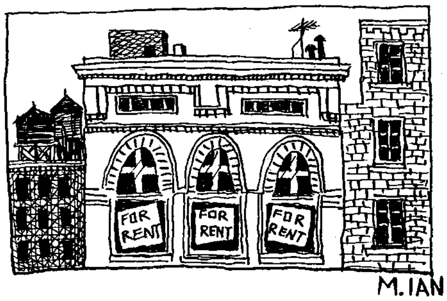
Alter do Chão, an hour or so up the Tapajós, where I had spent a memorable afternoon in 1977, swimming and drinking cashew liqueur. The village had consisted of a square with a church and a few dirt streets lined with thatch huts. The river, a couple of miles wide, had been warm and clear blue, with banks of clean white sand. Below the village, a large, limpid green lagoon had sat at the foot of a lone hill clothed with grass and small, contorted trees. The spot had been sacred to the Tapajó Indians: they had told La Condamine that most of their green stones came from the lagoon at Alter do Chão.

We caught a bus and pulled into Alter do Chão at about one in the afternoon. It was unrecognizable. It had been "discovered" and developed into a weekend resort for people from Santarém. Thatch huts were interspersed with stucco villas along many new streets, and thousands of young people—among them the copper-skinned, high-cheekboned, rather small descendants of the Tapajó—were on the beaches. (The next generation, Quersin predicted, would be inches taller.) Coca-Cola, water skis, speedboats, jeeps with roll bars—all the standard American consumer items associated with summer fun—were in evidence. It was the year of Michael Jackson. He was the new myth, the new universal culture hero. Children were break-dancing and moon-walking on the beach to tapes of his music. We met no one who knew the old legends of the place; the only bit of information we picked up was that somebody there was supposed to have a boat called the Muiraquitã. A regional salesman of bluejeans told us that the market around Santarém was "fantastic." Settlement of the fringes of the Transamazon Highway during the seventies, followed by a gold rush in 1980, had brought progress to the south side of the Amazon almost overnight, and nobody seemed to be looking back.

When we returned to Santarém in the evening, we found that we were in luck: our duffelbag had arrived, and there was still time to catch the boat across and up the Amazon to the city of Óbidos; we hadn't been delayed after all. The boat had two open decks with railings and was called the Vitória Régia III, after the gigantic Amazonian water lily. We hung our hammocks among those of dozens of other passengers, and soon we were chugging through the warm, insect-filled darkness. At about three in the morning, we reached Óbidos.

Not many travellers came to the north side of this stretch of the Amazon—the modernity that was making over the Santarém area was still perhaps fifteen years off—and the only lodgings in Óbidos were private homes that took in guests; staying in one was like becoming a member of the family. Our homey little pension was called the Hotel Braz Bello. The ten-year-old daughter of the house made up our beds and served us some breakfast. Later in the morning, we walked around the city. It had originally been a fort, built by the Portuguese, in 1697, on a strategic bluff overlooking the "throat" of the Amazon—a spot where the river is little more than a mile wide. As we were walking in a muddy lane by the harbor, thousands of Brazil-nut shells suddenly slid out of a second-story chute to our right and landed in a heap on the ground. We went up some rickety stairs and looked into the room from which they had been discharged. It was like a nineteenth-century sweatshop. Four rows of women were sitting at lever-operated nutcrackers, cracking open the nuts one by one. Nobody was talking, which was unusual for a group of Brazilians. These were second-quality Brazil nuts, the foreman told us, destined for Belém, where they would be used in making soap. The women were paid about fifteen cents a kilo, and they put in a six-day week. On Saturday evening, the average sheller took home twenty-five thousand cruzeiros, or about fifteen dollars.

American rock hits were gushing from municipal loudspeakers at most corners, but Óbidos, with a population of roughly forty thousand, was still basically a traditional Amazon town. Its general layout was similar to that of the next four towns we would visit (and to what Santarém's had been until recently), although, as we discovered, the personalities of these communities were quite different. In each place, the commerce was on the water, and the houses went up a hill behind—the stucco houses of the well-to-do, with red tile roofs, giving way to tin-roofed shacks and finally to thatch huts. The population was young and mostly female, many of the men having gone elsewhere in search of work.



In Óbidos, we called at the parish house of some Franciscan monks, who also have a mission in a Tirió Indian village near Suriname. A young Tirió man we met in the courtyard told us in broken Portuguese that the Tirió didn't have an Amazon-women legend, but a *mulata* schoolteacher we interviewed in the library said she had heard that "near the Tirió" there was a tribe of tall, fair, blond, blue-eyed Indians who were "the remnants of the Amazons." She had recently assigned her students to ask around the community for stories about the women. A fisherman interviewed by a seventeen-year-old girl in the class had said that once when he was fishing along a creek several leagues upriver from Óbidos he had felt the tail of a horse graze his cheek from behind. He had fallen to the ground and hidden his face, because he knew it was the Amazons, and he didn't want to look and be enchanted. "To us, the Amazons are horsewomen, female *cavaleiros*," the schoolteacher explained.

Quersin and I talked with one of the monks, Brother Angelicó, who was seventy-three and had a flowing white beard. He told us that he had lived for twenty years with the Tirió and had never heard about this fair-skinned tribe but that the Tirió esteemed fair skin. "Their chief, Yunuré, says he is white, but he is Indian," Brother Angelicó said. "The darkest of his four wives told me when she was expecting her first child that if the baby came out dark she would kill it." Among the Tirió, he went on, there was a group of Kaxuiana Indians, who had originally lived on a tributary of the middle Trombetas called the Rio Cachorrinho ("little dog" in Portuguese, and perhaps an attempt to approximate the tribe's name). They had been befriended by a missionary named Protásio Frikel. Brother Angelicó showed us a paper that Frikel had written on the Kaxuiana, which explained that they left the Rio Cachorrinho because they were dying of diseases caught from neighboring Brazil-nut gatherers and descendants of fugitive slaves. By 1968, only seventy-one were left, of whom many were suffering from tuberculosis and venereal disease. There weren't enough marriage possibilities in the new generation, so sixty-four of them had gone to live with the Tirió. The seven others, I read with interest, went up the Nhamundá. I wondered if they were still there.

After we left the parish house, we met a woman who said that not far above the mouth of the Nhamundá there was a lake called the Mirror of the Moon. She hadn't been there, but she understood that that was where the *muiraquitãs* came from and where the Amazons had lived. The women removed the right breast, she said. They would come down to the Amazon, visit men from the tribes there, and go back pregnant. The male children would be sacrificed and thrown into the lake or would be turned over to the men.

"Good news," I told Quersin. "It looks as though the actual lake where the women are supposed to have lived exists."

OUR next destination was a place called the Costa do Parú, on the southern shore of a large island in the Amazon, eighteen miles above the mouth of the Trombetas. (The Trombetas comes in about ten miles below Óbidos.) In the early eighteen-seventies, the Brazilian botanist, explorer, antiquarian, and Indian pacifier João Barbosa Rodrigues, who looked deeply into the Legends of the Amazon women, visited the Costa do Parú, and found there a jade *muiraquitã* and "an infinity" of pottery fragments. He concluded that he had found the village of the tribe that attacked Orellana and his men, and he argued that these "inappropriately named Amazons" must have been the ancestors of the Uaupés Indians, whom he had visited on the Río Negro several years earlier, because the Uaupés still made *muiraquitãs*, of cylindrical quartz, and had told him that they originally lived on the Amazon itself, along a lake inhabited by the Mother of the Waters. One day, they said, the Mother of the Waters took the form of an animal and was accidentally killed by an Indian hunter, causing a "revolution of the waters," which forced the Uaupés to move. Barbosa Rodrigues eventually came to believe that there had been a devastating flood in the Amazon not long after 1580, and this fitted neatly into his theory, explaining to his satisfaction "what to this day was unexplained"—the disappearance of the Amazons.

On our second morning in Óbidos, we went down to the harbor and asked the men lounging around gaily painted boats if any of them were interested in going to the Costa do Parú. By noon, we had found a boat to take us there. It was a very sturdily built cattle boat made of *itaúba*, or stonewood, and, with a capacity for maybe a dozen head of cattle, was a good deal larger than what we needed, but nothing else had been available in Óbidos. The boat was a typical Amazonian *motor*, as this type of craft is called: flat-roofed, open-sided in front, a temperamental African Queen-like rig in continuous need of love and understanding from its crew of two—the *motorista*, who sat at the wheel, in the bow, and the *mecânico*, who tended the thirty-horsepower diesel engine, enduring the din with the help of *cachaça*, the raw white Brazilian rum.

Although the river was receding from its high-water mark, of a month earlier, it was still up, and much of the *várzea*, or floodplain, was still under water. At this time of year, the only way the people who lived in the *várzea* could get around was by canoe. Most of them raised cattle, and we could see that their main business now was to paddle around and gather grass to take to the *marombas*, the elevated corrals, built on pilings, where the animals were penned. After several hours, we reached the little settlement of Núcleo Sagrado Coração de Jesus Costa do Parú, which was still flooded except for a small strand, on which a group of muddy children were playing. We walked along the immense, amazingly buoyant trunk of a floating *maçaranduba* tree to the elevated frame house of a man named Antonio Gomes, who brought chairs and coffee to the porch. There were almost a hundred people on the island, he told us, and they were all kin. The oldest was his Uncle Amerigo, a man of about seventy with a mouthful of gold, who soon joined us. He said, "My grandfather told me that when he came here as a boy there were Indians living here"—Maué Indians, from across the river, he guessed. And Antonio said that in October, when the water was down, the children would pick up all sorts of *vestígios*—little things made of clay in the shape of fish and other animals—especially along the big lake in the interior of the island. I asked if he had any he could show us, and a boy brought a fish made not of clay but of stone—a faithful enough representation so that the assembled company recognized it as a *cará* (the popular name for several related predatory fish). "This was made long before

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your grandfather's time," I said to Amerigo. Two holes had been drilled through it, possibly so that it could be strung and worn around the neck. It would have made a handsome gorget, but the boy's only interest in it was as a skipping stone, for which it was also admirably suited. Antonio gave it to me as a memento, and I reciprocated with a postcard showing, in triptych, the World Trade Center, the Statue of Liberty, and the Empire State Building.

We spent a pleasant hour on Antonio's porch but learned nothing that either supported or sank Barbosa Rodrigues's theory; whatever evidence there may have been either was under water now or had washed away in the century since his visit. If the Amazons had lived here, it was news to Antonio and his family. This was pretty clearly a blind alley. We got on the boat and chugged back to the mouth of the Trombetas, and there we were caught in a fantastic storm, with gale-force winds and high waves that forced us to tie up to a tree for an hour. Then we went up the Trombetas about twenty miles, and were dropped off at the city of Oriximiná in time for a late supper.

The municipality that includes Oriximiná (also called Oriximiná) contains sixty-eight thousand square miles of mostly unexplored wilderness that extends up to Suriname and the Guyanas. It is the fourth-largest municipality in Brazil. About fifty miles upriver from the city, one of the world's largest deposits of bauxite is being mined by the government and an international consortium. Oceangoing freighters have become a common if startling sight on the Trombetas. Above its rapids the modern world stops. About a thousand Wai-Wai Indians live on one of its tributaries, the Mapuera, and other Wai-Wai live on the north-flowing Essequibo, over the Guyana border. At the Oriximiná headquarters of some Catholic missionaries working with the Wai-Wai, we met a member of the tribe, a twenty-year-old named Rocinaldo, who spoke a little Portuguese. Eager to be of help, he kept saying yes to my questions until he finally understood them, and then he said that the Wai-Wai don't have an Amazon-women legend or *muiraquitãs* but that women of the tribe wear yellow necklaces called *eletãnos*, which bring luck.

The town had a tiny branch of the Federal University of the State of Rio de Janeiro, and there we met a young dental interne from Rio who had been studying the local superstitions in his spare time. Fear of the *bôto*, the freshwater dolphin of Amazonia, was very strong, he told us (as it is throughout the animal's range in the valley), among both *caboclos* and Indians. (*Caboclos* are the *mestiço* peasants and backwoods people of Amazonia.) The *bôto* is believed to be a kind of merman, who comes ashore and seduces women or penetrates them in the water. In Oriximiná, this belief was used to explain awkward pregnancies. It was so generally accepted that women registering the birth of a child sometimes gave the *bôto* as the father. A woman who had slept with a *bôto*, it was believed, never slept with a man again. There was a stall in the market where dolphin perfume and amulets made from dolphins' genitals were sold to men who weren't having success with the opposite sex. A female counterpart of the *bôto* was the *matitaperê*, the striped cuckoo; at night it became a woman, who dressed in black and seduced men, and sometimes provided a convenient explanation for venereal disease.

On the right bank of the Trombetas is a big lake, the Lago de Sapucuá, whose shores were thickly populated in late prehistoric times. Several frog *muiraquitãs* and many potsherds have been found there. We called on the mayor of Oriximiná, Raimundo Oliveira, and told him of our interest in visiting the lake. He told us that his people were from there, and promised to arrange a boat and a guide for us. There was a bizarre, ancient-looking ceramic object on Mayor Oliveira's desk, which he said was from the Lago de Sapucuá. It had four protuberances, each with a round hole at the end, that were suggestive—to me, at least—of bulging frog eyes. It seemed to represent something that lived in the water—or perhaps the general concept of things that live in the water, rather than a specific organism. Noticing that I was fascinated by it, he gave it to me. All told, I collected twenty-one such pieces, mostly animal figurines, from local people, who attached no value to them (and, in fact, though they are pre-Columbian and wonderfully imaginative, they have almost no monetary value, because no market has been established for them) and simply gave them to me as a gesture of friendship, as I handed out postcards. They called them *caretas* (contorted faces); archeologists refer to them as *adôrnos*. I wrapped them in tissue and packed them carefully in a rusty kerosene can. After my trip, I showed them to Anna Roosevelt, and she dated all but perhaps one from somewhere between 500 and 1500 A.D.

·DOLLS·
Julie Reece Deaver

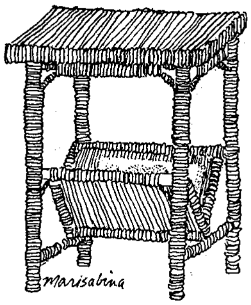
THE Lago de Sapucuá is the largest expanse of open water in the soggy maze of lakes, islands, and interconnecting channels between the Trombetas and the Nhamundá, and one of the largest lakes in the state of Pará. Mayor Oliveira told us that the name Sapucuá comes from *sapo* (Portuguese for "frog") and *qua* (the sound of a frog croaking). The boat that was waiting for us at six the next morning was a lot smaller than the cattle boat. Its crew consisted of two withdrawn young brothers, Orlando and Francisco, with whom conversation during the next two days was minimal; our guide was an old fisherman named Antonio Gado. Our plan was to tour the *terras pretas do índio*—the ancient dwelling sites along the lake, capped with a foot or so of rich, black soil, which are now inhabited by scattered families of *caboclos* but until about the sixteenth century had been the sites of substantial settlements of the Uaboi or Conduri Indians, about whom very little is known. Similar black-earth districts, the former dwelling places of the Tapajó people, are found along the right bank of the Amazon. Bits of pottery, particularly *caretas*, usually litter the black-earth sites. There is even a ditty in the Trombetas-Nhamundá area to the effect that wherever there are *terras pretas* you will find *caretas*. The blackness of the earth is a result of human occupation, of cinders from centuries of fires binding to the soil particles.

At the entrance to the lake, we saw silhouetted against the sky, on the highest branch of a dead tree, a pair of vigilant orange-billed toucans; and for a moment we were caught in a blizzard of monstrous green dragonflies. Then we went on to the first *terra preta*, a settlement called Uaimy, of about thirty inhabitants, most of them named Sousa. The air smelled of wood smoke mixed with the fragrant black resin of the *breu* tree, which a man was heating up to caulk his canoe with. The history here was as obscure as it had been at the Costa do Parú. Nobody remembered a jade frog *muiraquitã* that a woman at Uaimy named Catita Arara had sold in the twenties to the great Amazonian anthropologist Curt Nimuendajú. I had read about the transaction in a fifty-year-old paper on the frog motif among South American Indians. One old woman, though, remembered Catita Arara, who was long gone; she was amazed when I produced the name. She told us that, according to her mother, the Indians who had lived here stole children. I asked her about the *bôto*. "A woman who has been with the *bôto* slowly grows pale and dies, unless she is treated by a spiritist with the help of certain leaves," she said. "The *bôto* can do the same thing to a man. He can come to you in your dreams." A woman who lived nearby had had a baby who was "spotted like a calf" and was considered to be a child of the *bôto*; the dolphin, it seemed, was also used to explain illness and birth defects. The *matitaperê*, the old woman said, came during the floods, "whistling a seductive tune," but nobody at Uaimy had actually seen her. The old woman gave me a *careta*, which Anna Roosevelt later tentatively identified as the head of a king vulture.

On the north shore of the lake, there was a hill that was of particular interest, because it is called the Serra de Cunuri—a variant of the name that keeps cropping up in connection with the Amazon women. Coñori was the queen in Carvajal's account, and Cuñuris was both the first recorded name of the Nhamundá and the name of a tribe that lived up the river in the seventeenth century. In this century, Nimuendajú classified as Conduri not only the prehistoric inhabitants of the Trombetas and Nhamundá Valleys but also contemporaries who lived south of the Amazon and west of Santarém and made the same sort of stippled, amusingly grotesque *caretas*.

The meaning of the name variously written as Coñori, Cuñuris, and Conduri can only be guessed at, because the language of the Conduri was never recorded, but the sounds are suggestive. A *cunhã* is an Indian or half-breed girl. *Cuña muchu* is Inca for "great lady." The *cunauarú* is an Amazonian tree frog—which is interesting in light of the connection between the Amazons and frog amulets. The croaking of this frog, which figures in many Indian myths, is supposed to sound like *cunhã cunhã*.

The Serra de Cunuri rose a little over three hundred feet. We asked a local *caboclo* to take us to the top. He led us through scrubby pasture, shooing away emaciated zebu cattle, which kicked up black dust as they trotted off. The *terra preta* here was extensive—this must have been one of their main centers. It went back more than a mile from the lakeshore and stopped just below the summit of the *serra*, where it gave way to red upland soil. Here the going got rough. The final rise became steep, and was covered with near-impenetrable grass that towered over our heads. After fifty feet of flailing with machetes in the searing midday heat, we decided to take the *caboclo's* word for it that there was nothing up there. In any case, nothing was going to be learned here without digging, and that required time, training in modern stratigraphic archeology, and permits, none of which we had. No Conduri site has been systematically dug. The best study of Conduri pottery, which was published in 1955, was based only on surface finds, like the *caretas* we had been given. So no one knows what heights the Conduri may have reached in the centuries before the Europeans arrived.



We picked up another *bôto* story from an old man who had planted a grove of rubber trees in his *terra preta*, farther along the lakeshore. "Once, I was turning a *tracajá*"—a large river turtle—"on the beach," he told us as we sat in his outdoor kitchen. "I looked up and saw a man heading into the swamp nearby. My dogs went after him and dragged him down into the water, and he turned into a *bôto* and swam away." The eyes and mouths of his grandchildren, who had crowded around the table, were wide open. "When the *bôto* turns into a man, the first thing he does is stun the woman, so she can't move," he continued. "Then he does what he wants. When the woman revives, she turns yellow. He takes her blood, the *bôto* does. If you don't kill him while he's on land, as a man, the woman dies. His children are born crazy, writhing, screaming, with a hole on top of the head just like his blowhole."

At dusk, we pulled up to the dock of a friend of Antonio Gado's named João Bente, and asked if we could spend the night. Bente's hut was out on a point at the mouth of a creek. It was idyllic, like the lone-hut-in-the-jungle Amazon scenes that are standard décor in bars and restaurants all over Brazil. As we got out of the boat, the mosquitoes launched a concerted attack, and for several minutes we felt as if we were on fire. Bente had been drinking and was at first belligerent, but, at the urging of his wife, he gradually became more than hospitable. We ended up sleeping, at his insistence, in their bedroom, while they hung their hammocks in the hall.

In the morning, we made our way over to a smaller lake to the southwest, the Lago de Pirarucuá, crossed it, and entered a black-water channel that wasn't much wider than the boat and went on for maybe ten miles. It was lined with flooded *jauari* palms, whose segmented trunks bristled with black needles. In several places, a palm had fallen in the way, and we had to stop until Orlando could hack out a passage. Sometimes grass got caught in the propeller, and Francisco had to dive under the boat and take it off. The brothers' teamwork—with Orlando yanking the bell cord and Francisco accelerating, reversing, or cutting the engine in response—was smooth and tight. At one point, the channel opened into a pool, and we watched an osprey swoop down, snatch a large fish from the water, and fly away with it in its claws. Shortly before noon, we reached the town of Terra Santa, on a beautiful black-water lake.

There had been an outbreak of yellow fever a few months earlier in one of Terra Santa's outlying communities. Six of thirteen confirmed cases had been fatal, and a rash of psychosomatic cases—people with colds thinking they had come down with it—had followed. The Brazilian health agency, SUCAM, had vaccinated the population and sprayed houses to kill the *Aëdes aegypti* mosquitoes, which transmit the virus. Several years earlier, SUCAM had stopped spraying, because yellow fever, which had taken thousands of lives in the Amazon in the last century, was thought to have been eradicated; but this year the virus had reappeared in several remote communities, here and across the Amazon. A specialist had come from France to investigate the outbreak in Terra Santa. He had stayed at the Loureiros' house, the only lodging in town, and had been the last foreign visitor before us, we were told by a short, dark woman in her mid-thirties named Josélia Loureiro, who showed us to a room where we could hang our hammocks.

When we told Josélia that we wanted to go up the Nhamundá, she said it would be hard to find a boat and provisions in Faro or Nhamundá—towns twenty miles to the west, above the point where the Nhamundá begins to break up into the many channels of its delta. We were hoping to get at least as far as the first rapids—about two hundred miles. Josélia introduced us to a man named Emir D'Antona, the son of Terra Santa's pharmacist, who had spent a month the year before exploring the Nhamundá and its tributaries for gold and diamonds. He had taken an outboard instead of a *motor*, and he said that with three hundred litres of gas we could get to the first rapids and back, no problem. An outboard, he went on, had advantages: you could make side trips up creeks and into oxbow lakes, and you went twice as fast.

Josélia arranged for us to rent the municipal outboard of Terra Santa, which was aluminum, seated six, and had "ADMINISTRAÇÃO DO TEODORO LOBATO" stencilled on the side. Her younger brother João, a currently unemployed gold prospector, was interested in going along. "*Fantástico*," I said. But João had never been up the Nhamundá, so we would have to find somebody in Faro or Nhamundá who knew the river. D'Antona recommended his guide, a man in Faro named Preginho.

While João saw to the gas, Josélia took us to a friend who sold provisions, and he fixed us up with eight kilos of rice, four kilos of ground and roasted manioc *farinha*, two kilos of salt, six kilos of sugar, three hundred oranges, a dozen limes, six bottles of *cachaça*, two cans of cooking oil, ten cans of meat-and-bean *feijoada*, three hundred grams of seasoning, a dozen tins of sardines, two packets of coffee, six packets of tobacco, some thick monofilament fishing line, a dozen large fishhooks, and two wide-brimmed straw hats. Another man lent us a map of the Nhamundá that he had drawn himself. It was much more detailed than our map, which was based on high-altitude infrared photographs. It named the major bends and creeks along the first hundred miles or so; then it became increasingly sketchy.

After we had got our supplies, D'Antona invited us to a bar. He was thirty and had gone to high school in Belém, then travelled all over Brazil. About a year before, his mother had fallen ill, and he had returned to Terra Santa to take care of her. Sixteen weeks ago, he had started a weekly newspaper called *Solidariedade*, which the local padre let him run off on his mimeograph machine. Its circulation was up to two hundred and fifteen. "The population of Terra Santa is about seventy-five hundred, not counting hundreds of street dogs—they just shot thirty dogs yesterday," he told us. "We have five dancing clubs, and a hundred and twenty-five *festas* during the year—generally three a week. In January, there is the feast of St. Sebastian for two weeks, and then, sometimes in February and sometimes in March, pre-Carnaval and Carnaval. May is the month of flowers. June has the June festival. July is the feast of St. Isabel, the patron saint of Terra Santa. Each outlying community and creek mouth has its saint. There are two cars, four horse carts, four boatbuilders, two soccer fields, one grandstand, six football teams, one youth club, one mothers' club, and about twenty people you can carry on a conversation with in Terra Santa. People with better incomes send their children to Belém, Manaus, or Parintins"—the nearest big city, out the delta and across the Amazon, about four hours away by boat—"for high school, and they usually don't come back, so there isn't much influx of new ideas. Everybody is a known entity. Because the television reception is unpredictable—and there are only two sets in town, anyway—the main entertainment for grownups is gossip, and for children it's a soccer ball and a fishing line. Sex starts at twelve."

POPCO
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a. ehrenberg

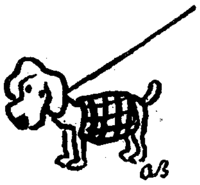
The year before, D'Antona told us, the state telecommunications franchise had installed a telephone in Terra Santa, and it was now possible to call anywhere in Brazil—or, for that matter, the world. When Quersin heard this, he went to see if he could reach his wife, who lives in a village in Vaucluse, in France. It was her birthday. (He came back about an hour later, beaming: he had got through.)

D'Antona told me that he had been to the Lake of the Mirror of the Moon. It was under a mountain on the right bank, not far above Faro. "It isn't very big, just a few hundred yards across," he said. "The day I saw it, there was no breeze, and the water was dead calm, full of leaves, and pretty dirty. As I understand it, it was called the Lake of the Mirror of the Moon because the Indians used to make up their faces in it before ceremonies."

THE town of Faro started as a mission for the Uaboi Indians. In 1758, it was secularized and became a town, and in 1798 its authorities began to make frequent use of a pillory; as a result, three years later the Uaboi bolted en masse into the forest. They haven't been heard of since 1840. There is good linguistic evidence that they regressed to hunting and gathering and became the Hixkaryâna.

The Faro that Barbosa Rodrigues found in 1878 was so depressed and demoralized that he was moved to compare it with the "*campus ubi Troya fuit.*" He had come up the river in a long dugout manned by ten *tapuios*, or detribalized Indians, and from a distance Faro presented "a most agreeable aspect;" its setting, with a view across miles of water to hilly forest on the other side, was spectacular. But when he got there and walked the town's three parallel streets he found that twenty-one of a total of seventy-five houses he counted (all but twelve of which were crudely made thatch huts) were in ruins and many of the others abandoned. The walls of the church were crumbling, and the municipal chambers were in such a precarious state that the local administrators had been holding their meetings in someone's house. There were only five commercial establishments. The inhabitants—about a hundred in the town and about thirty-three hundred scattered over the municipality—were apathetic; they lived by fishing and raising cattle, and weren't interested in growing anything.

Barbosa Rodrigues was unable to find anybody on the Lower Nhamundá who remembered the women without husbands, or even recognized the term for them in lingua geral—*icamiabas*—and he succeeded in picking up only a few stories about them. One he heard from a ninety-year-old Indian woman in Faro, who told him that the women without husbands got their *muiraquitãs*, which they gave to the men who fathered their children, from the Lago Yacyuaruá, the Lake of the Mirror of the Moon; the *muiraquitãs* were originally alive, she said, swimming around in the form of various animals. When a woman saw a *muiraquitã* that she wanted, she would cut herself and let her blood drip into the water over the creature; that would stun it, and as she brought it up into the air it would turn to stone.



In the century since Rodrigues's visit, Faro has fared little better. At one point, the urban population seems to have dropped to twelve. During the thirties, a family of Germans from São Paulo named Rossy came up to Faro and began to harvest the trees of the Nhamundá Valley—especially *pau-rosa*, a tree in the laurel family whose essential oil is a valuable raw material for some perfumes. The Rossys employed many people at their sawmill, and the town became dependent on them. But by 1970 the *pau-rosa* was gone, and Mario Rossy, one of the sons, moved the sawmill across the Amazon to Parintins, whereupon Faro went into decline again. In the early seventies, a comprehensive survey of the Amazon Valley by a government commission described Faro as "a stagnant town making a comeback."

The following morning, João, Quersin, and I set out for Faro in the municipal outboard. A series of grass-choked channels led from the labyrinthine delta of the Nhamundá into the river's lower section, which seemed like a vast lake and is, in fact, known as the Lago de Faro. Like most of the Lower Amazon's tributaries, the Nhamundá is a "drowned river" for some distance from its mouth. At the end of the last Ice Age, around ten thousand years ago, sea level rose some three hundred feet, and the Nhamundá's waters backed up and flooded its valley.

On our way up the Lago de Faro, we saw two canoes under sail. The sails were square and red. One man paddled at the bow of each canoe while another, at the stern, held his paddle as a rudder. The Lago de Faro is one of the few places in the Amazon where these craft, which are known as *igarités*, haven't been displaced by boats with engines. Continuous strong breezes and poverty have delayed their disappearance here. On the left bank, beyond the canoes, was Faro, as austere in its monumental surroundings as an Alpine village.

Knowing that the mayor of Faro was away, Josélia had written a letter to the vice-mayor, Roduval Machado, identifying us as researchers and asking him to put us up on the second floor of the municipal building, since there were no lodgings in the town. Machado, a languid young man with a pencil mustache, turned out to be one of half a dozen citizens standing on the dock when we arrived. The floor of the room to which he took us was littered with bat droppings that had fallen through a large hole in the ceiling. "We don't get many foreigners," Machado told us as the custodian swept them up. "Six years ago, I think, two Germans came looking for a tree that flowers blue in October."

When Machado learned what we were after, he said, "I am in doubt about the Amazons." As he understood it, the women had made up their faces in the Lake of the Mirror of the Moon, and, according to an account he had read by a Frenchman who claimed to have been captured by them and held as their sexual slave (earlier in this century, as he recalled), they had gone in for headshrinking. "Old man Rossy had a plantation on top of the mountain overlooking the lake, and he drained the lake to see if there were any *muiraquitãs* in it," he went on. "I don't know if he found any. There is supposed to have been a smaller lake on top of the mountain, but I walked across the mountain one time and didn't find a thing. There is also a story about a spring there that gushes out of a stone and never dries up and has brilliant golden fish in it. I didn't find that, either."

I asked Machado what the population of Faro was, and he sent somebody to get me the most recent census,

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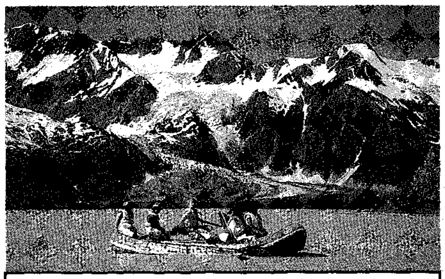

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for 1981. It revealed a total population of 4,635, of whom 2,234 were "urban"—all told, hardly any more people than Faro had had a century ago. The place had stood still economically, too; there was no sign of a "comeback." The fifty registered business establishments were mostly bars; the pharmacy was the sorriest-looking one I had seen in Brazil. D'Antona had said there was a lot of drunkenness, stealing, and prostitution in Faro, and that people there weren't above asking for handouts—something that never happened in Terra Santa.

"Faro is isolated," Machado explained. "It has poor communication with the rest of the world. The municipality itself is broke; what little money comes from Brasília has to be shared with the four other communities in its jurisdiction, including Terra Santa. We are the 'poor father.' The Indian influence is predominant here. Most of the people have no initiative, and for those with initiative there is nothing to do."

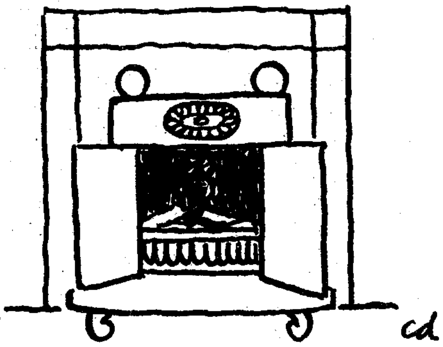
João, who had gone to find D'Antona's guide, the man named Preginho, returned with him. Preginho was a carpenter (*preginho* means "little nail"); he said he was busy and couldn't go with us but had talked to his brother, who was available and would meet us in the morning. Preginho looked trustworthy, so it seemed safe to assume that we would be in good hands with his brother. This settled, we went back down the lake several miles to the town of Nhamundá, to top off the fuel supply (this being our "last chance for gas"), and to see a man named Nogueira, who had a floating store permanently moored at the Nhamundá dock and was said to own a frog *muiraquitã*. Nhamundá is on the Amazonas side of the river—the right bank—and is about the same size as Faro.

Nogueira's merchandise took up two decks of a large *motor* and spilled over onto an adjacent barge. (Nogueira and his family lived on the third deck.) There were sacks of rice, beans, and *farinha;* dried and salted slabs of *pirarucu*, an enormous primitive fish; rope, hoses, shoes, hats; fresh eggs, candy; a pharmacy in one cabin with all kinds of colorfully packaged medicines; a restaurant and bar; lots of *mestiço* children running around; a dozen full-time employees; a half-dozen men snoozing on railings with straw or leather hats pulled down over their eyes; two guitarists playing *chorinhos*, an extravagantly romantic, highly syncopated type of Brazilian music. Life on Nogueira's boat seemed like a continuous party. I bought a kilo of onions, and Quersin bought a black rubber slingshot to drive the pigeons off his roof when he got back to Zaire. We found Nogueira, a blithe-spirited man in the white uniform of a pharmacist, and the mayor of Nhamundá, a sullen young man, sitting in sundeck chairs at the prow. Nogueira told us that he lived on a boat "for philosophical reasons" and that his *muiraquitã* was frog-shaped and smoky gray. He couldn't show it to us, he said, because it was in a safe in Belém.

In the morning, we found Preginho's brother waiting at the dock with a shotgun and a ditty bag. He introduced himself as Edson Carvalho, but, as we later discovered, to everybody up the river he was known by his Indian name, Songa. He was thirty-three, quiet, handsome, and strong-looking. Although he was a Maué on his mother's side and had grown up in one of the tribe's villages, he was no more Indian in appearance than the average *caboclo*.

With a fourth person in the boat, it rode very low, and even when João turned the throttle to full and held it there we went very slowly through the water. We crossed the lake at a diagonal and continued along the Amazonas side. After ten miles or so, we had to stop and transfer gas from one of the large plastic drums to the metal tank that fed the engine. Quersin and I stepped out into the warm black water; it was so inviting that we sank into it. The shore here was clean white sand in which a low, dry type of forest known as *campina*, bristling with branches and festooned with air plants—orchids, bromeliads, ferns—managed to grow. A nearby bird, a trogon, hidden in the trees, kept calling, usurping the silence as completely as the pulsing shrieks of a police car.

After skirting for several hours a series of low, flat-topped *serras* that broke off at the water's edge and were spattered with violet-blossomed Tabebuia trees, we approached the Serra do Espelho, the Mountain of the Mirror, at the foot of which was the lake that had been the seat of the women-without-husbands myth for at least the last hundred years. From afar, the *serra* looked no different from the others we had been passing; it gave no indication of its legendary importance. On the bank below it, a man who Songa told us was named Chico de Brito was standing before his hut, trying to make us out. Songa shouted to him that we had come to see the lake and would stop to visit him on the way back, and then we entered a channel that came into the river just below the hut.



After about a hundred yards, the channel widened into a pool that doglegged to the right. The pool was maybe two hundred yards in diameter and, as D'Antona had said, it was still, murky, and full of leaves. So this was it. I wouldn't even have called it a lake; to me it was a pond. (The word *lago* can mean "pond" as well as "lake.") The French explorer Henri Coudreau, who went up the Nhamundá in 1899 with his wife, described the lake, with understandable exasperation, as a *mauvais petit lac*, writing in his journal, "If . . . the Amazons discovered or invented by Señor Orellana and cultivated by so many lovers of the marvellous ever manufactured the sacred stone"—the *muiraquitã*—"and invoked the moon from the borders of this *mauvais petit lac*, it must be well recognized that time has completely effaced all trace of their passage." Coudreau asked the local people if they remembered Barbosa Rodrigues, who had visited the lake twenty years earlier and had found no trace of either the women or the stones. They had no memory of him, and they themselves had never seen a *muiraquitã;* they had only heard of the amulets from "people who came from the city."

In the early fifties, a German archeologist named Peter Paul Hilbert climbed the Serra do Espelho and reported that it was a hundred and twenty-eight metres high and was capped by a small, shallow expanse of *terra preta*, which suggested to him that at one time there had been a settlement there of a few huts—a seasonal farming community, perhaps, occupied at planting and harvest time. For some reason, he didn't investigate the shores of the lake. We discovered more *terra preta*, covered by half-dead bacaba-palm and hardwood forest, on the north shore. It wasn't extensive; almost immediately it ran up against the flank of the *serra*, which was too steep for settlement, and seemed hardly enough for a matriarchal chiefdom. If any women without husbands had lived here, there couldn't have been more than a couple of dozen of them. The southern shore had been cleared and planted by Chico de Brito. As there was nothing more to be learned without digging, we went to talk to him.

De Brito was a sun-beaten, grizzled man of about fifty. He had been living at Espelho for twenty years. His wife and seven of their children were standing in the doorway of their hut. A metal sign next to the door said, in Portuguese, "MALARIA NOTIFICATION STATION." One of his sons, de Brito explained, had been taught how to draw blood; the samples went to Parintins for analysis. But the results and the medication could take weeks to arrive, he said, by which time the patient might have died.

"When I got here, old man Rossy was already dead," de Brito told us. "He's buried up on the *serra*, where his house was. He wouldn't let anybody up there. They say he had a shortwave radio. During the war, two Germans visited him and left him a boat." (We had heard in Óbidos that a U-boat had gone up the Jarí, a left-bank tributary of the Amazon close to its mouth, and that one of the crew had died of fever and was buried, under a cross with his name and serial number, on a *serra* overlooking the river.)

De Brito took us over to the edge of his yard, where we could see a green pool, maybe fifty yards across, through the trees.

"Is this the spring with the golden fish?" I asked.

De Brito said that it was, but that he had never seen any of the fish himself. "But Rossy found a lot of *muiraquitãs* in there," he said.

I asked de Brito if he had ever found any *muiraquitãs* himself, and he said no.

What about *caretas*?

He went into his hut and brought out seven he had picked up on the bank the previous October. Six of the pieces represented animals, among them a catfish and a howler monkey. The catfish was strikingly realistic. The seventh piece was a complete departure in both style and subject: a head of a woman with elaborately coiled hair. No ordinary woman would have had such a hairdo; this woman must have been important. Her mouth and her eyes (overarched with lightly incised brows) were simple slits. This *careta* looked—more than any native New World art work I was familiar with—almost Grecian. One of the earliest theories about the female warriors in the Amazon Valley was that they were an émigré remnant of the original mythical Scythian Amazons—a theory that can probably be ruled out.

Very little is known about prehistoric Amazonian hair styles, but it is possible that they were similar to or influenced by Inca coiffure. The hair of Inca women is known to have been elaborately braided, as is that of the Quechuan women, who are their present-day descendants. Carvajal, it will be recalled, described the women who attacked him and his companions as having "hair very long and braided and wound about the head." Could the sculptor of this *careta* have been familiar with the Carvajal account or the classical Amazon myth? Back in New York, several experts I showed the piece to suggested that it could have been made after contact with Europeans, and that its design could have been influenced by pictures that the Indians had seen in books or by designs on European armor or weapons. I explored the possibility of having the piece carbon-dated, but it was uncertain whether enough carbon could be extracted from it without destroying it, and whether a reliable date could be obtained, so I decided not to.

To me, the *careta* looked just like the head of an Amazon, and it revived my interest in the myth, which had suffered after I saw the lake. As we pulled away from de Brito's dock, I wondered what had been there. The surface of the lake had been absolutely still. On a moonlit night, it would have made a perfect mirror, offering a rare opportunity, in the centuries before the arrival of silvered glass from Europe, for people to examine themselves. In a way, the fact that the lake was nondescript argued in favor of its being the seat of the Amazons. If the legend had been arbitrarily assigned to a place, wouldn't a more picturesque one have been chosen?

We decided not to climb the *serra*. It was thickly overgrown, and de Brito assured us that we would find nothing. Instead, we crossed the river and examined an old Uaboi burial ground that was still a cemetery for

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the local *caboclos*. In a clearing along the forested bank, there were about a hundred weathered gray wooden crosses, all from this century, some radically tilting. Small waves of warm black water lapped the black-earth shore in quick succession.

TOWARD evening, we reached the Boca do Nhamundá, the "mouth" of the river, where the drowned lower section, the Lago de Faro, gave way to the extravagant meandering typical of a lowland river, with oxbow lakes thrown off at nearly every change of direction. Another lone family who were friends of Songa had settled at the Boca do Nhamundá. Their homestead was called Castanhal, "wild grove of Brazil-nut trees." We arrived at its dock just as the light was failing, and unloaded the boat in choppy, milky water, with Songa urging us to hurry, because stingrays would be moving into the shallows for the night. The head of the family, Casimiro Gomes, a muscular man of about forty-five, with the hairless copper skin of an Indian, came down the bank and helped us pile our things under a large thatched roof on poles—a structure known as a *barracão*, which he had built for the annual festival of Castanhal's patron saint, São Miguel.

The Gomes family consisted of four people: Casimiro; his mother, Rosa, an energetic and strong-willed woman in her sixties; his half sister, Sabena; and Sabena's son, Adenildo. The family had cleared land extending five hundred metres along the river and fifteen hundred metres back, and were growing manioc, two kinds of bananas, soursop, guava, cherimoya, and inga, but no greens except some onions in a kerosene can. Rosa had a little herb garden in which she grew seasoning for fish, lemon grass for colds, and mint for coughs. Certain wild fruits—sorva, *maçaranduba*, *pixuna*—were gathered in season; and in December and January the Brazil-nut trees whose towering crowns loomed in the forest behind dropped their ripe fruit, heavy globes the size of volleyballs, which contained from one to two dozen seeds—the Brazil nuts of commerce. The sale of the nuts provided the family with virtually its only cash. "Money is hard to come by here," Casimiro told us. "I tried lumbering. It was heavy work and got me nowhere. The *regatões* exploit you. You end up always owing." The *regatões* were river traders who came up in *motores* with kerosene, cloth, shotgun shells, batteries, and other modern items, obtained mostly from Nogueira, and went back down with what the *caboclos* had grown or hunted or harvested in the forest.

Life at Castanhal had an austerity whose like we had not yet seen. The people along the Lago de Sapucuá were better off, João explained, because they could get to Oriximiná in one day and sell their goods there without being ripped off by *regatões*. Casimiro had canoed from Castanhal to Faro in one day, but the wind on the Lago de Faro was often bad, he said, and it was easy to flip. So the family had to be almost completely self-sufficient—almost completely outside the cash economy. Quersin asked Casimiro why the families on the Nhamundá lived so far apart—such independence is unknown in Africa. "Each has its own work," he said.

After it grew dark, Songa mixed us some outstanding *caipirinhas*—the Brazilian national drink, which is made of *cachaça*, sugar, and lemon, and has the taste and the kick of a Margarita—and we lay back in our hammocks and watched the full moon come up over the Lago de Faro, flooding its surface with sparkles of ghostly light. I asked about the rest of the river. Neither Casimiro nor Songa had been above the first rapids, but Casimiro said that it was two days by canoe from there to Kasawa, the main village of the Hixkaryâna, and from Kasawa "only three days" on foot to Guyana. The Hixkaryâna went up to Guyana all the time, he said. If this was true, we could conceivably trek right over the border—if we could get up the rapids.

Casimiro picked up the faint purr of a *motor* coming up the lake, listened intently for a moment, and then said, "José." So few boats came up this far that the local people could recognize the sound of each engine from miles away. José was another of Songa's brothers, who had some business upriver. We didn't see his spotlight; he was navigating by moonlight. Casimiro stood on the bank and blinked his flashlight downriver for several minutes. By the time José arrived, Quersin and I had turned in. I was vaguely aware of a succession of sounds in the night: first, people talking in animated Portuguese; then hundreds of *cunauarú*—tree frogs—croaking in long, staccato volleys; and, at about three o'clock, half a dozen male howler monkeys roaring from a mile or so away, perhaps warning each other to keep back, or defending a fruit tree. The roaring sounded like cold wind rushing through a mountain pass. It is one of the loudest sounds made by any animal.

The next morning, we got off by six-thirty, and, having left the extra gas and the heavy baggage for José to bring up later in the morning, we were finally able to zip along with the bow out of the water, which boosted João's morale considerably. He was worried about our weight and the gas, and was anxious to return to Terra Santa; he was about to go to work for his brother-in-law, who owned several bush planes and supplied mining camps in the jungle up the Tapajós.

At midmorning, we arrived at a settlement on the left bank called Jacamim. The *jacamim* is the gray-winged trumpeter, and one of these birds was strutting around. Trumpeters tame easily and are said to be good at catching snakes. Several *caboclo* families lived there, and some Indians were camped there temporarily, helping the headman of Jacamim, whose name was Almerindo, convert his recently harvested manioc into *farinha*. This was being done in a well-organized operation under Almerindo's supervision. In one corner of a *barracão* set up for the purpose, a black woman and a young Indian man were nimbly nicking the coarse brown skins off the tubers with machetes. The peeled white tubers were soaked for several days, then fed into a gas-powered machine that grated them into pulp. The pulp was stuffed into a long, weighted tube of latticed palm fronds, known as a tipiti, which hung from the rafters and squeezed out the poisonous prussic acid. Then the pulp was sifted by hand through a sieve. The big nuggets that remained in the sieve were baked into cakes that looked and tasted like unleavened bread and were called *beiju*, or else they were made into a porridge. The fine bits were placed in shallow metal pans four feet in diameter and roasted into golden *farinha*. Almerindo's harvest had been good, and he was hoping to get forty sacks of *farinha* out of it and to take them in his *motor* to Nhamundá and sell them for about seven dollars apiece to a passenger boat that stopped there once a week on its way to Manaus.

D'Antona had told us he met some "nomadic" Indians on the Nhamundá. These must have been the ones. He didn't know what tribe they were—maybe Tirió. I wondered if they could be the seven Kaxuiana who, according to Protásio Frikel, had moved to the Nhamundá in 1968. Their chief, known to the *caboclos* at Jacamim simply as Antonio Índio, wasn't around at the moment but would be back in a few hours, we were told. Maybe he knew some Amazon myths. Antonio's wife, Temso, was a dignified woman of about sixty. She was sifting manioc pulp; their daughter Maria was bagging the *farinha*. I asked the Indian man peeling tubers if he was a Kaxuiana from the Rio Cachorrinho, and he said, in Portuguese, that he was. His name was Kanati. He was twenty-two, with high cheekbones and a bent nose like a hawk's beak. Rolling himself a cigarette, he told us, "I left the Cachorrinho when I was five years old, with my father and my brother, and we went to live with the Wai-Wai in Guyana, in the village of Caxineu, on the Essequibo River. Eight years ago, I came here to the Nhamundá, where Maria's parents were living. I made love to her, and I've been here ever since." Maria, who was his age, was tall and light-skinned, with long, straight black hair and a large, beautiful face—strikingly different from the *caboclo* women and from Kanati himself. There is considerable phenotypic variation from tribe to tribe in the Amazon Basin. The Kaxuiana, who, except for the ones here on the Nhamundá, had all been absorbed by the Tirió, had themselves been a mixed group. They had come originally from "the high *serras* to the west," which Frikel guessed were the Andes, and had later been joined, in a bloody process of fusion, by two waves of an Amazonian tribe called the Warikyana. Maria was Warikyana, and Kanati said he was half Tikiano, another small tribe of the Upper Trombetas, now also scattered.

Francisca sang a mournful, monotonous song, an "old dance" of the

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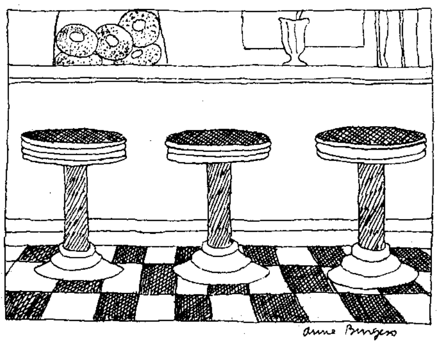
Kaxuiana, into Quersin's tape recorder, and Maria sang two hymns in Wai-Wai. I asked Kanati how long it took to trek from Kasawa to Guyana. He said from two to three weeks, if you kept moving—he had once spent three months doing it with some Wai-Wai. So that was out. He said that he would go with us to Cafézal, the place upriver where the Kaxuiana lived—there were four couples now, three with children—and see if he could get his brother-in-law, Bernardinho, who had a canoe and was a *cachoeirista*, a good man in white water, to take us up to Kasawa.

José came up the bend but wouldn't dock at Almerindo's; they were feuding over something—were *politicando*, as Kanati put it. We decided to save gas by hitching our boat to José's *motor* and riding with him to the Lago Jacytara, just a few miles upriver, which was as far as he was going. There seemed no point in waiting for Antonio; these Kaxuiana were so acculturated that if they had ever had a women-without-husbands myth they had probably forgotten it, I decided. To offset the new weight of Kanati, we advanced him the sack of oranges, and he left it with Maria. We soon reached the Lago Jacytara, and when we were under our own power again Kanati squatted at the bow and, propping his elbows on his knees, stayed there without moving or talking for the next hour or so.

The river was like a smooth black corridor, about seventy-five feet wide, gently insinuating itself between walls of green that rose to a fairly uniform height of about thirty-five feet. The terrain was mostly flat and choked with vegetation. There was a lot of standing water, in large lakes that opened to the right or left at most major bends, and under the trees on both banks. Often, the lower branches of the trees were smothered with a purple-flowering creeper, a member of the pea family, which was everywhere. Over much of the Nhamundá's length for much of the year, there was nowhere you could go ashore, let alone build. No wonder it was so deserted. The only artifacts we saw that afternoon were two makeshift huts that lumberjacks had put up in front of one lake. Sometimes the descending river, as it made one of its gradual swings to the right or left, would collide with a rib of terra firma, and a high, slumped bank of red clay, "created by the weight of the water that throws itself here," as Kanati nicely put it, would be exposed. Songa didn't know many of the trees by name, and neither did Kanati, and João knew almost none. I knew a few, and it was comforting to be able to put a name to some conspicuous element of the forbiddingly complex vegetation that closed in from every quarter—to know that that long spike up there studded with red florets was the bromeliad *Aechmea huebneri*, or that this exquisitely slender palm shooting up twenty feet higher than its neighbors before bursting into a sparse, wispy crown was the *açaí*, whose berries could be made into a refreshing drink.

As Kanati and I talked, it became clear that he had already had a full life. At fourteen, he was drafted into the Guyana Defense Force and served for three months as a policeman; then, because he "hated beating up people," he left the army and took off for Suriname to visit the other Kaxuiana, including his father, who were living with the Tirió on Xaparwini Creek. From there, he made his way to Paramaribo, the capital, where he had some Tikiano relatives. He had been exposed to seven languages: he was fluent in Kaxuiana, Wai-Wai, and Hixkaryâna, which are quite similar; he knew some Tirió, which is quite different; he had learned English from a Protestant missionary at Caxineu but had forgotten most of it; he had a smattering of lingua geral; and now he was speaking Portuguese, in which he had taken a crash course with the padre in Faro for several months when he first came down to the Nhamundá. He had a better idea of the world that Quersin and I were from than Songa or João did. "New York is near America?" he asked. "I will go there."

We were in a hurry to reach before dark a place called Banho (Bath), where there was an abandoned hut and *barracão;* the owner had gone to Belém, Songa told us. When we got there, Songa and João took the boat into a little cove upstream and threw out lines baited with tapir meat. Kanati got a fire going and started to cook rice, onions, *farinha*, and sardines. As the sky darkened, the fishermen returned with two white piranhas—a disappointing catch. Nighthawks made nervous forays over the river, gliding, flapping, snapping up insects, emitting little nasal sounds, and then night fell. Quersin produced another marvel of Japanese microtechnology, a small nine-band shortwave radio, and tuned in Washington, Paris, Jerusalem—the big time—and a Spanish-speaking country (we couldn't tell which one), where something that sounded like *"la flexibilización del estado de urgencia"* had just gone into effect.



The next morning, Kanati gave us English nicknames: Quersin was Father, I was Chief. We reviewed the lakes and creeks and bluffs we would be going by: Inferno, Casimira, Piriquita, Barãozinha, Barão Grande, Jauari. "From here on up, there is nobody except Indians and the watchman of the *companhia*," Songa told us. The *companhia* was a calcite mine whose operation had been discontinued in the early seventies. We crossed from bank to bank, keeping to the inside of each bend, sometimes having to skirt a tree that, craning out from shore toward the light as the water ate at its roots, had finally toppled, bringing its attendant vines down with it and stretching them taut as cables. The river remained about seventy-five feet wide. Quersin said that this section of it reminded him of the Ubangi. He had found ancient dwelling sites up the Ubangi that looked like *terras pretas*, with beautifully decorated potsherds of a kind that nobody made anymore, and he had recorded a fantastic bird song, of which he gave a tour-de-force imitation. "In fifteen years of going all over Zaire, I never heard it again, and nobody has identified it," he said. "It must have been the Charlie Parker of that species."

Each of us spent much of the afternoon in his own thoughts and projects. Quersin, sitting beside me wearing his straw hat and with two pairs of glasses—reading and sun—perched on his nose, filled page after page of a notebook with swift, meticulous, minute writing. Then he reviewed a French-Portuguese phrasebook he had picked up in Rio, getting a chuckle from the "En Bateau" section, given our present circumstances: "Can you show me the way to my cabin? The sea is rough. I don't feel well." Kanati, at the bow, was feasting his eyes on the advertisements in a sumptuous glossy magazine I had brought from New York. A lot of the pictures were of things he wasn't familiar with. He asked what an American Express Gold Card and a nuclear submarine were, and I tried to explain.

We passed a succession of lakes and creeks without event: Fúsil, Veado, Focinho da Anta, Chave, Bemtevi, Remanso Grande, Areia, Tôrre Macaco, Gaviãozinho, Gavião Grande. At last, we came to the Pitinga, on our right, the largest of the Upper Nhamundá's tributaries, which was not much wider than a country road. Two pink dolphins, the first *bôtos* we had seen on the trip, were swimming around at the Pitinga's mouth. We got out at a small clearing on the bank and watched them racing up and down, perhaps alarmed at our presence, perhaps chasing fish. Every few moments, one would surface and blow with a sucking, snorting sound. D'Antona had said that he followed the Pitinga for two days, until he was stopped by a waterfall, at which point he could see a *serra* with a savanna in the distance. We checked our gas: seventy-five litres. It was obvious that that wasn't going to be enough to get us even to the first rapids and back to Faro. I felt dumb and duped. Why had D'Antona said that three hundred litres would be enough? Why hadn't Songa been able to tell us that we couldn't make it? Because, he said, he had never gone up the river in an outboard; he knew the distance only in diesel fuel. "Maybe there's some gas at the *companhia*," he suggested.

An hour later, we arrived at the *companhia*. There were half a dozen small prefabricated buildings there, an airstrip, and a huge gouge in the bank where barges could be run up and loaded. The mine had shut down eight years earlier, but there was a chance that it might resume operation—so we were told by the assistant watchman, who lived in one of the buildings with his wife and four children. He said he had only ten litres of gas, but we were welcome to it.

When we pulled into Cafézal, about an hour later, the whole community came running down the bank, letting out excited, high-pitched yelps—the way Indians greet returning loved ones. Kanati's brother-in-law, Bernardinho, shook my hand. His father, Antonio, the chief, had left him in charge until he returned from Jacamim. At twenty-seven, Bernardinho was the senior male of his generation. Kanati, who was younger and a relative newcomer, and didn't have a canoe, deferred to him. Bernardinho introduced his wife, who was Kanati's fifteen-year-old sister, Regina. Regina already had three children. Then, there was Bernardinho's twenty-six-year-old sister, Karauki, a half sister of Kanati's wife; they were daughters of Antonio by different women. Karauki was married to her paternal first cousin Moritiuro. They had five children. The compound was not noticeably different from a *caboclo* settlement, except that the huts were sided with slats of split saplings instead of wattle and daub. The usual dogs, cats, chickens, and *jacamims* were in residence. But this place seemed somehow earthier and cozier, and the Indians seemed more alive to their surroundings than the *caboclos* we'd met had been to theirs. I asked Bernardinho how he spent his time, and he said, "Here we never stop. We make *farinha*, we sell lumber downriver, we take people on trips when they come." The last such people, a party of German missionaries, had come three years before. They had wanted to go up to Kasawa but had also underestimated their gas. Bernardinho said that he and the others at Cafézal grew Cayenne bananas, a long and especially rich and filling variety. The fishing was poor locally, so they did a lot of hunting. The edges of the clearing were littered with the bones of past meals, including the small but strikingly human-looking skull of a howler monkey. Bernardinho asked for some batteries for his flashlight, so that he and Moritiuro could go shoot something for dinner, and as he went off with his shotgun Regina slapped him lustily on the back and said, "*Mata*" ("Kill"). Soon we heard two pops in the darkness, and the hunters returned, each with a paca—a large brown nocturnal rodent with four rows of white spots running the length of its body. "The paca comes at night to the bank to eat a little flower," Bernardinho explained, "and there we wait for him." Quersin took a flash group portrait with Bernardinho and Moritiuro holding up the pacas, and then the pacas were turned over to Regina and Karauki to prepare for supper. We contributed some onions. They fascinated Bernardinho; he had never seen an onion before. He asked if they grew above the ground or below it.

While we were waiting for dinner, Bernardinho showed me some of the things in Antonio's room. There was a wooden club with a vulture's head, carved in masterly fashion by Antonio. "We used to kill people with this fifty years ago," Kanati said. A cotton hammock intricately woven by Temso thirty years ago, and still strong, hung in one corner. Bernardinho said that it had taken his mother a month to make. (I wondered how literally to take these time spans.) The knowledge of how to make such things had apparently not been passed on to his generation; nor, apparently, had the ability to tell any of the Kaxuiana myths. The language had—Regina, for instance, spoke very little Portuguese—and so, apparently, had some plant lore. (There was an arrowroot growing in a kerosene can, in whose juices Bernardinho said he bathed his dogs, so that they would hunt better.) It looked as if the next generation would be absorbed into the *caboclo* population and would become more or less like Songa. The Kaxuiana population here had probably fallen below replacement level. Being Indian had no prestige in the world below the rapids, but the members of this small group still had tribal solidarity, perhaps heightened by the knowledge that they were the last of their kind.

We tried the pacas, which had been grilled over the fire, and they were superb. I had known that these rodents are rare over much of their wide range, from Mexico to Paraguay; now I understood that the reason wasn't only that their habitat was being destroyed. Kanati belted out, wretchedly off key, a Wai-Wai hymn he had learned in Guyana, for which he gave an English translation: "No smoke, no drink rum, go to Heaven with Jesus." Tens of thousands of feet above us, the blinking red and green lights of a jet plane, headed north, slowly crossed the star-encrusted sky.

"Where is it going?" Bernardinho asked.

"Maybe to Caracas, or even the U.S.A.," I said.

"It goes by six times every morning," he said.

As we got ready for bed, Kanati warned us not to leave our bare toes dangling out of our hammocks, because vampire bats might come and suck them.

Just after sunup, Bernardinho,

Kanati, Moritiuro and his oldest boy, Quersin, and I loaded up our gear in two canoes and set out for the rapids. We had paid Songa and João and had left some of the food with them. If the rapids were passable, we would go up them, and the seventeen others above them, in the canoes, to Kasawa, and from there either we would proceed with Kanati and maybe some Hixkaryâna to the Wai-Wai on the Mapuera, who could take us down to Oriximiná in about a week, or we would fly out on the next plane. If we didn't come back to Cafézal that night, Songa and João were to wait a few days, as we would try to send back some gas with Bernardinho. Bernardinho said he couldn't tell whether we could make it up the rapids until he took a look at them.

Travelling by canoe (I was in the first one, between Bernardinho and Moritiuro's son), we were much more aware of the life of the river; the teeming sounds within the trees were no longer drowned out. We moved more slowly and closer to the bank, often right under overhanging branches. All sorts of details that we had been missing presented themselves now: the sound of the river straining against a snag; lots of little brown bats suddenly flying up together from a tree trunk, to which they had been clinging, perfectly camouflaged; the scent of white mimosa flowers; the citronella smell of ants that lived symbiotically in the hollow stems of a *taxi* tree, paying their rent by biting anything that brushed against it (Bernardinho said their bite was very painful but not as painful as that of wasps. "If we get attacked by wasps, jump in the river. That's the only way to survive," he said); a large butterfly mimicking a sunlit leaf, with wings divided in horizontal zones of brown, yellow, and brown; scores of water striders slipping off a branch and sprinkling the water; a black-collared swallow skimming the mirror surface of the river for a distance of maybe fifty yards, then pulling out in a graceful climb; a loud crash back in the woods, which Bernardinho said could only be a tapir; dark toucans with white bibs gorging themselves on *açaí* berries; a Carib grackle, a red-crested cotinga, a black-fronted nunbird rustling, darting among branches; a morning-glory vine blossoming in lavender trumpets; three blue-and-yellow macaws coming overhead, calling raucously; a king vulture soaring high up; a small anaconda, about five feet long, stretched out along a branch ahead, languid-looking but in fact ready to drop on anything that passed below it. Bernardinho flicked some water at the snake with his paddle, and in one blurred motion it thrashed off the branch and dropped into the river.

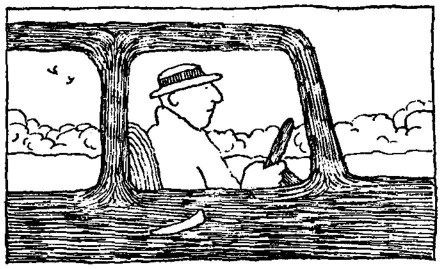
At about one o'clock, we began to hear a loud, dull roar upriver. The water became choppy, opaque, foamy, and full of eddies, and the air became moist with spray. Turning a final left-hand bend, we were confronted by a smooth, solid sheet of water about a hundred yards across, with a drop of ten feet or so—a kind of mini-Niagara—and with a quarter mile of white-water riffles behind it. This was the *cachoeira porteira*, the gateway cataract. There was no need to confer with Bernardinho. The expedition had run up against a literal wall of water.

We paddled over to a large *motor* that was anchored in the flooded bushes below the falls. It was being painted by a young Hixkaryâna man, who told us that the boat belonged to FUNAI; when the river was lower, goods were ferried between here and Kasawa by outboard. He said he had nothing—neither diesel fuel for his boat nor gasoline for ours. This was a rather bold lie; he was sitting on a drum of diesel fuel, as I pointed out. He then said that he wasn't authorized to use any fuel or to give any out or to take the *motor* anywhere, and that he didn't even know how to run the engine.

I asked Kanati if it was possible to walk up along the river. He said it was "too ugly," and then, "We are sad. You will come back in August with a *motor* and an outboard and we will go to Guyana. Songa is no good. He ruined your trip. He knew, but he didn't want to tell you."

Quersin was exasperated. "The lack of reliable information here—it's no better than Africa," he said.

To me, the confusion about the gas and the rapids seemed to be related somehow to the confusion about the Amazons—both were part of the great confusion that prevails in most Amazonian endeavors.



There was nothing to do but accommodate ourselves to the situation. Quersin and I recalled that we hadn't been sure we would get past the rapids in the first place. Kanati remembered that the padre was coming up to Jacamim from Faro in eight days to officially marry him and Maria, so it was just as well that he got back; and Bernardinho said that one of his teeth was hurting and he wanted to go down with us to Nhamundá to get it taken care of. So we headed back for Cafézal. Not far below the rapids, Kanati spotted a sloth up in a tree. As we passed under it, it slowly rotated its small, round, crude head and looked down at us.

The next morning, a Friday, a small convoy set out from Cafézal. It was made up of the outboard, with the five people who had come up in it, and, in tow, a dugout with Bernardinho and his family in it. The plan was for all of us to go downriver together until the gas ran out—there was now about sixty litres left. Then Kanati, Quersin, and I would take off in the canoe and try to catch Almerindo at Jacamim before he went down to Nhamundá with his *farinha* on Sunday morning. If we missed Almerindo, we would just keep going, and the others would have to paddle the outboard down to Jacamim and make their own arrangements with Almerindo when he got back. João wasn't very pleased with this plan, but as he had to stay with the boat there was no alternative. Songa, passive as ever, said, "Whatever happens is the same to me."

By lunchtime, we were back at the Pitinga. Bernardinho threw in a line, and in less than a minute he pulled out four white piranhas. A fifth sliced the line clean. Songa and Kanati skinned, gutted, and spitted a red howler monkey that Kanati had just shot, and we ate it, too.

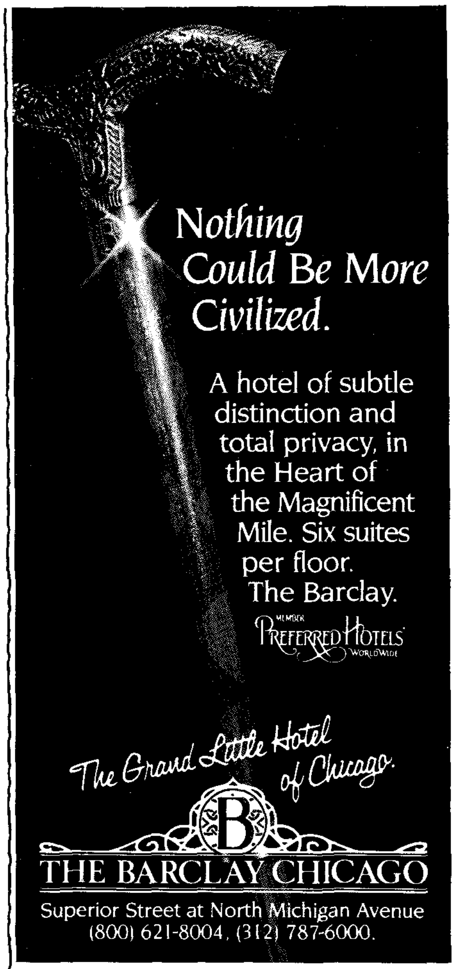
The gas lasted until midafternoon. People and goods transferred crafts, and Quersin, Kanati, and I started off in the dugout just as it began to rain—a local downpour coming from a lone dark cumulus. We were somewhere in the middle of the hundred-mile stretch between the Pitinga and Banho, where nobody lived and there was very little dry ground for even a temporary shelter. Kanati said that we would just have to keep paddling through the night, but Quersin and I valued our sleep, and we kept looking for somewhere to put in. Finally, about half an hour before dark, we saw a little rise in the forest and got out. Kanati said, "Wait here," and went into the forest with my machete. We could hear him running around and cutting materials for a lean-to—poles, vines, palm fronds. Two of the poles he planted firmly in the ground about six feet apart. Then he placed a third pole horizontally against them, about six feet up, and lashed it with vine. At each juncture of the upright poles with the cross pole, he laid two more poles and lashed them together at a slight incline to a tree about six feet away. Then he laid seven saplings across this triangular frame and lashed them down. Then he covered the frame with fronds. Their leaflets were sparse and thin and not the best roofing, he explained, but there were none of the right kinds of palm around. We added a plastic sheet for extra protection, and it was good that we did because at about two in the morning a heavy rain started to come down, but we kept dry in our hammocks below. The lean-to took Kanati no more than half an hour to put up from scratch. He said that it was called a *rabo-de-jaca,* which means "caiman's tail."

We made a fire, heated up and ate the rest of the monkey, and then lay in our hammocks watching enormous cool-green fireflies streak through the darkness and listening to the dense, pulsing rhythm of frog and insect choruses, which blended together almost like a band, with the frogs on bass. It sounded not unlike Brazilian samba. I have often wondered whether the night sounds of the jungle helped inspire this infectious music; to my knowledge, the connection hasn't been investigated. (Quersin recorded the concert with a multidirectional external microphone, and six months later a cassette labelled "Nhamundá/nuit" came in the mail, with a note from him that said, "Binary/ternary, like all forest music.")

We went about forty or fifty miles the next day, and stopped in a channel off the river where there was a *barracão* belonging to a family that had gone to work downriver several months earlier. It was as well kept a compound as Castanhal. The dirt floor had been neatly swept, and a stack of firewood, an axe, and a bar of *breu* had been left in the kitchen area. We ate and turned in early, so we could get an early start and reach Jacamim before Almerindo left. A spider monkey maybe five hundred feet away started to call. Kanati reproduced the timbre and the spacing of the calls with a series of short whistles, which the monkey answered.

The next morning, we were back in lake country. Kanati knew little allées, called *furos,* in the inundated forest that led to the lakes. We took a few, cutting straight across the lakes back to the main channel and avoiding miles of circuitous loop. The entrance to the *furo* leading to the Lago Jacytara, however, proved elusive. At last, Kanati thought he had found it, and, gliding into a dark, flooded forest, we proceeded mainly by pushing off with our paddles from tree trunks, many of which were buttressed to help them stay up. This *furo* seemed not to have been used in some time. Vines had grown across it, and it was clotted with debris. A hundred yards in, a troop of squirrel monkeys passed about thirty feet overhead, too intent on spanning the fifteen feet or so between trees to notice us. Cautiously, one at a time, they would walk out to the end of a branch and then hurl themselves into the air. Small and light, they were spectacular leapers. About fifty of them, some with babies clinging to their backs, passed, flowing through the treetops like a stream with several interwoven channels. Half a dozen capuchin monkeys came with the last of them; it was a mixed troop, the hyperactive squirrels stirring up insects for the larger capuchins, and the capuchins, in turn, with their more powerful jaws, opening up fruits for the squirrels.

Shortly after this, we got hopelessly lost, and eventually we found ourselves right back at the entrance of the *furo;* giving up, we continued down the main channel. I asked Kanati when we would get to Jacamim; it was nine o'clock, and we were an hour overdue. "It's not very far," he said, and then added, "And it's not very near." I leaned out over the water and threw my weight into each stroke, and we started to really move. At nine-thirty, we heard the sound of a *motor* still a good ways below us. That would be Almerindo heading off to Nhamundá. We had missed him. When we finally pulled into Jacamim, two hours later, Antonio Índio, the chief of the Kaxuiana and Kanati's father-in-law, hailed us from shore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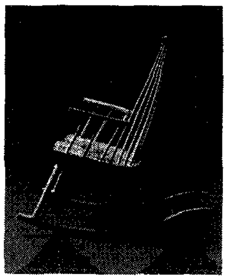

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with what seemed to be the standard greeting on the Nhamundá: "Where are the fish?"

Antonio Índio's real name was Kauka. He was, at six feet, the tallest of his family, and he looked about sixty, with sparse white stubble on his chin, although the skin around his well-developed torso was still tight. "I am from the time when they didn't count years of age," he told me as we sat down together in the *barracão*. He had on a homemade Gandhi cap and projected calm, humility, simplicity, dignity, and wisdom. I asked how it was that he had come to live at Cafézal. "In 1968, Father Protásio came in a boat to our village on the Cachorrinho and took away ten of us at a time. The whole tribe went up the Parú do Oeste to live with the Tirió, near Suriname. We were the last seven to leave: my wife Temso and my wife Augusta, who is dead now, and our children Bernardinho, Karauki, and Maria. Father Protásio told us to wait. He would be back. But we didn't wait. A *cariwa*"—Kaxuiana for "other people;" that is, non-Indians—"gave me a gun and told me to go hunting. But it wasn't good for my wives to be left alone. When I came back, they said the *cariwa* had been bothering them. So we all went up the Mapuera to hunt tapir. We thought we'd be back in two or three weeks. But we have never returned. We canoed up *cachoeiras* and then followed paths we had never seen before, and after fifteen days we came to Kasawa; there were no Wai-Wai on the Mapuera yet, and the only Indians up there were the Hixkaryâna. We stayed two years at Kasawa; then Nonato, the chief of FUNAI's post there, told us to go down to the *cachoeira porteira* and be watchmen. He said to work with the *regatão*, moving supplies up to Kasawa, and not to let anybody pass. We did this for a while, but we weren't getting any money for it, so we decided to go off on our own, and moved down to where we are now."

I asked him if he knew any stories about the women without husbands, and he said, after a long silence, "I can't remember any."

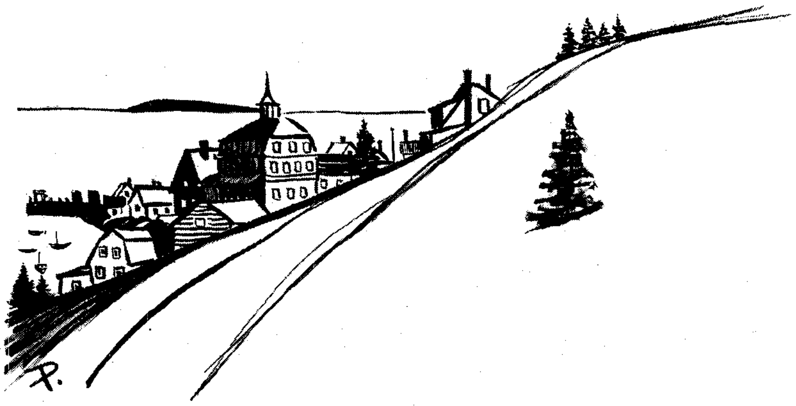
Three hours after our arrival, the outboard, with Songa, Bernardinho, and João paddling full steam, arrived. They were way ahead of schedule, having not stopped either night but taken turns sleeping in the boat. João, eager to get back to Terra Santa, was devastated to hear that we would be stuck at Jacamim until at least Tuesday, when Almerindo was due back from Nhamundá. But we weren't stuck: a few hours later, Bernardinho and Kanati canoed down to the trading post of a *regatão* named Moura and arranged for him to come up that night with his *motor* and tow us down to Nhamundá. As we pulled out of Jacamim at about 2 A.M., I found myself crying in the darkness. What a beautiful world this was, what a privilege it had been to hang out in it for a while. And, as Quersin put it, what a beautiful cat Kanati was.

Late that afternoon, Kauka and I had sat together in the *barracão* and talked some more. Angled sunlight flooded the clearing. The women and girls had gathered on a log at the edge of the water and were singing softly while combing each other's hair. Several dozen tiny *pium* gnats, whose bite leaves a small blood blister that itches terribly, were trying to feed at my ankles, but a few drops of repellent kept them away. Some of the children were swimming. Almerindo's wife warned them to stay close to shore; the day before, Almerindo had shot a big anaconda from the dock, but not fatally. Kauka had brought out to show me another of Temso's intricately woven cotton hammocks, called a *makira*, and a rectangular *tanga*, or pubic covering, made of red, blue, and white beads woven in a crenellated pattern. They were fine work. He said, "Nobody will ever make these things again. My daughters don't know how to, and you can't get the right cotton or the right beads anymore."

I was ready to conclude that the Amazon-women myth, if it had ever existed among the Kaxuiana, was extinct, and, trying to find out if Kauka knew any other myths, I asked him, for starters, if the Kaxuiana had any stories about how the moon had got there. But he had been thinking about my earlier question, about the women without husbands, and he had remembered a story about them (or perhaps he had remembered it all along but had not been sure he wanted to tell it). Looking out across the river, he began to speak in a melodious storytelling voice: "My father used to say that the old people said the Amazon women lived on the *serra*. There were five women: Tiaruui, Amacoco, Carawiki, Coyatinu, and Woru. One day while their husbands were sleeping—they had been having a *festa* and dancing all night—the women left. They clutched hot peppers to their breasts and started to dance in a circle. Slowly, they started to leave the ground. Higher they rose. When the men awoke, they were flying. They threw down the peppers. They pelted the men's eyes with a rain of peppers, so that the men couldn't shoot them with their bows. The women went to live on the *serra*."

"What *serra*?" I asked.

"The big *serra* at the end of the Cachorrinho," he said. "All these rivers end in *serras*." He went on, "One of the women had a child, whom she left behind, under a basket. The men turned over the basket and found the child, a girl. One man—the shaman—took the child and cut it into pieces. As when a hunter gives pieces of meat to the people in his family, the father gave the pieces of his child to his companions. Each man took two pieces. The father let the shaman keep the child's ear and vagina. They all hid the pieces in their rooms. Eight days passed. The father said, 'Today we will see our women. Let's go.' Each man went into his room"—here Kauka traced a series of adjoining rooms in the dirt with his finger—"and he discovered that each of the pieces of the child had grown into a fully formed woman. But the shaman went into his room and he found that the ear had become a bat and the vagina a little bird. The shaman cried. 'Give me one of the women,' he said. But no one would. He went walking along



the riverbank with his bow and arrow, asking. He saw one of the birds that sing *tik-wa*"—Kauka imitated its call in falsetto. "I don't know its name. The shaman became the bird, and left. The women who were from the flesh of the child had children at their breasts, but the children had not been made by men. The children were called *imroyana*. They were the founders of the Kaxuiana."

And what about the wives who had gone to live on the *serra*?

"The man in the house on the *serra*, the owner of the *serra*, saw these women and asked how it was that they had got here," Kauka said. "He tried to find out what had happened. The women said, 'Nothing happened. We just flew up here.' And they flew again to make him believe. The women lived there for many years, and they had children, but the children were not made by men. If the child was a boy, they gave it to other Indians."

Kauka continued, "A thousand men went to see the women of the *serra*. They were taken there by the owner of the *serra*. First, they went up the river, then overland. It took three months' walking. The husbands were with them, too. Finally, they got to the big *serra*. The owner said, 'Here I live. On top of the *serra*. Let's go up.' After two hours of climbing, they arrived. They heard noise and conversation. The owner said, 'Here the women live. Let's go see them. Don't be scared. They will offer us supper and something to drink.' They came to a big house. It was about this time of day. Everybody sat down. The women arrived. They were beautiful, wearing *tangas*. The owner of the *serra* said to the women, 'If you have something to eat and drink, you can bring it now.' Each woman lay down on her bed with her breasts pointing in the air and lifted her *tanga* and said, 'Supper is ready.' The men started to get on top of the women, but they just squatted over them; they were not supposed to make love to them. But one man, squatting over the most beautiful of the women, could not control himself. He wanted her and put his wood into her. The other women killed him on top of her. Didn't I tell you they don't like men? For this—because the women don't like men—the men went away. They went away, and none of the women wanted to go back with them. The owner of the *serra* arranged a plane for the men to go away."

Amazonian myths are full of such anachronisms; as in dreams, logic and historical authenticity are irrelevant. I asked Kauka about the plane existing so long ago, and he said, "They made it themselves. It was small. This plane made no noise. It was like a vulture gliding in the air." Then he went on, "The men got to Belém and with the women who had grown up from pieces of the child founded the Kaxuiana. Belém then was a *maloca*"—a large communal house, containing a whole village—"called Xurutahumu. From there they went to Kurumukuri, which is now Santarém, and to Pauwiti, which is now Oriximiná. And from there they spread out everywhere. Thus all Indians were founded. Each tribe has its own language and its own story of who they first were. But the first Indians were those who came down from the *serra*."

I asked Kauka if the words "Coñori," "Cuñuris," or "Conduri" meant anything to him.

He said, "The Coñori were a tribe around here. It was also the name of my father, who was the chief of the Kaxuiana before me. His name was José Sarubi Coñori, and he called me Coñori."

When Kauka began talking, Maria and Regina had come to the edge of the *barracão*, and they had been standing there, nursing their babies in the gathering darkness and listening. "They sing Kaxuiana songs to their children, but they don't tell the stories," Kauka said. "Only I know this story. Nobody else can tell it anymore. How the Kaxuiana were founded and spread."

When I told Quersin, who had been shaving at the end of the dock, that the myth was still alive, and that these people were the descendants of the men who had been left behind by the Amazon women, his eyes widened, and he said, "So you see, we had to miss Almerindo's boat."

—ALEX SHOUMATOFF

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BC-DAYBOOK—CORRECTION 11-18

TUESDAY'S 11 A.M. NEWS CONFERENCE AT THE HYATT REGENCY CAPITOL HILL WILL BE HELD BY THE NATIONAL COALITION OF IRS WHISTLEBLOWERS (STED IRISH WHISTLEBLOWERS).—*U.P.I. wire dispatch received in Washington, D.C.*

Damn.

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[*TV listing in the London Times*]

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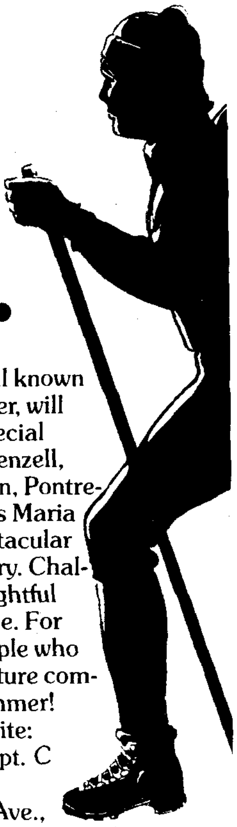

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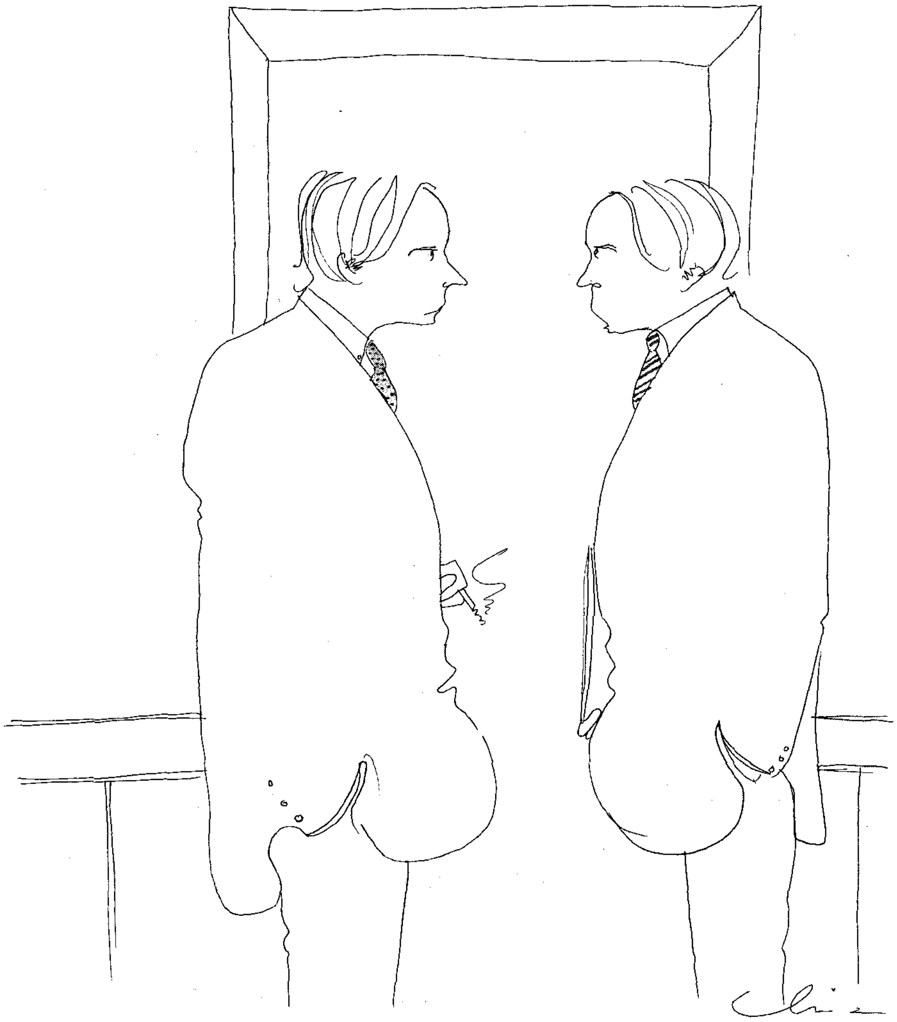
THE THEATRE

Murder Most Foul

THE number of cross-purposes at work in a failed melodrama called "Execution of Justice," at the Virginia Theatre, is made manifest by its setting. Ming Cho Lee, ordinarily one of the most gifted and resourceful of our set designers, has been asked to provide a courtroom—specifically, a courtroom in San Francisco, in which we are to observe the trial of Dan White, the former city employee who, in 1978, shot and killed the mayor of San Francisco, George Moscone, and Harvey Milk, a city supervisor, who was a leading member of the homosexual community in San Francisco. The melodrama is made up of transcripts of testimony given at the trial, excerpts from newspaper, magazine, radio, and TV interviews, and recurrent snippets of a movie documentary of the case called "The Times of Harvey Milk." Mr. Lee's courtroom is as much a curiosity as the play itself. The audience is presumed to be the jury, seated in a jury box that is in fact the auditorium of the Virginia; surrounding the proscenium arch of the theatre are photographic blowups of the pillared, classical San Francisco City Hall, and we are entitled to expect a similar grandeur in the courtroom itself, but, to our astonishment, this turns out to be a grungy space littered with spidery little chrome and black leather chairs of the sort that one buys at Conran's; the presiding judge's bench is at floor level, scarcely visible amid the courtroom clutter. At the back of the courtroom rise rows of bleachers, filled with members of the audience (a borrowing from "Equus"?), and behind the bleachers we glimpse a shadowy wall in traditional judicial style, with the bleak brick wall of the stagehouse rising behind it. Hanging from the supposed ceiling of the courtroom is an immense white cube, upon which video images are projected from time to time.



"Look, this is getting serious. We need to talk. I'll meet you tonight at King Tut's Wah Wah Hut."

The incoherence of the setting is matched by the incoherence of the assignment of roles to various members of a large cast, whose transformations we are able to see through with disconcerting ease. Nor is my list of complaints at an end. The wife of one of the most distinguished of our local drama reviewers has been known to assert that her husband has never actually seen a Broadway play, having been too busy scribbling notes to himself for the purposes of the review he will shortly be writing. I never actually saw much of "Execution of Justice," but that was because lights of blinding force occasionally flashed on, simulating the high-wattage needs of the TV crews in the courtroom.

The author and director of "Execution of Justice" is Emily Mann, and I am truly at a loss to understand what lies behind her attempt to turn this unsavory episode of American history into a work of art. It is in the nature of the genre that established facts may not be altered, and as far as I could tell no new facts have been introduced; a miserable human being committed a heinous crime, was tried and found guilty of it, received what was generally perceived to be far too light a sentence, served his time, and, a year and a half after his release from prison, committed suicide. More than a nervously hyped-up retelling of the circumstances of the crime is required to raise us to a level loftier than that of some inky, eye-catching tabloid headline. Ms. Mann leaves us irritated and exhausted but unmoved.

The cast, which has been encouraged to shout more often than absolutely necessary, includes Gerry Bamman, Peter Friedman, John Spencer, Adam Redfield, Mary McDonnell, Stanley Tucci, Lisabeth Bartlett, and Nicholas Hormann. The costumes are by Jennifer von Mayrhauser, and the lighting is by Pat Collins.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

More of the Same

HEREWITH some impressions of "Hamlet," starring Kevin Kline and directed by Liviu Ciulei, which are bound to be at least as coherent as the production at the Public. There is no rant, there are no heroics, and, except on the part of Mr. Kline, there is little eloquence. Mr. Kline's Hamlet

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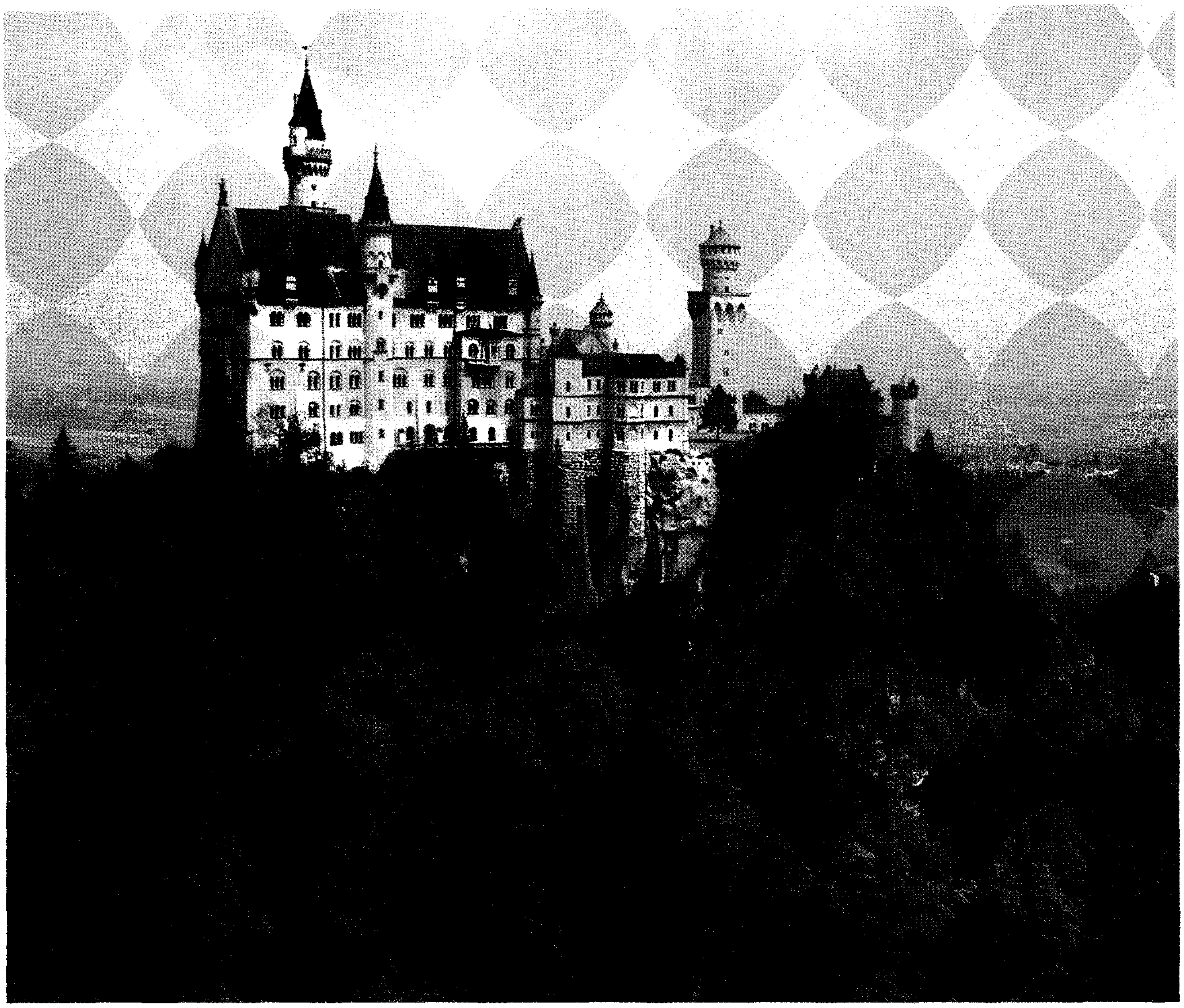

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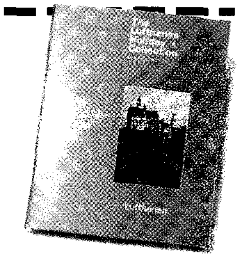

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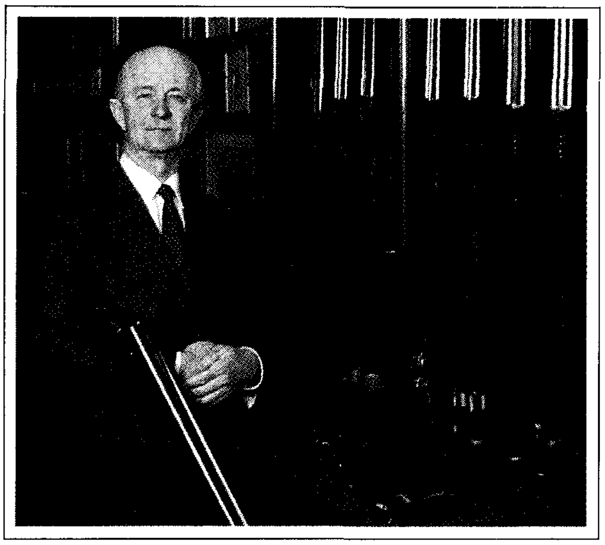

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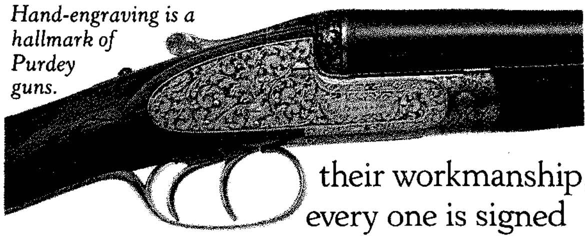

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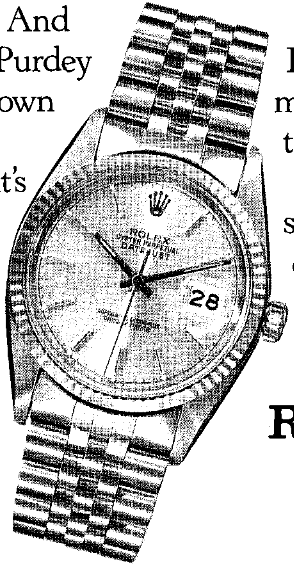

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is quiet, intense, eloquent in his silences and his listening. Mr. Kline can be the most flamboyant of actors, but no flamboyance is visible here; this Hamlet is brooding and ironic. His wit and mischief—that antic disposition—and anger are all exposed, but he is reserved in his grief. No opportunity for humor escapes him, and he is, of course, funny, but—at least at the performance I saw—there is little passion in him. Kevin Kline is one of our most brilliant actors, born to play Hamlet, but if ever a good actor was all but done in by a production it is Mr. Kline. The production is constantly distracting—cluttered with images and foolishness, and almost drowned in effects. Not much can be said for the supporting company, with two exceptions. Priscilla Smith's Gertrude is affecting and eventually startling. (In the Queen's closet scene, she removes her auburn wig and confronts Polonius and her son with gray hair streaming over her shoulders.) Jeff Weiss makes an extremely emotional ghost and an amusing Osric.

The scenery—an arrangement of pillars which shifts from scene to scene, keeping the action fluid—was designed by Bob Shaw and lighted by Jennifer Tipton. The decorative Edwardian costumes were designed by William Ivey Long.

"A Rosen by Any Other Name," at the American Jewish Theatre, was written by Israel Horovitz and tells the story of a Jewish family in Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario. The time is 1943, a few weeks before the bar mitzvah of Stanley Rosen. His father, Barney, is a tailor, and his mother, Pearl, helps in the shop, but her main occupation at present is planning the reception that will follow the service, a reception whose pièce de résistance is to be a statue of Stanley made of chopped liver. Stanley's mortification is intense, his protests unavailing. The action is made up of little scenes—in and out of the house, or in the tailor shop, or with the rabbi, learning the ritual. Barney is afraid that the fate of the Jews of Europe will descend on him in Canada; to this timorous man everyone is a Jew-hater. When a rock is thrown through the window of his shop, he decides, to the disgust of his wife and the anger of his son, to change his name. "Royal" is the final choice. ("Royal Rosen?" asks the rabbi.) But Stanley, with the help of the rabbi and the encouragement of his cousin Manny, a veteran of the Navy who is staying with the family while recovering from shell shock, thinks of a way to outwit his father and retain his own name. Everybody lives happily ever after.

The story is serviceable enough, but it is the details that count—the vignettes that the author blends with some skill. A lot of the jokes pay off, and the characters are pleasant company. Horovitz is an experienced dramatist, with a sense of scale; he has deliberately kept the play small. That said, I must add that it is often too cute and too sugary for my taste. No question about the performance, though—the work of all the actors, under the direction of Stephen Zuckerman, is absolutely right. Peter Smith is Stanley; Barbara eda-Young and Peter Riegert are his parents; and Michael Ornstein is his cousin. Best of all is Sol Frieder, a very entertaining man, who appears in seven roles, among them the rabbi. "A Rosen," the second play in a trilogy, was (to quote the program) "inspired by characters from Morley Torgov's book, 'A Good Place to Come From,'" about the Jewish community in Sault Ste. Marie. The admirable scenery, costumes, and lighting are by James Fenhagen, Mimi Maxmen, and Curt Ostermann, respectively. —Edith Oliver

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Burlington (Iowa) Hawk Eye*]

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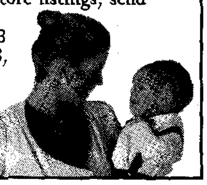

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Twits, Turtles, Creeps

E. M. Forster began writing "A Room with a View" in 1902; he put it aside and wrote two other novels, then completed it and published it in 1908, when he was twenty-nine. It's a whimsical social comedy about a muddled young girl, Lucy Honeychurch, whose passionate nature is expressed only when she's at the piano playing Beethoven. She desires yet fears sexual love; she runs away from the man who stirs her emotions, and becomes engaged to a rich twit. Lucy Honeychurch suggests an English variation of Henry James' American girl Daisy Miller, but Forster's story, in its polite-pagan way, also anticipates some of D. H. Lawrence's themes. Lucy needs a room *with a view;* she mustn't become a captive of the twit, who believes that the maiden he marries should look up to him as man the master. The story is about Lucy's need—everyone's need—to be freed from the "shamefaced world of precautions and barriers," and freed from terrors of the physical side of love. If the book—which has a lot of charm—slips out of your mind almost completely, it may be because it's an outline of passion, with no passion. (It's a bit too programmatic; so is the subtext: that the English have to go abroad to discover their own true sexual feelings.) The movie version, produced by Ismail Merchant and directed by James Ivory, is from an adaptation, by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala, that pares down the text skillfully and takes much of the dialogue directly from Forster. Lucy is played by the nineteen-year-old Helena Bonham Carter, who certainly fits the author's description: "a young lady with a quantity of dark hair and a very pretty, pale, undeveloped face." Bonham Carter fits it and then some. Under her masses of dark hair and thick eyebrows she has the face of a child—wide and soft, with no visible cheekbones. And she's top-heavy like a child. Her head seems very large for her tiny, voluptuous body, and she doesn't have the carriage of a trained actress—her head often juts forward, depriving her of a neck. Bonham Carter lacks the presence of an actress, too; she's recessive. She suggests the beauty of a girl in a painting or of an exotic night bloom rather than that of a sentient young woman. Her strange, droopy beauty and her ungainliness have a fascination, and when you get used to her she becomes fairly appealing. Still, when a radiant and apparently assured blonde (Isabella Celani) turns up as a coachman's girlfriend in the scenes set around Florence, I thought, Why didn't the moviemakers cast *her* as the passionate Lucy, and Bonham Carter as the driver's girl? Celani may not speak English, but she's *svelta.*

With the unradiant Bonham Carter at its center, the movie lacks centrifugal force. The Forster novel is slight, but it's about a girl who's teetering between expressing her emotions and stifling them. It isn't as trivial as the movie, which can make you feel that Lucy is simply taking too long figuring out which man she loves. The novel might be called a feminist cautionary comedy, and some of its underpinnings wouldn't go over too well now. The young Forster seems to have been steeped in a utopian form of humanism; he regards sexual love as holy and eternal, and he takes a romantic, mystical view of the equality of the sexes in marriage. When the moviemakers lift out the story and shake the philosophical mold (and meaning) off its roots, they have something light enough to serve as the book for a musical comedy. The movie is more than a little precious, but its frivolousness is pleasant. Forster's dialogue is lively (and dizzy, too), and this is the best paced of the (many, many) James Ivory films that I've seen. It's *enjoyably* trivial—a piece of charming foolishness. The director might even have been having a good time on the set as he watched the ingenious, farcical plot take shape.

The film opens in Florence at the Pensione Bertolini, which caters to English tourists. It's there that Lucy, on holiday under the chaperonage of her spinster cousin Charlotte (Maggie Smith), first meets the boyish, fair-haired George Emerson (Julian Sands), who has been raised by his freethinking father to be unconstrained by "superstition and ignorance."

George is Forster's idealized conception of what a "natural" young man should be. He's a silent, moody fellow and something of a sleeping beauty until the moment in the Piazza della Signoria when a young Italian is stabbed and falls bleeding at Lucy's feet. George catches her as she swoons, and carries her to the steps of the Loggia. Something in that moment—the sensual mixture of Italy, the dying man's blood, and holding Lucy in his arms—awakens him. (The moment has a comparable impact on Lucy, but she hides her feelings in order to be proper, to be nice.) Sands has been given nothing to play except Forster's flimsy—almost abstract—dream of a perfect uninhibited lover, and he's rather vague, but his watchful, half-smiling manner is likable enough. When George sees Lucy alone in a field of flowers, he moves swiftly and kisses her. He's like a woodland deity—possibly Forster's silliest creation, a satyr with nothing but goodness and honor in his soul, a handsome, forthright satyr.

This paragon's father is played by Denholm Elliott, and the role is like an early draft of the Mrs. Moore role, played by Peggy Ashcroft, in "A Passage to India." Mr. Emerson is this story's resident saint. A man whose wholehearted kindness is misunderstood at the Pensione Bertolini, Elliott's Mr. Emerson is elderly and physically broken down, and he has the "anxious, aggressive voice" that Forster described; he doesn't talk, exactly—he expostulates. (His name is a nod to our Mr. Emerson, though his character appears to be drawn more from Samuel Butler.) This Mr. Emerson wants people to use good sense; he sees so much inhibition and pettiness in the behavior of his countrymen that he's always upset. It's a lovely cranky performance: Elliott is so thoroughly into his role that the outspoken Mr. Emerson is like a Dickensian portrait—no more than a sketch, yet complete.

Lucy's fiancé, the effete Cecil Vyse, is the essence of everything that makes Mr. Emerson despair. He's a priss and a poseur—a vise is what marriage to him would be. (But Lucy feels safe with him: he doesn't make her "nervous," the way George does.) As Forster wrote the character, and as Daniel Day Lewis (of "My Beautiful Laundrette") plays him, Cecil Vyse is an excruciatingly self-conscious young aesthete who sneers at people because he has no way to connect with

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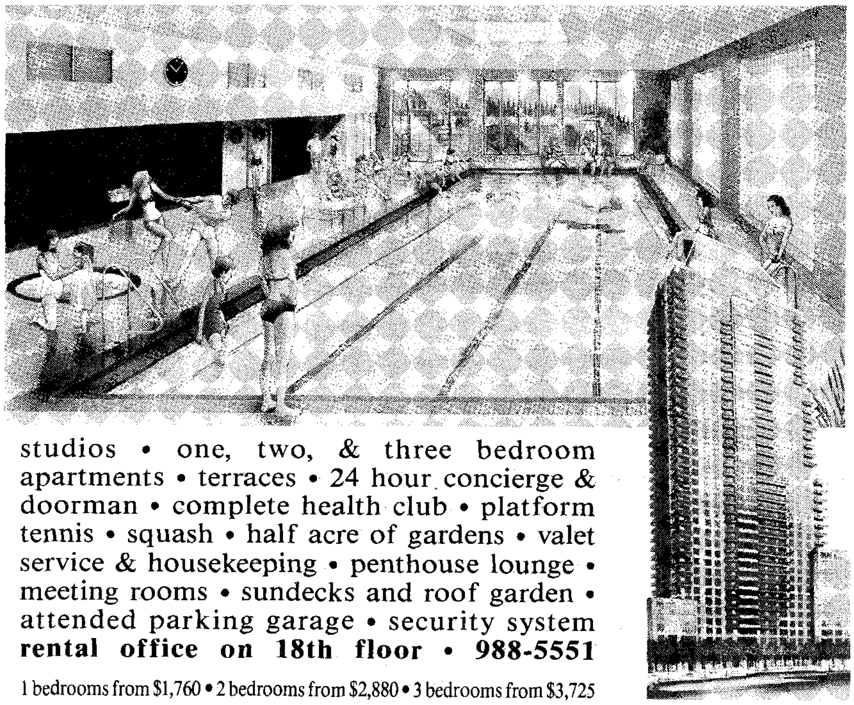

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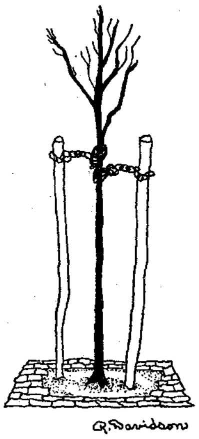
them. He condescends to the world—that's his only relationship to it. Cecil holds his head up high and looks down his nose, as if he wanted to avoid the sights and smells of common people. He lives in a London flat with his mother and stays as far from "nature" or anything physical as he can get, even when he's visiting Lucy's home, in the Surrey hills. He thinks that refinement is everything, yet he's so supercilious that he grimaces contemptuously when he meets Lucy's mother's friends. Basically, the crime of Cecil the collector is that when he gazes at Lucy he doesn't see a woman; he sees a new acquisition, an objet d'art. (But, unfortunately, that's how she looks to us, too.) In some scenes I wished that the camera were at a more discreet distance from Day Lewis, because you can see him acting and you're too conscious of his black hair and mustache—you suspect he's made up to be ascetic and all profile. And it's as if you were in the first row at a stage performance—you can feel the actor's animal energy, and sense the pressure he's under. This portrait is a caricature and perhaps overdone, but then, toward the last, when Cecil's view of himself has been shaken, his youth breaks through his masklike pallor, and he's suddenly human; he looks almost bereaved, and he's very touching. Day Lewis brings it off with the sweet ease of a Gielgud.



The movie never loses its hold on a viewer's interest or affections, because it's so thoroughly *inhabited*. The actors who circulate around Lucy create a whirring atmosphere—a comic hum. Maggie Smith's Charlotte sees sins against propriety everywhere; they're a constant threat to her, and her face is pinched up in eternal vigilance. Yet she has a glimmer that she missed the boat. The role is somewhat too constricting, but Smith has one triumphant scene: Charlotte, who lives in straitened circumstances and envies the more fashionable existence of her Honeychurch relations, arrives for a visit and doesn't have the right change to pay the cabdriver. Lucy's younger brother, Freddy (Rupert Graves), quietly takes care of it, but then, in the presence of the Honeychurches' young friends who have assembled for tennis, Charlotte, who's intensely aware of her comparative poverty, insists on a "settling of accounts" and is caught in a confusion of various kids making change; it's like a Marx Brothers routine, with the glorious Smith fingers and wrists fumbling and flying in all directions. The cast is studded with performers who create a character in their first appearance and then make you grin a little each time they reappear: Simon Callow is the stout, cheerfully celibate Reverend Beebe; Rosemary Leach is Lucy's mother, who's outraged by Cecil's snobbishness; Judi Dench is Forster's detested "clever lady," Miss Lavish, who writes popular romances and is endowed with a surplus of vivacity. Even the Italian coachman (Lucca Rossi) is striking—he looks like an earthier De Niro.

Ivory doesn't build from scene to scene or use any directorial magic, or even much resourcefulness. He's essentially a director who assembles the actors, arranges the bric-a-brac, and calls for the camera. But the Forster-Jhabvala scenes are shapely, and Ivory holds to a light, ironic manner. The imagery isn't as static and pictorially composed as in some of his other films; the cinematography, by Tony Pierce-Roberts, flows along, and the movie is almost all of a piece. Ivory has a slight problem of tone in the scene where Freddy and George and the Reverend Beebe go skinny-dipping in a tiny pond in the woods. The three begin to splash each other, they hop out, chase each other around, jump back into the water, and so on. What's awkward about the scene, which is rather long (though not as protracted as it is in the book), is that we know it's supposed to demonstrate natural, unrepressed good fun, but frisking around with no clothes on can't feel natural to the actors when the camera is running. The scene is reminiscent of the nude wrestling in "Women in Love," but that wasn't as awkward, because it had hostility in it; this is a brave attempt at innocence. Just as Freddy and George are at their most delirious, dashing across a path, Lucy, her mother, and Cecil come along, all buttoned up in their Edwardian finery; Lucy's amused giggle rescues the scene, gives it a point, and gets Ivory off the hook. (That giggle also makes us like her more.)

It's a novelty now to see a movie that's full of allusions to art and literature. The opening credits have the heraldic ornamentations of an illuminated manuscript, and they're used playfully, not pompously; they accompany Kiri Te Kanawa's rapturous version of a Puccini love aria (which is misleading: it's too richly emotional for the movie). And from there we go to talk of Giotto and Dante and so on. Made in England and Florence, on a budget of under three million dollars, "A Room with a View" flaunts its culture, acknowledging that it's not for everybody—which is just as well, because Ivory's films don't have the energy to succeed with a mass audience (though this one could be modestly popular). At one point, the director appears to forget the appetite for high art that he has been whetting. When George and Mr. Emerson meet Cecil for the first time, it's in the National Gallery, right smack in front of the great Uccello "Rout of San Romano." It's a very frustrating scene, because the men go on talking without moving. You want to call out, "Would you step aside, so we can see the Uccello?"

IN John Irvin's low-key, fastidious film version of the Russell Hoban novel "Turtle Diary," from Harold Pinter's script, Glenda Jackson and Ben Kingsley play the two Londoners who separately develop the fantasy of liberating the three giant turtles from the Aquarium at the London Zoo and taking them back to the sea. When these two strangers (who are psychically like twins) meet, they combine forces and, with the aid of the head keeper (Michael Gambon), carry out their mission. The book, published in 1975, was popular in a special way. One of the blurbs on the book jacket provides some clues: "Like other cult writers—Salinger, for instance, or Vonnegut—Hoban writes about ordinary people making life-affirming gestures in a world that threatens to dissolve in madness." It's rather late now for a counterculture fable about two people who turn into secret activists for a weekend, and maybe Hoban's material (like Vonnegut's) just doesn't touch susceptibilities in the same way when it's on the screen. The movie verges on the deliberately quaint, and the central metaphor turns into something like straight-faced parody, because the two reticent, self-deprecating loners, who can barely say a word without trying to retract it, are like turtles themselves. (I assume this is intended.) Their wary, awkward

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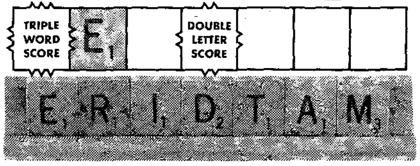

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hesitancies—starting to say something, then pulling their heads back in and not venturing to finish—are comic routines about fear of making contact. Jackson's boyish haircut is almost cruelly severe; the terraced back of her head suggests the reptilian, and Kingsley has a darting, shiny-eyed furtiveness. The movie is like a "Brief Encounter" between turtles; the two strangers come out of their shells a bit, but not with each other.

Though the language is very close to what the characters say in the book, the terse dialogue sounds like quintessential Pinter. (The way his characters have snapped at each other, he might always have been writing for turtles.) Jackson and Kingsley give their lines an especially tight-lipped, staccato reading. Jackson holds her words back as if she were biting her tongue to shreds, and Kingsley clamps down on his words, smiling as if he had a secret wellspring of self-satisfaction. These two are so private and tense and minimalist that it's amusing to see them staying controlled every instant and yet varying their performances enough to keep going. They manage to give the middle of the movie—the weekend drive to the coast with the turtles—a balmy comic spirit of adventure. But their story has been given the same maudlin orchestration as in the novel—the same symbolism and angst. Kingsley's William, who left his wife, his two children, and the life of a businessman, and works as a clerk in a bookstore (where Pinter turns up in a bit as a customer), lives in a rooming house, with kitchen privileges, and we're given something like a cross-section of the lonely people there, preparing their solitary meals (in a closet-size upstairs kitchen) and longing for companionship. We get more of this when the young woman who works at the bookstore with William makes overtures to him, and still more at the apartment house where Jackson's Neaera, a well-known author of children's books about small, timid creatures, such as a vole, lives. We get a bellyful of sad and lonely people reaching out, or so locked in their shells that, like the rooming-house tenant played by Eleanor Bron, they can't give anyone a sign of their misery and quietly kill themselves. The awful artfulness of this stuff! Do Irvin and Pinter think that they're not doing what they're doing just because they're doing it with precision?

Joyce Chopra's "Smooth Talk" has lovely touches in its first half, when she shows us the lazing-in-the-sun sensuousness of adolescent girls during school vacation. Fifteen-year-old Connie (Laura Dern), blond, leggy, and narcissistic, is restless and bored at home, but she and her friends (Sarah Inglis and Margaret Welch) parade happily around the shopping plaza for hours and hours—testing their skills at attracting boys and bantering with them. Connie dresses and walks as seductively as she knows how; she teases boys her own age or a year or two older, because she doesn't know what else to do about the way she feels. She loves to neck with a boy in his car and get excited, but when she senses that things are getting out of control she slips away. This is the sort of material about young girls and their wanting to be touched but fearing to be penetrated that has been turning up in films in recent years, since women directors, such as Amy Jones ("Love Letters"), Amy Heckerling ("Fast Times at Ridgemont High"), and Martha Coolidge ("Valley Girl"), started showing the other side of the boys' sexual-initiation problems, and comediennes, such as the team of Gail Matthius and Denny Dillon on "Saturday Night Live," began to make plaintive sketches out of the conversation of teen-age girls looking for boys. Tom Cole, the short-story writer and playwright who did the script for "Smooth Talk," adapting and expanding the brief Joyce Carol Oates story "Where Are You Going, Where Have You Been?" (first published in 1966), has a fine ear, and everything to do with Connie and her friends on the prowl raises the film above the ordinary. But the parts at Connie's home, where she and her mother (Mary Kay Place) bicker, are mostly very tired; the mother is given so many put-downs of Connie that she seems to be persecuting the kid. (One redeeming domestic scene: Levon Helm, as Connie's pleasant-goofball father, expressing how proud he is that he doesn't owe a penny and after a day at work he can sit on his own porch in the evening smoking a cigarette.)

The movie's texture is thin from the start. Even so, there are confusions: Elizabeth Berridge, who plays Connie's sister June, looks as if she were her kid sister but is meant to be older, in her twenties. The second half isn't just stretched out—it's a little screwy. The Oates story is a teen-age girl's sex-and-horror fantasy that's harrowing for the reader; its pulp sensationalism is almost unbearable. Connie, in her strutting and teasing at the plaza, has attracted the attention of a sordid creep, an older man who hangs around the hamburger juke joint where high-school kids gather. He arrives at her house when she's alone, like the materialization of her ugliest fears, and tells her he is to be her lover. Helpless, afraid he'll do something violent, and in a state of hysteria, she is lured into his car. End of story and, the reader assumes, probably the end of poor Connie. Unaccountably, Chopra and Cole try to turn this material into a coming-of-age movie with a happy ending. As the creep, Treat Williams gives some sort of neo-Method performance that's all affectation; he dances around and waves his beckoning arms, as if he were doing an homage to the Brando of the fifties. A viewer isn't horrified, exactly—aghast is more like it. And a few hours after Connie has gone off she returns, and is now less selfish and more appreciative and understanding of her family; the breach with her mother is quickly healed. The end of the movie suggests that she has grown up—matured—via what amounts to terrorization and (possibly) rape. The experience seems to have made her a better person. I find the acclaim for this film almost as baffling as its final point of view. I expect that some people will think she got her punishment for not listening to her mother—for being a tease. Laura Dern's Connie seems just right—shallow and tantalizingly lovely—but she's in every scene, and about a half hour before the end I felt she had nothing more to give. (Women may come out thinking what a shame it was that Connie didn't let the handsome young boy who stroked her hair in his car be the one to initiate her. Has there ever been a young boy so accomplished at foreplay?)

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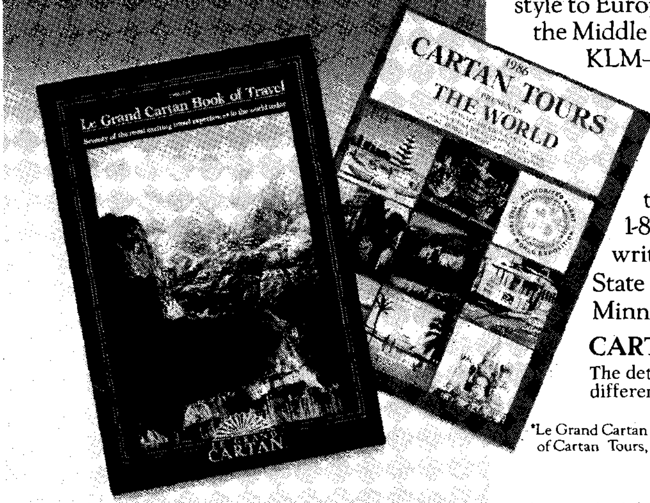

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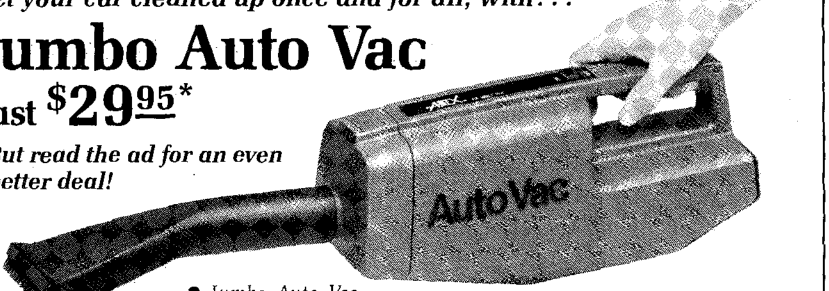

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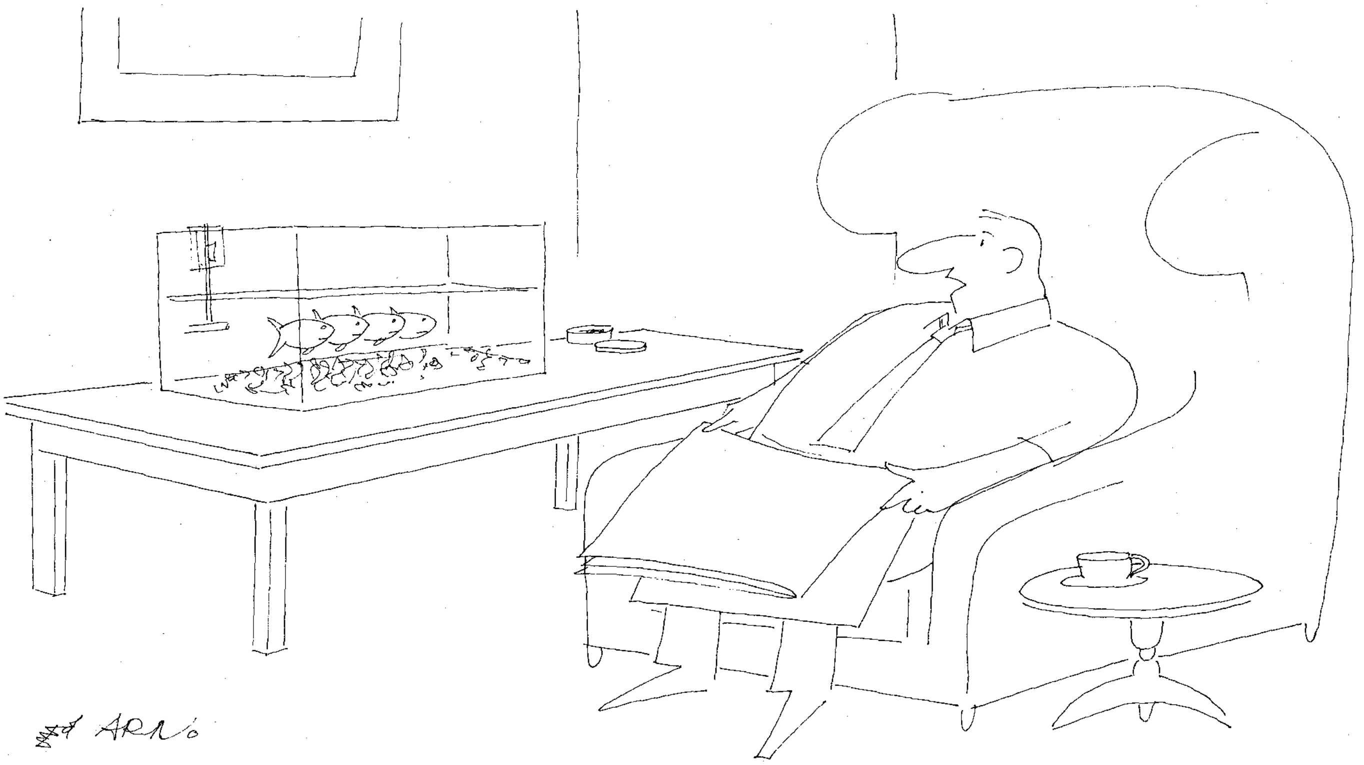
Adventurer

As Captain Robert Falcon Scott's second Antarctic expedition moved miserably toward the South Pole, in the Antarctic summer of 1911-12, its members' apprehension was fixed, reasonably, on Roald Amundsen, the Norwegian explorer who was in the process of beating them there. In Scott's mind, however, there was another rival—his compatriot and former expedition mate Ernest Shackleton, who on January 9, 1909, had set the existing record for penetration of the southern continent: 88° 23′ south latitude, just ninety-seven miles short of the Pole. Scott duly passed Shackleton's mark, as Amundsen had done a month earlier, and he allowed himself a small, snide diary reference to "Shackleton's walk." Less than three months later, Scott and his three companions died, most probably from a combination of cold, starvation, and scurvy, on their return journey from the Pole. But "Scott of the Antarctic" was soon on the way to a sort of lay canonization. As the patron saint of polar martyrdom, he had a good run—over half a century—until the publication, in 1979, of Roland Huntford's double biography "Scott and Amundsen" (now available in paperback as "The Last Place on Earth," the title of the TV serial made from it). Mr. Huntford's assault on every aspect of Scott's reputation overshadowed his admiration for Amundsen. He demonstrated with meticulous citation that Scott was a small man out of his depth—a desperately incompetent explorer and an ineffectual leader, whose greatest skill was a talent for deathbed self-advertisement perfectly pitched to post-Victorian taste. Having demolished Scott, Mr. Huntford now advances a very different British, or Anglo-Irish, hero to replace him. "Shackleton" (Atheneum; $29.95) is an enormous book—seven hundred pages, not counting notes and index—and a reader may fairly ask why the author has found a man whose two independent polar expeditions ended in failure worth more attention than Scott and Amundsen put together. The answer, evidently, is that the writer needed elbow room to describe Shackleton's eventful life and complex personality and to connect both to the world of turn-of-the-century exploration. After dealing with the pathetic inadequacies of Scott and the icy perfectionism of Amundsen, Mr. Huntford has clearly welcomed the chance to come to grips with a man who was fully human and more than life-size.

No one can imagine an astronaut financing his own moon shot by making lecture tours or paying court to millionaires, but such activities (and others less dignified) were a necessary stock-in-trade for men like Shackleton and Amundsen and, to a lesser extent, Scott. In Great Britain at the close of the nineteenth century, exploration of the world's few remaining dark corners might be thrilling, patriotic headline material, but it was also semi-private enterprise, an area where entrepreneurship was as important to the explorer as skill or heroism, and maybe more important. From the time of James Cook, in the mid-eighteenth century, most British polar exploration had been backed by the Royal Navy, until several disasters—notably the loss, in 1847, of Sir John Franklin's entire expedition—disenchanted the Admiralty. An aged scattering of what Mr. Huntford calls "'Arctic' admirals" remained, however, and volunteering for Arctic exploration



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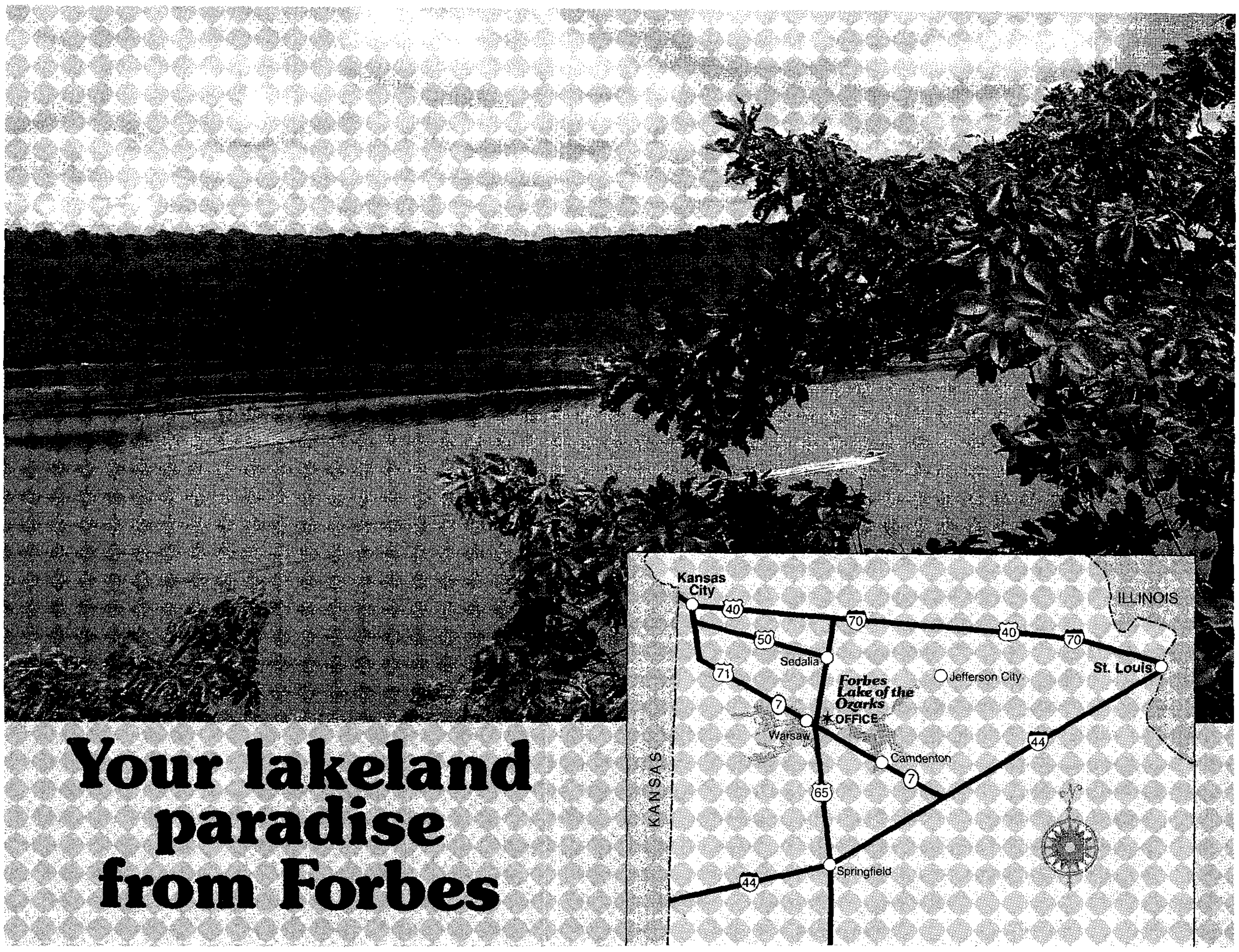

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was still seen as one way that a junior naval officer without other prospects could get ahead in an increasingly ossified service. Scott, after ten years as a lieutenant, took this route, under the aegis of Sir Clements Markham, a formidable Victorian eccentric, who was devoted to—among other things—the abolition of flogging in the Royal Navy, the rehabilitation of King Richard III, and polar exploration as a means of building character. Like Scott, Shackleton came from a declining middle-class family; the Shackletons, purely nominal members of the British ascendancy, moved from Ireland to England when Ernest was ten. The father, a physician, was unable to afford the fees required to make his son a naval midshipman, so in 1890 the sixteen-year-old Ernest entered the merchant service. Eight years later, he was rated master—qualified to command steam or sailing vessels on any ocean but in fact lucky to find employment as third officer of a steamship that was taking soldiers to South Africa for the Boer War. In his mid-twenties, Shackleton was already known to his colleagues as ambitious, romantic, a reader (and compulsive spouter) of poetry, and the possessor of a compellingly attractive personality. He seemed to be stuck in a solid, unexciting career, but then he saw an article in the London *Times* about the forthcoming National Antarctic Expedition and its leader, the soon-to-be-Commander Scott, R.N. The *Times*, noting that Scott had no polar experience, discounted the lack: "Any competent young officer will soon make himself familiar with what has been done and what remains to do." For an aimlessly ambitious young man nurtured in the merchant service, with its genial contempt for naval stodginess, this was a challenge as well as a golden opportunity, and Shackleton jumped at it. He got an introduction to the expedition's principal financial backer, captivated him, and obtained a position as third mate of the expedition's ship, Discovery. From that moment on, Antarctic adventuring was Shackleton's career.

The National Antarctic Expedition of 1902-04 was sponsored jointly by the Royal Geographical Society and the Royal Society, with the reluctant loan of some personnel by the Royal Navy. The authorities in London—notably Markham, then the president of the R.G.S.—had insured that the expedition's officers had an absolute minimum of practical experience, and the three men aboard with some Arctic service were relegated to the background. When Scott chose two companions to accompany him toward the Pole, one was the expedition's junior surgeon and the other was Shackleton. While it made some kind of sense for a physician to be part of the three-man polar attempt, Shackleton appears to have been included simply because his desire for inclusion was overwhelming. In the event, his body was not as strong as his spirit, and he was showing signs of scurvy when the team turned back, at 82° 17′ south. By the time they reached the expedition's base, all three were in poor shape, and Shackleton was dangerously weak. Scott had him invalided back to England, but the exact nature of his illness has eluded even Mr. Huntford's diligent inquiries. The dominant symptoms were of scurvy, but they may have concealed something less curable—possibly asthma, perhaps even heart disease. Shackleton's health was a mystery that he carefully preserved all his life, by avoiding physical examinations and brushing off his visible illnesses. As Mr. Huntford points out more than once, Shackleton seems to have had dark suspicions about the soundness of his heart, and his fear that some doctor would pronounce him an invalid was far greater than his fear of disease or death.

Back in England in 1903, Shackleton married Emily Dorman, whom he had been courting for years, and moved to Scotland, to take up a job as paid secretary to the Royal Scottish Geographical Society. It was not nearly enough to occupy his restless energies. He ran for Parliament and lost, and then took his first missteps into the world of finance, here following his younger brother, Frank, a disreputable charmer who eventually served a prison term for defrauding an elderly spinster of her life savings. Ernest was never a criminal, but over the years he managed to talk a lot of people out of a lot of money, nearly all of it in support of his expeditions. His personal ventures into getting rich quick were, without exception, disastrous; he seemed incapable of passing up the most transparently specious scheme, and he had a special affection for dubious stock promotions.

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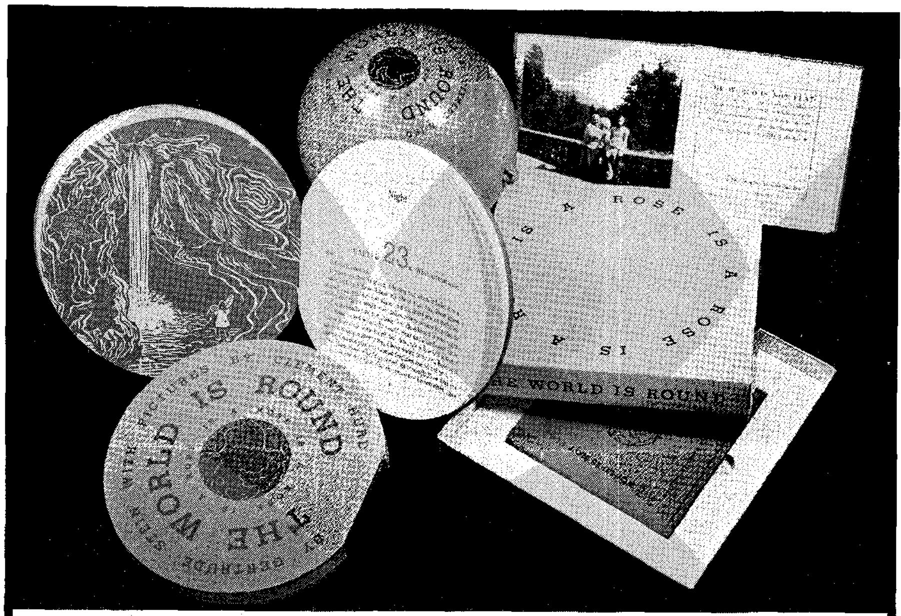

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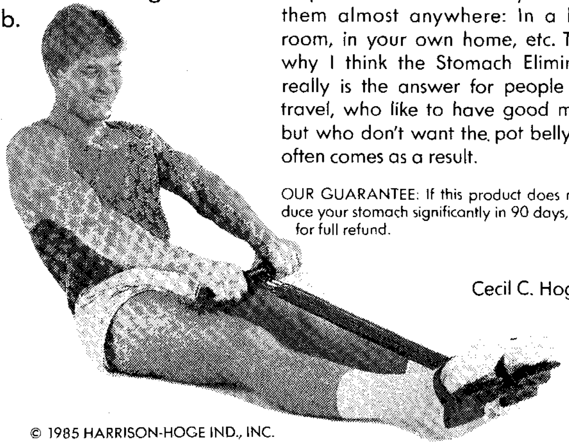

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pect of easy money was the publication, in 1905, of Scott's "The Voyage of the 'Discovery,'" in which Shackleton's physical weakness was made to look like an excuse for Scott's turning back. There was only one way to disprove Scott's charge, and that was for Shackleton to set up his own expedition. After several false starts, he found a handful of wealthy men willing to lend their money or their names to his efforts, and in February, 1907, he announced his British Antarctic Expedition. It was typically Shackletonian, in that he proposed to get the whole cumbrous mechanism up and running in less than a year; and typically British, in that he proposed to reach the Pole on foot—without the use of either sled dogs or skis, both of which had been validated by Scandinavians and Canadians as necessary elements of Arctic travel. Shackleton's 1907-09 expedition, a hand-to-mouth affair, had all the ingredients of disaster. That it got as far as 88° 23′ south seems due largely to Shackleton's skill at handling men; he had an ability to cut across social class and keep up morale that Mr. Huntford attributes to his Anglo-Irish background, perhaps enhanced by his rough-and-ready life in the merchant service. Shackleton did not have, according to Mr. Huntford, the kind of suicidal drive toward his goal that Scott had exhibited in 1902 and that was to lead to his death in 1912. Perhaps not, but Shackleton's dash to the Furthest South, with the ensuing march back to base, was a near thing. The four-man polar team outran their cached supplies and nearly missed one food depot because it was poorly marked. One of the party could not make it back on his own and had to be temporarily left behind, with another to care for him. All four were given up for dead by the crew at base camp, and Shackleton's ship, in danger of being frozen into the pack ice, nearly left without him. But every man came home alive, and Shackleton was an instant national hero, knighted by King Edward VII and fêted through Europe. There was a good deal of loose-lipped press enthusiasm about British manliness, but it was an Irish paper, the Dublin *Express*, that pointed out Shackleton's greatest distinction—having the sense to know when the Pole was out of reach and the courage to turn back short of it. Shackleton put it undramatically when he remarked to his wife that "a live donkey is better than a dead lion."

Scott, of course, saw it the other way around. And once Scott had immolated himself it was probably inevitable that Shackleton, now thirty-nine, would go south a third time—to escape an increasingly meaningless marriage, recoup his fortunes, and lay Scott's ghost. This expedition's goal was nothing less than a fifteen-hundred-mile crossing of the Antarctic continent, from the Weddell Sea to the Ross Ice Shelf. Two vessels were required—Endurance, to drop off Shackleton and his crew of twenty-eight, and Aurora, to establish food caches on the other side of the continent and then pick up Shackleton and his men. The expedition was nearly scrapped when war began, in August, 1914, but the Admiralty allowed Shackleton to sail. By Christmas, Endurance had entered the loose pack ice off the Antarctic coast. Early in January, 1915, it was frozen in, just out of reach of the shore. This was the beginning of Shackleton's greatest adventure.

For nine months, Endurance and its crew drifted slowly northwest with the ice, across the Weddell Sea. They were totally out of touch with the world and unable to escape. The western edge of the Weddell Sea is the long, north-pointing peninsula of Graham Land, against which the drifting ice pressed and heaved until, on October 27th, it crushed Endurance, and Shackleton and his crew made camp on an ice floe. There they stayed, still drifting slowly northward, as the ice destroyed Endurance completely and then threatened to carry them out to death in the South Atlantic. Three open boats, all less than twenty-five feet long, had been salvaged from the wreck, and on April 9, 1916, as the melting ice beneath their tents cracked and opened, Shackleton and his crew set out for Elephant Island, a bleak undersea ridge that pierced the ocean's surface some sixty miles away. They reached it eight days later, but the respite was only temporary. Not even sealers visited Elephant Island, and Shackleton's party would only die slowly if they could not get help. Accordingly, he and five others set out in one of the boats for South Georgia, an island seven hundred miles downwind, across the most savage ocean in the world. Thanks to the skills of Endurance's skipper, Frank Worsley, and to Shackleton's determination, they made it. It is arguably one of the two greatest small-boat voyages in history; only Bligh's,

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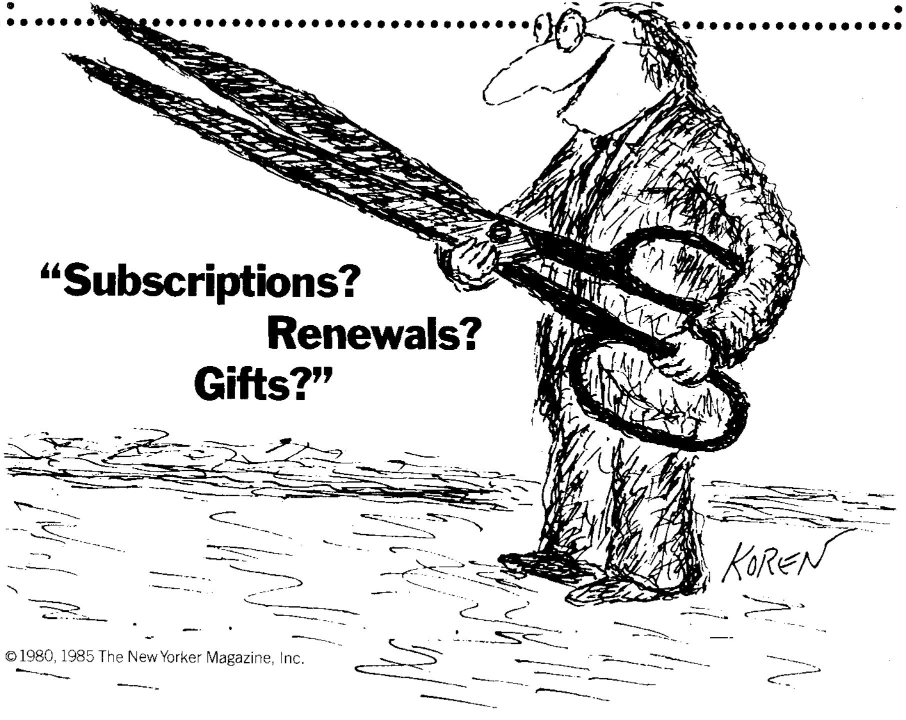
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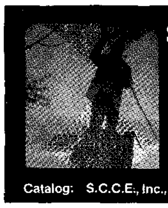

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in Bounty's launch, compares with it. After three misfires, Shackleton organized the rescue of the rest of his expedition. Once again, he was a hero; once again he had failed to attain his goal; and once again he had saved every man under his direct command. (There were losses, avoidable ones, in the Aurora party.)

From that point, Shackleton's life was all downhill. There was no place for him in the war, although he did his best to serve and, typically, to make his fortune at the same time. He mounted one last expedition south, in 1921, though it had no real agenda. Shackleton, however, may have known where he was going. On January 5, 1922, at the age of forty-seven, he died of heart failure at South Georgia, and he is buried there.

On the surface, Shackleton appeared to be an outgoing, hearty, thoroughly likable, rather elementary man. Audiences loved to hear him speak, and he had the ability to enthrall virtually anyone he met—at least at first. He was idolized by nearly all the men who served under him, including some notably tough personalities. Amundsen, the premier polar explorer of his time, vastly admired Shackleton's courage and leadership, if not his Arctic tactics. His public financial problems could be overlooked in a day when wildcat speculation was almost a matter of course. The biography of a man who could be summed up like this might be easy to write, but Mr. Huntford has largely spurned the temptation. He points out Shackleton's irresponsibility toward his wife and children, whom he abandoned for years at a time with only Emily's small independent income to support them. And he admits that Shackleton was a womanizer, although a curiously childlike one, whom his wife forgave several times. As an explorer, Shackleton was acceptable to the Edwardians, but the small amounts of scientific information he brought back testified to his lack of interest in the drudgery of fact-gathering. His willful ignorance of proved Arctic techniques put his own life and the lives of his men in danger time and again. He had, toward men he thought had betrayed him, an unrelenting vindictiveness. Yet he remains a hero, and it is to Mr. Huntford's credit that he can present all the derogatory facts without obscuring the one essential, and elusive, point—that this was a man whom others could willingly trust with their lives, if not with their wives or their wallets. If one carries any regret away from this book, it is that Shackleton lived before talking pictures or television; if ever a man needed to be seen and heard to be fully appreciated, it was he. Mr. Huntford has probably brought him as close to life as is possible on the printed page, and has done justice to the spirit of an Elizabethan buccaneer born into the wrong century.

—TONY GIBBS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

RAT MAN OF PARIS, by Paul West (Doubleday; $15.95). According to the dust-jacket copy, this queer little novel was inspired by a real Parisian who, some years ago, would surprise passersby with a rat that poked its head from his topcoat. Paul West's Rat Man sometimes substitutes a fox fur, one of the few personal effects salvaged from his childhood, which ended in 1944, when the Nazis incinerated his whole village. The fox fur becomes the basis for a less oblique sort of street theatre—a sort of political protest—after a newspaper article convinces Rat Man that the "Boche" in charge of the massacre has been flushed from his South American lair. Paul West also gives Rat Man a girlfriend, who shares with the fox fur's face "a look of astute tolerance," and who helps Rat Man to outgrow his sobriquet without belittling his need to remember, and to remind.

GENERAL

BLESSINGS IN DISGUISE, by Alec Guinness (Knopf; $17.95). Well-known actors are at an advantage when they come to write autobiographies: their faces, voices, and gestures are familiar, and their physical presence in the narrative of their lives can be readily visualized. Although Sir Alec's resolve when he embarked on this memoir was to write mostly about other people—especially those he admired and loved, and those who influenced him as an actor and as a man—and to let his own entrances and exits fall where they might, he is very much in evidence in these delightful pages. He tells us of his rather lonely and rather equivocal boyhood as the son of an unknown and forever unnamed father and a somewhat less than loving mother, of his stagestruck adolescence and his apprenticeship

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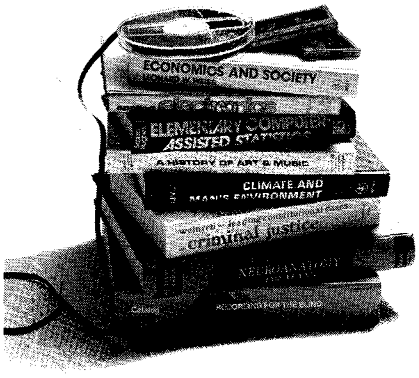
in the London theatre under Sir John Gielgud's exacting tutelage, and he also recounts, deadpan, his individualistic performance during the Second World War as the youthful and not very lucky commander of a landing craft in the seas of southern Europe (that chapter is titled "Damage to the Allied Cause"). The ever-advancing career on the English stage, despite setbacks and pratfalls, is described with modesty and humor, but it is plain that Sir Alec knows his worth. (He says less about his films; the theatre was always first.) The full lustre of the book comes with the vivid, anecdotal reminiscences of his friends and colleagues: Edith Evans, "the finest actress in the English-speaking world;" Tyrone Guthrie; the wonderfully unpredictable pixie Ralph Richardson; Sybil Thorndike; and other great ones of the theatre, as well as such oddly assorted people as the Sitwells, Ernest Hemingway, Evelyn Waugh, and Ernie Kovacs. As a writer, Sir Alec is witty, generous, without malice, and gifted with the delicate sureness of touch we could expect of an actor of his quality. Photographs.

QED, by Richard P. Feynman (Princeton; $18.50). Physics Nobelist Feynman simply cannot help being original. In this quirky, fascinating book, he explains to laymen the quantum theory of light—a theory to which he made decisive contributions. Mr. Feynman does not just "explain" the theory; he creates a popular-model theory that makes the formal theory accessible to anyone with patience and some sense of elementary geometry. Mr. Feynman is one of the great lecturers in modern science, and while there is no substitute for actually hearing and watching him this book goes a long way toward giving readers the feeling of what that is like.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR: A BIOGRAPHY, by Richard Fox (Pantheon; $19.95). Though he was born in Missouri and raised in Illinois, Niebuhr (1892-1971) felt the need to Americanize himself, because his parents belonged to a community and church of German-speaking immigrants. He struggled to perfect his English, and his journey to Yale's Divinity School was a cultural voyage as vast as immigration itself. Niebuhr's life and thinking were intertwined with the development of American Prot-



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estantism as the national culture changed. He was long a supporter of Prohibition, but his vision of virtue had broadened by 1928, when he abandoned the effort to dry up this country by law. Attracted to the social gospel, and for many years active in the Socialist Party as a Christian rather than a Marxist, he came to feel in time the limitations of political doctrine or dogmatism; in the years of Fascism, he also rejected what appeared to him to be the too easy assumptions of Christian pacifism. Mr. Fox presents Niebuhr as a charismatic preacher and teacher who inspired young seminarians with the feeling that Christianity was not only being but doing.

TRUMAN: THE RISE TO POWER, by Richard Lawrence Miller (McGraw-Hill; $19.95). This biography, which closes with Truman's inauguration as President, seeks to demonstrate that Truman was by no means a poor farm boy propelled by virtue. Despite his father's reverses, the author tells us, the young man was well and widely connected. He had superior intelligence and immense ambition, and he made up for his physical deficiencies (such as extreme nearsightedness) by astute leadership, both on the playgrounds of Independence and on the battlefields of France. Mr. Miller shows that Truman was aware of the dark and dirty side of Kansas City's Pendergast machine, to which he was loyal, but that he himself never took any illegal profits. He was a reformer within, rather than against, patronage politics. During the Depression, his administrative skills brought him the friendship of Harry Hopkins, but after Truman was elected to the Senate, in 1934, the relation between Roosevelt and the man who became his successor was thorny, in spite of Hopkins' closeness to F.D.R. and Truman's loyalty to the New Deal. Mr. Miller's book is lively reading, and suggests more that was admirable than deplorable in Truman's early career.

THE SUNDAY TIMES TRAVEL BOOK, edited by Richard Girling (Salem House; $17.95). In 1984, the London *Sunday Times* ran a travel-writing competition, open to all readers who had travelled abroad that year; three prize-winners, to be chosen by a panel of judges, would have their articles published in the *Sunday Times Magazine*. The es-

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says of those three and of forty-seven others, chosen from thousands of submissions, make up this original and diverting book. The pieces are short—three or four pages—and their geographical range is almost worldwide: the Amazon Basin; the Kalahari desert, in Botswana; Finland; a sanctuary in the Himalaya where the Dalai Lama once lived; Austin, Texas. The writers, none of them professional, were mostly young, one gathers, and few went first class. Some travelled no class at all but carried tents with them in rented Fords or Citroëns; others took package tours, and their reports are the saddest of the lot. The writing is uneven, as one might expect, but a great deal of it is good—fresh, often funny, sometimes wryly rueful about the loss of illusions, and insightful (a visitor to Rangoon was told by an old journalist that "corruption is a Western value judgement"). Photographs.

JERUSALEM: REBIRTH OF A CITY, by Martin Gilbert (Viking; $25). A history of a sixty-year period—1838-98—in which Jerusalem was transformed from a poverty-stricken, evil-smelling backwater of the Ottoman Empire into a thriving modern city that, with its historic and holy sites and monuments rebuilt and restored, was deserving of the name Jerusalem the Golden. The author shows us that this came about through the efforts of Jewish, Muslim, and Christian inhabitants, all of whom worked to change the city according to their own ideas—a procedure that too often led to dissension and conflict, foreshadowing Jerusalem's role in the twentieth century. The book is illustrated with a wonderful collection of period photographs by Europeans who discovered a lucrative trade in selling images of the Holy City to the faithful all over the world.

THE LETTERS OF RACHEL HENNING, edited by David Adams, with a foreword and illustrations by Norman Lindsay (Penguin; $5.95, paper). In 1856, a shaken Rachel Henning returned to her native England after a brief encounter with Australia's intemperate climate and exaggerated terrain. Five years later, she again set out for Australia, to join her brother, Biddulph, who was a shrewd land speculator and an able and patient cowboy and sheep farmer. This time, Rachel took to

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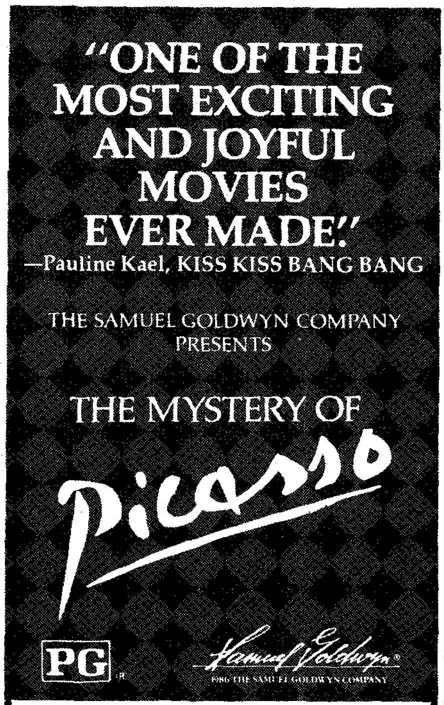
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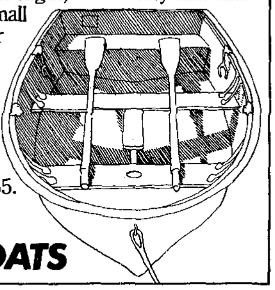
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bush life, becoming an expert equestrian and a connoisseur of quart-pot tea as well as Biddulph's book-keeper, and eventually marrying one of Biddulph's friends. Sometimes her letters, most of them written to a sister and brother-in-law, seem meant to *épater les Anglais*—when, say, she casually mentions that her husband "has just called me out to look at a 'death-adder' which he killed among the cucumber-vines." To Rachel, the real snake in the garden was the railway, which would mobilize, she complained in 1882, "the rag-tag and bobtail of Sydney," but her complaint is a measure of how much she has changed: it is the Australian pioneer, and not the English snob, who is complaining.

SOLOMON D. BUTCHER: PHOTOGRAPHING THE AMERICAN DREAM, edited by John E. Carter (Nebraska; $28.95). Solomon Butcher was a Virginia-born itinerant photographer who went to Nebraska in the early eighteen-eighties to homestead, raise a family, and take portraits of the first settlers in their sod houses on the prairie. A collection of his pictures—nearly four thousand, and nearly all from glass-plate negatives—is now in the Nebraska State Historical Society. A hundred and twenty prints are included in this book, and they form a wonderfully revealing history of the process of homesteading, and a collective portrait of the hardy women and men who broke the plains. Butcher typically placed his camera in front of a sod house, or "soddy," and deployed the farmer's family in the foreground. In many pictures, the family had brought out its treasures—birdcages, store-bought baby carriages, framed portraits, and, in one instance, an organ—to exhibit, along with its livestock. Although the adults and children seem to wear a universally glum look, the editor thinks that this was due to the extreme seriousness with which sitting for one's portrait was taken at the time. Certainly there is no air of deprivation or misery or defeat in the pictures of these pioneers, for all the bleakness of their environment.

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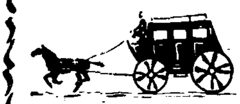
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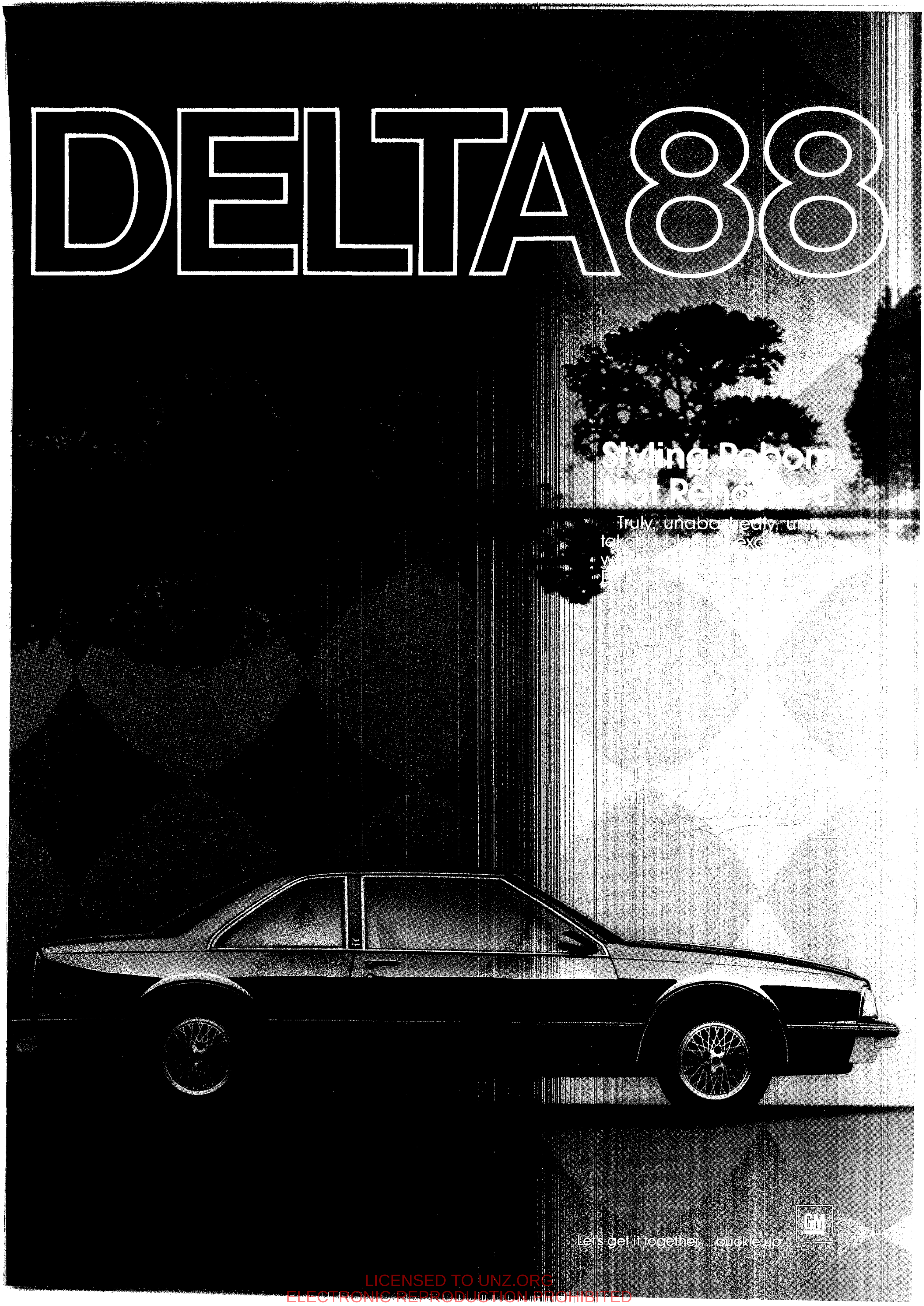

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